

AFTER WORK;

AN

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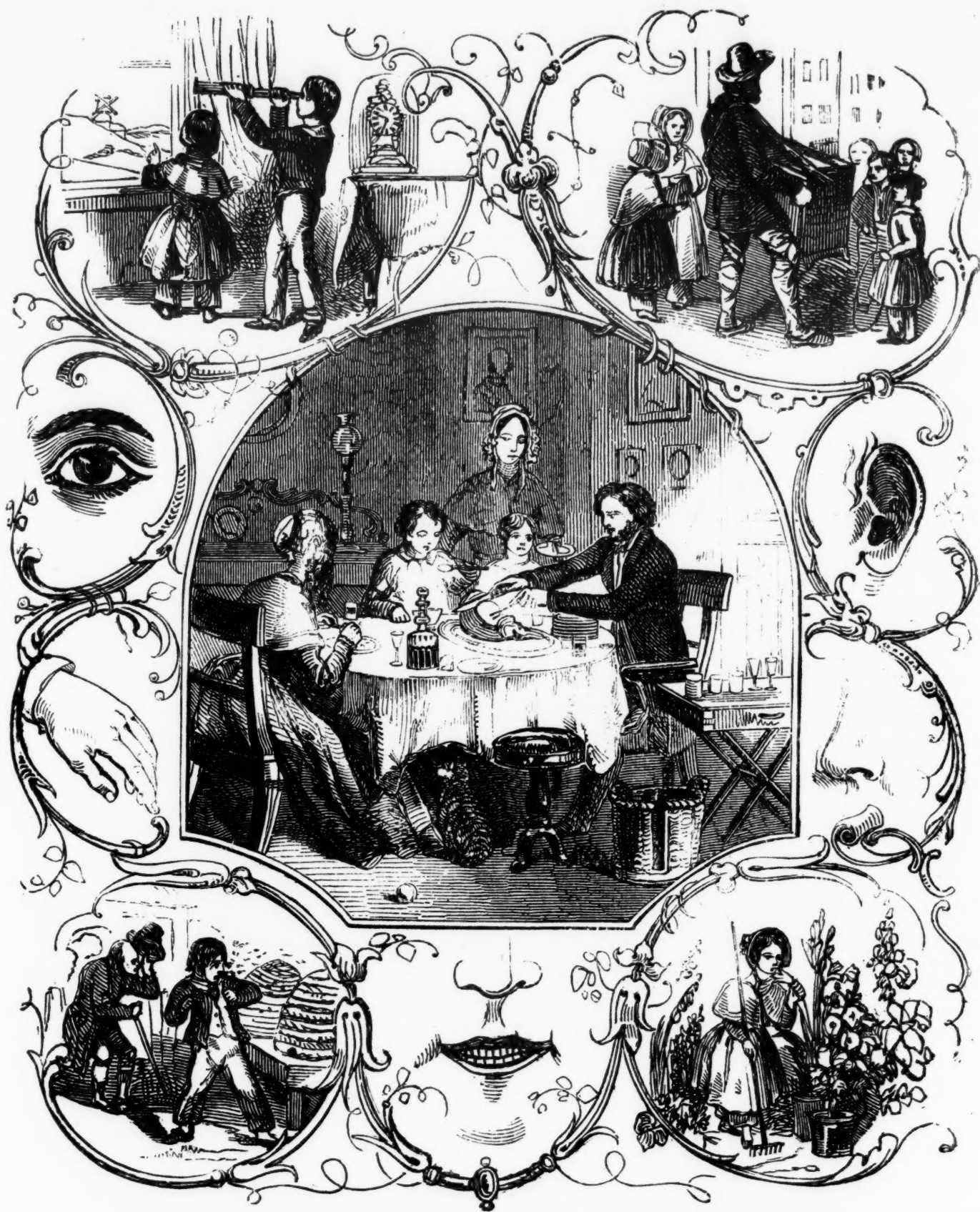
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AFTER WORK.



THE SENSES.

“RUIN AND RESCUE.”

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

By MRS. CHARLES FISHER.

CHAP. I.—GORDON HOUSE.

Few could pass through the little Scotch town of Burnside, and fail to notice a fine old Elizabethan mansion, with its mullioned windows looking on a velvet lawn, and its embattled gateway opening on to the main road. Tall ancestral trees flanked

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each side of the mansion, and behind, flower and fruit gardens and fields stretched away over some acres of ground, all forming the "Paradise," or abode of the Gordons. They were accounted a happy family, the example, ornament, and admiration of that country side. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were a handsome and attached couple, albeit now a little elderly, but they lived their joyous lives over again in their children, who were as elegant and accomplished as they were dutiful to their parents, and tenderly attached to each other.

No party at Burnside was considered complete without their presence, and Gordon House was also the scene of frequent hospitable festivities. Roderick, the eldest son, was a fine specimen of manly strength and beauty. A Greek or Roman athlete of classic times could scarcely have displayed a lighter or more gracefully-moulded figure, combined with powerful muscular development. He excelled in all the exercises, games, and sports practised by country gentlemen, was an intrepid rider, a distinguished huntsman, and an expert with the rifle.

One night, after a hunt dinner, he staggered, or was rather led, into the midst of the home circle under the influence of drink. His father, who could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses, was greatly annoyed, and strove to hide the fact from his mother, who innocently asked if her dear son had met with some alarming accident, or if he were ill? His sisters pressed round him with assiduous care, and led him to a couch. But soon his incoherent ravings and excited manner betrayed his condition. A doctor was sent for, and for some days he suffered from sickness, headache, and depression, his sufferings increased by conscious shame. His father said with unwonted severity, "As this is the first, so I beg it may be the last disgrace that you will bring upon the name of Gordon. Is it possible that you are so little of a *gentleman*, to say the least, but above all, so little *master* of yourself, as to be unable to control your appetites and actions? I have mixed in society all my life, and been subject to temptations of various kinds, but have never succumbed, from a sense of principle and honour inculcated upon me from my earliest years. You have had the same training, and will no doubt experience the same temptations, only be worthy of respectable ancestors." But his mother's tears affected the young man most deeply, and the timid shrinking of his sisters; he was bitterly repentant, and his heart filled with unutterable anguish.

His mother proposed that they should forbid her son to enter upon similar seductive scenes, but his father overruled it that a young man's virtue must be weak indeed that could not bear to be tested and tried. "It is of no use shutting him up in

that way," he said; "he must learn to battle and to conquer like his father before him."

Mr. Gordon, though a man of probity and honour and of noble moral principles, was a stranger to those religious principles, and to that utter dependence upon a Higher Power which can alone fortify the soul and mould the conduct in the midst of seductive snares, aiding man's feeble wrestling by opposing the power of God's most Holy Spirit against the forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Time passed on, the offence was not repeated, family peace was restored, and in every social gathering the manly form of Roderick, and the elegant grace of his sister Margaret, were the theme of admiration.

CHAP. II.—A RAGING DEMON.

BURNSIDE was a small straggling town, boasting of few roads that could properly be called streets, of which the principal one, from time-honoured custom, was called the High Street. Here were collected the few primitive looking shops, usefully stored, but with no pretensions to modern show and decoration; a steady trade, without risk or speculation, made the owners generally "well to do" and contented. The lawyer's unpretending house stood in the middle of this street, with its stiff green shutters, and a general air of defending the majesty of the law, while a "multum-in-parvo" drug shop was situated at the corner. The proprietor was a clever little man, who often gave medical advice as successfully as the only doctor of the place, who was occasionally absent for hours, riding his quiet brown mare, visiting patients at a distance.

In a back lane was a house standing in the midst of an ill-kept patch of garden, rented by a small dairyman, whose name was John Maclean. For some time the people had complained of the late and uncertain hours in which he performed his daily rounds, and many had left his custom, and dealt at a more distant farm-house, rather than be annoyed by neglected orders. His business was gradually reduced to a pittance that was not sufficient to keep his wife and family, besides which, debts incurred from his careless extravagant drinking habits had cost him an almost total loss of furniture. On one occasion the Pastor of Burnside, in taking his morning walk, met Willie Maclean with great difficulty carrying the milk and eggs to the Manse. "You are too late this morning, my boy," said he, rather sternly; "we have already breakfasted with coffee without milk, and toast without eggs, owing to unpardonable inattention to orders; and you can tell your father he need not trouble himself about my custom in future."

The poor lad burst into tears, and sobbed as if his heart would break. "Oh, please sir, only try us once more; I will try to

come in time. But father has broken out more dreadfully than ever the last few days. He has often kicked over the milk pans full of milk, and smashed the eggs, and because mother was angry and frightened, and told him he was her ruin, he has beaten her, so that she can scarcely see for her two black eyes. Last night he was taken with '*deleems trenums*,' I think they call it."

The clergyman said, "I am sorry to hear this account of your father; I had heard that he was a man of irregular habits, but did not know that he had fallen into such utter depravity as to beggar his children and strike your mother, who I know is such an excellent wife; for her sake I will continue my custom a little longer. While growing so tall you are too weak and slender to carry the great pails, but a brave youth thus to try to help mother."

The gentleman bent his steps to the house, and entering, observed the broken windows, furniture, and other signs of fearful destruction. The poor woman was weeping in the room below, with a wailing babe at her breast, and above he could hear the screams and ravings of her husband, who was being held down in his wild delirium by several neighbours. He was calling out that he saw hell, and that blue devils were surrounding his bed. These he menaced with frantic movements of his arms, raising himself in bed in a mad fury of excited rage; as his attendants restrained him, his violent efforts were renewed, with volleys of oaths, shocking imprecations, and gnashing of teeth.

"Mrs. Maclean, I am deeply grieved for you," said the kind Scotch pastor; "I can hardly believe what I see and hear. What a contrast to the promised peace and happiness of your early married life! When I united you both in the bonds of matrimony I inwardly predicted nothing but joy before you."

"Ah, sir," replied Jeannie, "we were indeed happy then, and always should have been, had it not been for the *cursed* drink; excuse me, sir, I must use strong language for the *awful* root of all my sorrow. The taste has been taking hold of him some time, and now see the consequences! Yet he is a good husband when he is sober, but drink seems to change his very nature, and makes him reckless, selfish, and brutal, as the children know. My poor, poor children!" she almost screamed, as she exclaimed, "I am a ruined woman, my children are more than orphans!"

A bitter struggle was going on in Jeannie's heart, dragging her down to the gates of death. After endeavouring to soothe her grief with Divine consolation, and gently slipping into her trembling hand money for present necessities, Mr. Ferguson withdrew, but not without having begged her to be comforted

with the assurance that by the grace of God he would never rest until he had reclaimed her husband.

(To be continued.)

ORDEALS AND OATHS.

THE origin of ordeals and oaths may be traced back to that stage of civilization when social order was becoming more settled, and when the wise men were trying to get over the want of truthfulness by devising guarantees stronger than mere yes or no. They were introduced that wrong-doing might not be backed by false witness, and that covenants should not be broken. The two intellectual orders of primitive times advised in the matter, each after the manner of his own profession. The magician undertook with his symbols and charms to try the accused, and to bind the witness and the promiser. The priest said, I will call upon my spirits, and they shall find out the hidden thing, and shall punish the lie and the broken vow. Magic is based on a delusive tendency, arising out of the association of ideas, to believe that things ideally connected in our minds must, therefore, be really connected in the outer world. Religion is based on the doctrine of spiritual beings, demons, and deities, who take cognisance of men and mingle in their affairs. The ordeal and the oath are not only allied in their fundamental principles, but even run into one another in their use. Oaths were made to act as ordeals, and ordeals brought in as tests of oaths; yet they are best considered separately. Ordeals were proceedings for the discovery of wrong-doers, while oaths were of the nature of declarations or undertakings. Quite childish in its simplicity was the *rationale* of the ordeal. Appeal is made to it to decide which of the two men has acted wrongfully. There being no evidence of the real issue, a fanciful one, which can be settled, is taken instead. Thus, in Borneo, when two Dyaks have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves first is in the wrong, or they put two live shellfish on a plate, one for each litigant, and, squeezing lime-juice over them, the verdict is given according to which man's mollusc stirs first. In the Sandwich Isles, to detect a thief, the priest hallows a dish of water, and the suspected persons being brought near one by one, the water trembles at the approach of the guilty man. This was the same as the old European notion of the executioner's sword trembling at the approach of a murderer. In the Hindu ordeal of the balance, the religious notion is imported into the magical ordeal. The accused is weighed to a nicety, and the balance is next invoked, and his scale may sink

if he is guilty, the load on his conscience being here associated in idea with material weight. The balance is here a God. A sort of revival of this old Aryan rite was kept up in England as late as 1759, when a suspected witch at Aylesbury, Susanna Raynokes, was weighed against the Church Bible. Other forms of ideals were analogous, *e.g.*, the classic usage with the sieve and shears, which was Christianized with that of the Key and Bible. The ordeal of "swimming a witch," by throwing the suspected person into a pond, may be traced to an old Aryan theory—that the pure water rejects the guilty, who comes up accordingly to the surface; and our ancestors, ignorant of the distinction between weight and specific gravity, used to wonder at the supernatural power with which the water would heave up a thief or a wizard, even if he weighed sixteen stone. In no ideal was the religious element so conspicuous as when the innocent person was supposed by Divine help to walk over red-hot iron bars even paces, or drink a dose of deadly poison, and be none the worse for it.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

(A ROMAN LEGEND.)

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

WHEN that mighty Queen of Nations, ancient Rome, was in her prime,
Superstition being rampant, and idolatry no crime,
'Mongst the records of its history, there is one, which, if not true,
Teacheth lessons well worth learning if its moral we pursue.

Suddenly upon this city fell a strange, an awful fear,
Men went whispering to their temples, and the dread spread far and near;
For a dark deep gulf had opened in the forum of the place,
Striking terror on the nation, blanching many a joyous face.

Augurs, soothsayers were questioned, but for long it was in vain,
And the hearts of all were sinking, for no answer could they gain.
Ever yawned that awful chasm, round which stood the awe-struck crowd,
Strangely silent in their sorrow, though their hearts were beating loud.

Days passed on, the answer came not, still that eager, anxious throng
Sought their gods in suppliant terror, but the omens tarried long.
Children peered in silent wonder o'er the dread and dark abyss,
While the nation slowly pondered what the meaning was of this.

But at length 'twas noised among them that an answer had been found
To the all-absorbing question, what should close this yawning ground?
Silently the crowd drew backward as the bearded augur came
To the edge of that vast chasm all its meaning to proclaim.

Hushed are all as he thus speaketh: "Romans! I to you to-day
Come to make known what the will is of the gods whom we obey.
Romans! not until this country yields up her most precious thing
Into this abyss of darkness, will it close, but sorrow bring

Unto this our much loved country causing restlessness and woe,
 Until then this Roman city shall nor peace nor comfort know!"
 Thus he spake, then back returned slowly, even as he came,
 Leaving still the people breathless, and the chasm still the same.
 Sunk like lead into the ocean these few words upon each heart,
 Wakening in each one the question, with what could they bear to part?
 And the mother clasped her infant, and the bridegroom clasped his bride,
 Whispering in their throbbing terrors, "Thou shalt never leave my side."
 "What was this rare thing so precious which this land of theirs contained?
 Who possessed it? Who would yield it that the longed-for peace be gained?"
 Such the question stirring ever in each troubled anxious breast,
 But 'twas vain, the answer came not, and the city knew no rest.
 Long the question was unanswered, long the gulf remained unclosed,
 Clung each closer to his idol, the thing doomed, as each supposed.
 And the miser gazed in secret o'er his long-prized glittering hoard,
 And the soldier guarded closely arms and ensign, spear and sword.
 Each refusing thus to yield them as the gods of them desired,
 Rather have the chasm yawning than give up so much required.
 Thus time passed and Rome was restless, knowing neither ease nor peace,
 Each one still within him knowing what could cause this ill to cease.

* * * * *

Summer's warm bright days had faded, and the autumn winds had come,
 'Twas the first dark day of Ides when the storm broke over Rome.
 Fitfully the wind howled, ever moaning, sobbing as in pain,
 Crashed the thunder o'er the city, while in torrents poured the rain.
 Yet around that awful chasm, awful more than ever now,
 Densely thronged the crowd of people, pressing to its very brow,
 For at last was found the answer what the precious thing could be,
 Which would close the gulf in yielding, and which all had come to see.
 Suddenly a sound of horse hoofs, and a heavy clash of mail,
 When upon his steed young Curtius rode within that chasm's pale;
 In his dark eyes gleamed a purpose, high and strong as it was true,
 And his cheeks were pale and bloodless, when into their midst he flew.
 Hark! he speaks! the crowd are breathless for the words which he shall say:
 "Romans! neither arms nor riches does Heaven claim of you this day;
 Love's best treasures, valour, wisdom, are not this most precious thing
 Which in yielding, to this nation peace and joy can once more bring.
 "Hear me, Romans! and in hearing let the lesson fruitful be,
 In each heart and in the future let this land its fruitage see;
 'Tis Self-sacrifice, O Romans! and I offer it this day
 To the gods and to my country!" thus he spake, then flung away
 All encumbrances upon him, urging to its utmost speed,
 And compelling to the leap his half-maddened, frantic steed.
 One last look, and then he plunges headlong to the death proposed,
 And is lost to mortal vision, and the gulf is slowly closed.

* * * * *

Englishmen! no gulf is yawning in this pleasant land of ours,
 But a hidden worm is lurking 'neath earth's fairest, sweetest flowers;
 And SELF-SACRIFICE is needed now as once in Rome the same,
 Needed to stay much of evil, for it has no useless aim.
 Not amidst a throng of people may its exercise be shown,
 Not amid admiring numbers will its merits thus be known;
 But in treading in the footsteps of that One excelled by none,
 Thus alone its aim is worthy, thus alone its crown is won!

KUANI:**A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.**

BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

CHAP. I.—A ROYAL BIRTHDAY.

THE sun was setting in the forest of Hamhana. Its dying light was reflected upon the luxuriant foliage of the forest, strange and beautiful in its variety, and gave rich tints to the trunks and broad leaves of the agave trees and palms; it was reflected upon the painted wings of myriads of homeward flying birds, and made their rainbow plumage sparkle like coloured diamonds; it was reflected upon the solitary figure of Vinaka, the sorcerer and rain-maker of the great Hamhana district, as he pressed his way through the darkening underwood in the direction of Kataloo.

Vinaka was a man of shrunken frame, and far from prepossessing appearance, but evidently of some shrewdness and intelligence; for his swarthy forehead was high, and there was abundant evidence of cunning thought in his restless eyes. His garments consisted of a piece of cloth, coarse in texture, and resembling the material made from the rôfia palm, which was fastened about his waist and descended almost to his knees; and from his shoulders was suspended a tiger skin of rare beauty, which covered his back, and left his chest partially bare. His wrists and ankles were hidden by strings of beads, and his throat was adorned with a necklet of human teeth; which latter article, if we may except the plume of vòm-pòtsy, or white bird's feathers, which crowned his head, completed his attire.

As he passed through the forest he scarcely lifted his eyes from the ground; yet there was plenty of scope for a meditative mind in the far-reaching and brilliant scene before him, and Vinaka was not too much a savage to be dead to Nature's pleasures and refinements. Perhaps if he had been less abstracted just then, they would have roused his feelings, and he would have gazed with satisfaction upon the palms and pandanas trees, the agaves, and travellers' trees which crowded the way; for their broad leaves were all streaked with golden light—or he would have lingered, maybe, in the thick wood, while he turned his dusky eyes towards the clumps of lofty larch-like filaos, or the hookthorn acacias, or the high-climbing parasitical orchids, all bathed in the same rich glow—but no; the mind of Vinaka was busy elsewhere, and his eyes refused to be tempted with the bright scene.

By-and-bye, the thick forest became more open, and the pitcher and lace-leaf plants, the cacti and other shrubs, were exchanged for undulating hills of limestone and granite, which

by reason of the long drought cracked like hoar-frost under the sorcerer's feet, and burned like hot ashes, by reason of the long day's sun. As he reached the edge of the wood a strong wind sprung up, and for the first time he stopped short, and turned his eyes northward, from whence the wind was rising.

"That smells of green grass," he muttered, as his eyes brightened with pleasure; "the rain comes."

With a hastier and more elastic step he pursued his journey, and had left the wood far behind him before the last light had faded from the sky. He began to look more cautiously about him now, for the gathering darkness brought dangers with it which no efforts of his sorcery could divert or hide; he was now approaching the river where the wild beasts of the forest were accustomed to repair at evening to slake their thirst, and, with the exception of his heavy shield of black chukura skin and his long spear, he was entirely unarmed. On reaching the river, he stooped down among the dark green mimosas, which lined its banks, and, having brushed them aside with his hands, brought to sight his canoe; at the same time startling from their seclusion some score or so of wild ducks. It was a dangerous looking craft, made from the wood of the varongy tree, and, having no keel, would have taken but little to capsize it when afloat. At each end of it was a quaintly carved projecting beak, pierced with holes, through one of which was inserted a grass mooring rope; and at the bottom lay the two paddles, shaped like shovels, and carved from the same tough wood. Launching it upon the river, Vinaka stepped into it, and in a standing position guided it rapidly across the water; he used only one paddle, which he held vertically, and with which he seemed to dig the water, giving a reverse motion to the upper part of the handle as he drew it out. On reaching the opposite bank he leapt ashore, and shouldering his canoe, continued his onward course: while the beating of sticks and metal pans at no far distance told that a native kraal or town was near at hand.

As the rough music grew louder, and the hum of voices was at last distinguishable, Vinaka put his hands to his mouth, and using the full compass of his voice, shouted, "Pùla—Pùla!" (rain! rain!) several times. The cry was heard, and before he had proceeded many steps, he was met by an excited crowd of natives, who prostrated themselves at his feet, and poured into his ears many anxious inquiries respecting the promised rain; the more credulous among them even expressing their gratitude for the blessing which as yet was only in prospect.

"Vinaka is good—Vinaka is mighty—Vinaka has shaken his spear at the skies, and frightened away the drought—Vinaka shall have fat oxen, and he will send us ox-rain. What

shall the children of the great Vinaka do? We will gather herbs and gums, and lay them at his feet? Yes, yes. And we will gather poison nuts from the Tangèna tree, that he may work his charms. Vinaka shall never die; for there is none so wise and great as he, and he brings the rain!"

Vinaka stood silent and composed until the eulogiums began to flag, and then thrusting his arm in the direction of a scampering herd of frantic oxen, who, like himself, had sniffed the green grass smell, and were instinctively anticipating the rain, he cried:

"See, the oxen rejoice with you! I have spoken to their hearts—they know that Vinaka has brought the rain. Vinaka is good to those who can give him nothing in return. His spirit is happy in the good which it creates"—he paused and folded his arms as though in deep thought, then added: "But my children forget that a king's daughter is born to-day. Vinaka does not forget, and so he sends the rain."

This magnanimous speech provoked renewed outbursts of praise and gratitude from the delighted natives; and while the air was still resounding with their shouts, the wily sorcerer raised his hand, and requested to be shown immediately into the presence of the king.

King Arongo was seated in his palace, listening to the joyful shouts of his subjects; and his heart warmed within him as his ears caught from time to time the frequently reiterated words, "Pùla, Pùla," for no rain had fallen for many months, and his cattle were dying by hundreds for want of water. His subjects were dying by hundreds too, and from the same cause, but that affected but little the serenity of the king.

The surroundings of the king had nothing very regal or imposing about them, for the palace was only built of wood and bamboo, thatched, inside and out, with canes and reeds, while the walls of his banquetting hall, which might have held from two to three hundred guests, were hung round with pieces of cloth made from the ròfia palm. The earthen floor was strewn with mats of rice straw, on which were already seated some hundred or more of the king's subjects, whilst a tiger skin upon a rough bench of agave wood, sustained the weighty person of the monarch himself. A turf and wood fire which blazed away on a square of sand and earth in one corner of the hall yielded the only light which illuminated the place; but this was kept so well supplied with fuel that no further light was necessary. The smoke was supposed to disperse through a hole in the roof, but the night had now grown so windy, that the inmates of the palace swallowed more of it than the hole permitted to escape.

Hanging behind the king was an unusually large piece of the

ròfia cloth, which formed the only barrier between the hall and the king's sleeping apartment, although in the latter room Queen Arongo and her new-born infant, the Princess Lena, were now reposing.

The gratifying news that the little princess and her royal mother were doing well, had just been conveyed to the king's ear, when a loud shout from the courtyard excited universal attention, and Vinaka the rain maker strode gravely into the hall. Everyone, even to the king, rose to their feet, and did homage to the sorcerer; and when, after shaking his spear and muttering something in an undertone by way of incantation, he made the solemn announcement: "Vinaka has brought rain—it has followed closely upon his heels—it will be here before the sun comes back," the people seized upon their spears like one man, and shook them over their heads with shouts of joy.

(To be continued.)

**"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM
THAT LOVE GOD."**

Rom. viii. 28.

ALL thy sorrow, all thy care,
Heavy cloud or sunshine fair,
All shall work for good.

In thy days of ease and wealth,
In thy time of strength and health,
All shall work for good.

Disappointments manifold,
Hopes fulfill'd in joy untold,
All shall work for good.

If the Adversary lay
Thorns and briars in thy way,
All shall turn to good.

Or, thy trusted friend has griev'd,
Wrong'd thee, knowingly deceived,—
Could this be for good?—

Hurt thee more than surgeon's knife,
For thou lov'dst him as thy life,—
Was it all for good?

Yes, the Lord thy God can bless
E'en a friend's unworthiness,
Turning all to good.

Looms the future dark or drear,
Dost thou ask, in trembling fear,
"Will it bring me good?"

Banish such forebodings dim ;
 Look away, look up to Him
 Working for thy good !
 In the depths of darkest night,
 Lo, a gleam of clearest light
 Shining for thy good !
 Thou art safe in all alarms,
 With the " Everlasting Arms "
 " Underneath " for good.
 Who hath borne thee hitherto,
 He will surely bear thee through
 All things for thy good.
 For to them that love our God,
 Kiss in faith His chast'ning rod,
 All must work for good.
 Brother, brother, trust the Lord !
 Sister, take Him at His word—
 " All things work for good ! "

R. JAY.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. I.—BOYS.

ONE dull morning in December, only a few days before Christmas, two poor little boys rose from the doorstep where they had passed the night, picked up their brooms, and walked as quickly as their poor, stiff legs could carry them to their crossing, a few streets off.

It was well for them that the night had been unusually mild, or I do not know what would have become of them. As it was, they looked half perished, and little Benjamin's teeth chattered as he tried to keep up with his bigger companion. Their hats had long ago been lost, and the cold, bare feet had forgotten how it felt to have boots on. They had never before been obliged to spend the night in the streets, having always earned enough to pay for some sort of shelter. But yesterday had been a very bad day, and when it grew late there was nothing for them to do but to find some out-of-the-way nook where the police would not notice them, and there, putting their arms around each other, and keeping as close together as possible, to go to sleep. God had taken care of the little boys, though they had not asked Him to do so.

"Come along, Benny," said Robin, the elder lad, "we'll soon have some pennies, and get some breakfast."

Soon they reached their crossing, and the two brooms were

not long in making a smooth, broad pathway in the sea of mud which covered the road.

At last Benjamin stopped working, and stood leaning on his broom handle.

"Tired, Ben?" asked the other; and there was a beautiful tenderness in the rough voice, as the two simple words were uttered.

"Yes," replied little Ben, wearily. "Do you think they'll begin to come along soon?"

"Can't say. It's early yet, lad."

"I'm so hungry, Robin."

Robin was hungry too, but he didn't say so.

"Think how good breakfast 'll be when we get it," was his cheerful rejoinder.

Just then an early business man walked briskly over their crossing. Two little dirty hands were immediately held out: "Penny, please sir."

The man wished to be quick, but he looked at the boys with keen, kindly eyes, and felt in his pockets for some coppers. "There's one a-piece," he said, tossing down two, and hurried on. He did not stay to tell them that he too had once been a crossing-sweeper.

A few more pennies came out of some kind persons' pockets, and then Robin ran off to buy food for both. Ben was left to take care of the crossing. He was a clever little boy, and thought much more than did most children between eight and nine years of age. What funny stories he made up about some of the people who passed close to him! That good-tempered looking countryman, with mouth and eyes equally wide open, Ben was sure this was his first visit to London, or would he have given a shilling to a crossing-sweeper? But that was a long time ago, and the shilling had to be spent the same day.

Once, a tall, gentle lady stopped to speak to Ben. Her voice was so sweet, he thought he would never forget it. And then the little girl who was with her. If Ben had known anything of fairies, he would have at once decided in his own mind that this was one.

Ben understood quite well that he was to get out of the way as fast as he could when two or three big boys, late for school, shot past him like the wind. No use to beg pennies from them.

One old gentleman never forgot to give the boys a friendly nod. Robin had discovered where he lived, and he and Ben had one evening been rude enough to peep in at the front windows, to see what was going on indoors. They didn't know it was rude, how should they?

The room was a sort of library, where the different members

of the family often met in the twilight. On this particular evening, four little children were gathered round the fire, and the flames, dancing up and down, made some of them wear queer grimaces. On one side a sofa was drawn up, and on it lay a gentleman, with a happy, but oh, such a pale face. A lady sat between him and the fire. She held in her lap a bonny, baby-boy, with big, laughing eyes. He was playing with his mother's soft, fair curls, and having a fine time of it. On the other side was a large easy chair, empty just now. Robin said that must be for their old gentleman, and both boys ran away for fear of being caught peeping. You see they had a *very* faint idea that it was not quite the proper thing to do.

How cold and dreary the streets had seemed after that long look at the bright, dancing firelight, the happy children in their snug home! Robin and Ben often talked together of that evening, and made up their minds that they must begin to grow rich at once, and never stop till they had got a house like that.

But on the morning I have been telling you about, a very different sort of old gentleman crossed Ben's path. He looked the little sweeper full in the face, but gave no penny; indeed, Ben was so astonished, he almost forgot to ask for any.

"You're a rum 'un," thought the lad. "I've never been stared at like that before. "I say, Robin," as the latter came up, "d'ye see that gent?"

"I see," said Robin, "what of him? He don't look much."

"Don't he, though? He looked hard enough at me. I gave him back his stare too, and he turned round quite frightened like, and off he went."

"That's a good 'un," said Robin, laughing heartily. "The idea of anyone being frightened by a mite like you!" And he laughed again.

"Well, I don't care," returned Ben, stoutly. "There! d'ye see? He's coming back."

The old gentleman had turned and was near the boys; then he seemed to change his mind and walked on again.

"He don't look so very old, either," said Robin; "he's mighty shabby, though."

Benjamin suddenly remembered that he had not had his breakfast, and he and Robin made short work of eating the small loaf of bread.

Robin possessed a bottle which he generally could only afford to fill with water, but this morning he thought Ben ought to have some milk, as he had had no supper last night. Robin scarcely touched it himself, but made his companion drink it nearly all. He was very tender of little Ben, and the boy who dared to give him a blow would have stood a poor chance. Ben, in return, gave Robin all the affection which his young

heart was capable of feeling. Poor boy, he had no one else to love.

Now we will go home with the old gentleman and see what sort of home it was. He was not so very old after all—not more than fifty—but then little boys do now and then make a mistake. There was no mistake, however, about his clothes being old, and thin too. Still, he did not appear to mind the cold in the least. His face looked cold and withered, and his hands as well—for he wore no gloves—his great blue eyes were cold and hard; in fact, he was altogether cold, this gentleman, and it made you feel cold to look at him. His house was like himself. There was no bright firelight shining through the windows. Indeed, they were far too dirty for even the sun to shine through. Mr. Forrest (that was the man's name) was glad that they were so; for he did not care to have new blinds when the old ones fell to pieces. I may as well tell you at once, if you have not already guessed it, that this man was a miser, or very near to becoming one.

Once, only a few years ago, his home had been as bright and pleasant as that which Robin and Benjamin had peeped into. But his love of money, unchecked at first, had grown upon him, and now he seemed to have no power to resist it. Money, and only money, was the thing he cared for. He had a heart, like other people, but it had become very hard, not quite, though; something in little Ben's face had made its way there, and was not to be sent away.

(To be continued.)

HEARING SERMONS.

A WOMAN in humble life was asked one day, on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth.

"Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty as well as she could in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.

"WELL, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homewards after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!"

"Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

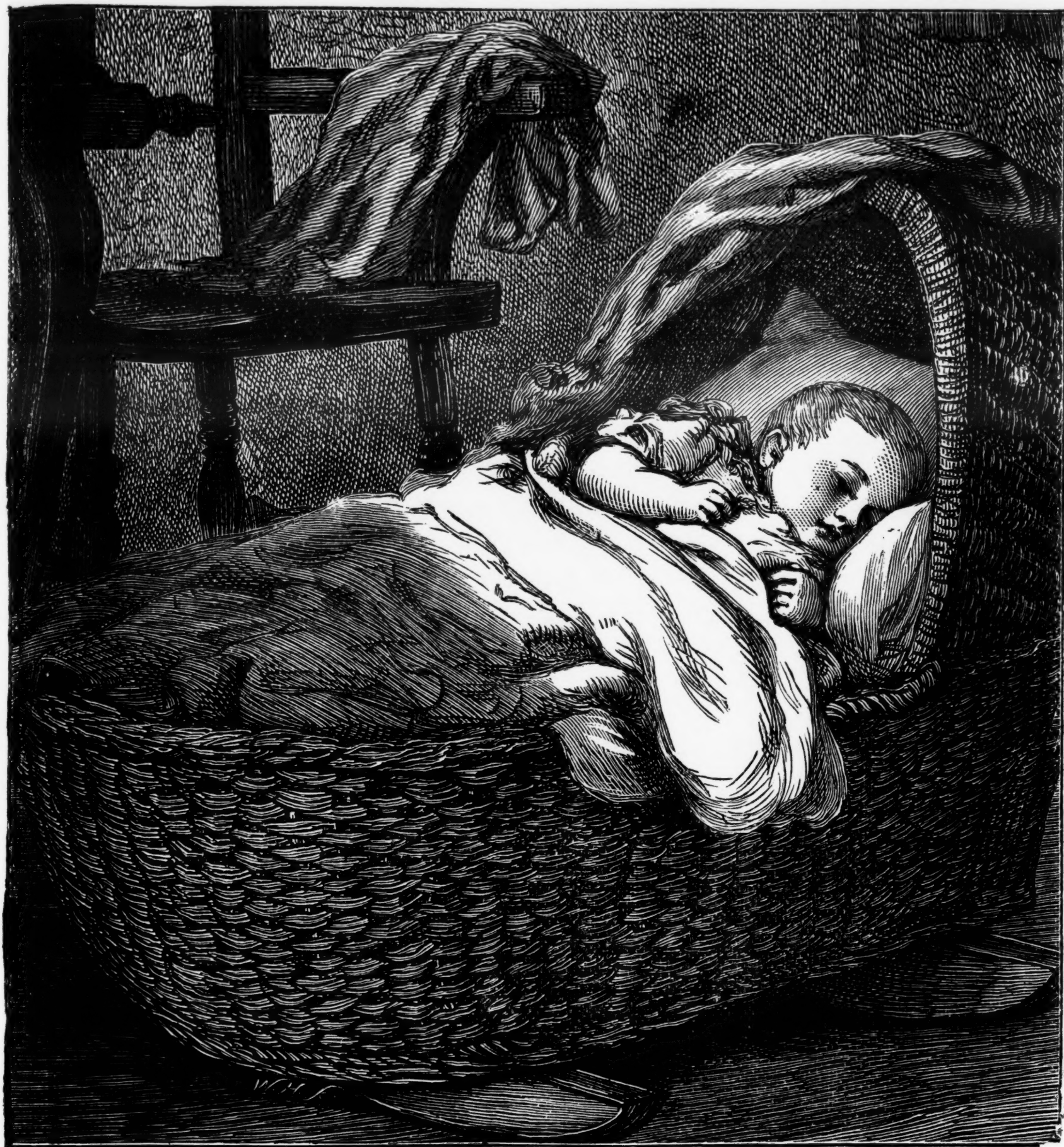
MONTHLY NOTES.

AN attempt has been made to breed a potato, which shall not be averse to wet soils as our ordinary potato, the origin of which is an Andes potato, growing in places where rain is almost unknown. It was thought that if a potato could be produced from a species which prefers marshy soils, it might not become diseased, as our potatoes certainly do, from being exposed to very wet seasons. For this reason, an attempt was made to get a crop of potatoes from the stock of the *Solanum Maglia*, discovered by Darwin in the Chonos Archipelago, and always found in marshy soils. The experiment succeeded; but on fuller investigation it was found that, after all, it was not the *Solanum Maglia* which was the origin of the new crop, but the mild *Solanum tuberosum*, which is cultivated side by side with it in Kew Gardens. The new potato is a cross between this *Solanum tuberosum* and the potato called "Sutton's Reading Russet." The potatoes are very good in quality and shape, and are of a stock which, as it is hoped, may be less liable to suffer from wet. But that is just the point still to be tested.

In the Cabinet Museum at Darmstadt, there is a small bronze thimble, which was found in 1848 among the excavated ruins of the Castle Tannenberg, destroyed in 1399. This is probably in make and shape one of the first thimbles ever used. The earliest mention of the Fingerhut (finger-hat) is found in an old chronicle of the 12th century, in which St. Hildegarde, far renowned both for her piety and

her great learning, makes the first attempt at creating a universal language. Among the 900 words which she translated into her own mysterious language, the *vinger-huth* is mentioned as one of the common household objects. Nürnberg, that ancient town of clever manufacturers, was the first to produce the thimble, and so great was the love of the artistic in those times, that before long the clumsy little instrument became one of the most elegant ornaments of the lady's work-table. It was wrought in gold or silver, and a scene from mythology was with minute accuracy engraved upon it. The rounded top was made separately, a Cupid or other deity forming the centre, round which the inscription, in French and Latin, "Force d'Amour, Vis Amoris" was delicately wrought. Sometimes the top of the thimble (thumb-bell) was ornamented with a kind of hollow lid, filled with balsam or other perfume, and only the most primitive thimbles were open at the top like the thimbles used by tailors at the present time. The cult of the thimble reached its highest height when, in 1586, a firm of rich Nürnberg tailors presented a magnificent silver drinking vessel in the shape of a thimble to the tailors' guild of that town. Even in the eighteenth century the thimble was still an *objet de luxe*; but with the invention of machinery the ornamental part suddenly disappeared, and the first attempt at its reappearance has only been made quite recently with the introduction of the pretty, flowery, "Exhibition thimble."

SMELL IN INSECTS.—In an extensive series of experiments by Prof. Graber, insects and many other invertebrates perceived odours much more quickly and acutely than the vertebrates tested (birds and reptiles.) The *antennæ* proved to be not the only organs of smell in insects, although these appear to be essential to the perception of some fine odours. In some cases the *palpi* of the mouth-organs are more sensitive than the *antennæ*, but perception of smell through the *stigmata* or respiratory organs is not rapid nor important.



OUR CHILDREN.

O little child ! whate'er thy name
 Or earthly life may be,
 May He who loved young children
 well
 Watch tenderly o'er thee,

And give thee that "new name,"
 which all
 Who overcome shall bear,—
 The Father's Name upon thy brow
 For evermore to wear !

THE salvation of our children depends in a large measure upon us. Their future course will be determined, under God, by the method of their training, by the associations in which we place them, by the books and teachers and companions that we provide for them. We sometimes hear it said that our country's future depends upon the doings of our statesmen, or upon the opinions of our thinkers, or upon the fidelity of our preachers, or upon the

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purity of our Churches. It depends far more upon the *character of the mothers and fathers of England*. In ten years they can do irreparable damage, or bring immortal glory to England. The progress of pure religion depends on the nature of our home life.

S. PEARSON, M.A.

“RUIN AND RESCUE.”

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

By MRS. CHARLES FISHER.

CHAP. III.—MARGARET’S SUITORS.

THE landscape round Burnside was diversified with pine-crowned hills, verdant vales, and a smiling campagne country, dotted here and there with farm-houses, labourers’ cottages, and the mansions of the rich enclosed in their gay “pleasaunces,” or hidden away in extensive parks. Melrose was the name of the mansion where Margaret Gordon was a constant guest, and at its social gatherings her beauty excited universal admiration, but among her numerous admirers report singled out two gentlemen as the most successful suitors.

Robert Lundie had attracted her sincere regard by his estimable moral qualities, intellectual gifts, and the chivalrous delicacy of his attentions, but his rival in her affections was Charles Mac Gregor, whose tall, handsome figure, elegant manners and gaiety of spirits, completely fascinated her, making him the secret idol of her imagination, and the subject of her girlish day-dreams. Wandering one day beside the stream flowing through the grounds of Melrose, Robert joined her, and after plucking the flowers from the banks which she was endeavouring to reach, he said, in a voice tremulous and hesitating in its gentle sweetness, “Miss Gordon, will you keep this one in memory of one who turns towards you with sentiments of deep affection, as surely as the eye of this simple floweret looks up towards the light of day?” There was a moment of silence, broken only by the silvery rush of the running waters, in which the youth endeavoured to still the wild throbbings of his heart; when Margaret replied slowly and regretfully, “I do not think I can; I must give you back the flower;” she held it towards him, but he perceived her hand trembled violently. “Oh, dearest Margaret, say not so,” pleaded Robert, with tears in his deep grey eyes. “Oh, keep it, look upon it sometimes in moments of solitude, it will silently plead for me. I should not have ventured to have thus spoken, had I not an intuition that there is something in common between us; we are alike in our love of nature, poetry, and literature. Can we not be one in affection? You are all that I desire, I will try to be all that you

could wish in undying devotion." He had attempted to take her hand in his, but she softly withdrew it, saying, "Say no more, all this is very painful to me; painful because though I sincerely esteem and admire you, yet, yet—"

"There is a rival," he murmured bitterly, "many rivals, but now I am convinced there is one in particular."

"I feel as if my heart were not my own to give," she said, half dreamily, as if to herself, in tones scarcely audible. "I will not grieve or annoy you," said the young man sadly, his face gathering an ashy paleness; the flower dropped to the ground, and the bud of his dearest hopes lay crushed in his sorrowful bosom.

The same evening the splendid rooms at Melrose were filled by a brilliant assemblage of wealth and fashion. A young girl overcome by the heat of the crowded apartments, was led into a conservatory, leaning heavily on a gentleman's arm. Conflicting emotions possessed her breast; she felt she had rejected the love of a faithful heart for one who was the secret idol of her imagination, who was not yet her declared lover. "I deserve to feel the pangs of unrequited love," she inwardly reflected, "for the suffering I have caused poor Robert; perhaps after all Charles will never be anything to me, and I shall have lost one who really loves me, and whom I might soon have loved in return—amiable, excellent Robert!" "You are very faint," remarked her cavalier with caressing softness, "sit here, and I will open the door to let in the fresh air." As he did so, she drew a long breath as the cool night breeze fanned her cheek, and seemed to recover her strength. The silent stars glittered like spangles on the steel blue dome of the sky; they seemed instinct with prophetic revelation, some mystic indication of coming events, the solution of a problem still enigmatical. There was a long silence. "Oh, Margaret," said her companion, deranging some rich exotics as he eagerly bent over her, "I need not say I *adore* you. You must have long divined this. Oh, may I call you mine?" He bent over her, his dark eyes flashing in the uncertain light, and his voice tremulous with passion. The beautiful girl answered not a word, but she permitted him to press her hand to his lips, and he murmured softly, "My own my darling!" as he placed his arm round her slender waist. The image of Robert in his lonely grief passed from her mind as she yielded to the calm delight and certainty of feeling herself beloved by the man of her choice. "Queen of my soul!" whispered the young man passionately, "till death us do part." "Till death us do part?" whispered Margaret, looking up in his face with a wistful questioning. "Assuredly," he replied gaily, "you do not doubt me?" But in the midst of her delirium of joy in the revelation of his answering affection, she half

unconsciously detected a different ring in his gay voice to the deeply sincere and tender solemnity of Robert's tones a few hours previously. "Then till death us do part," she murmured gently, as if to calm her heart's wild questionings, and as she spoke her eyes sought afar for those silent stars set in the coronal of the brow of night.

"I cannot tell what ails me," said she, "but those stars in their mute eloquence seem to warn us warily, and to mock our joy." "You are the prey of strange fancies to-night," replied her lover, laughing heartily; but miserable to hear the thoughts of sadness, unshaped and undefined, mingling with her hopes, Margaret proposed returning to the festive scenes within, and in her secret pride of being recognized as the beloved of the popular and handsome MacGregor soon forgot all presentiments of sorrow.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LEPER.

THE treatment of leprosy was a speciality, and we may add an honourable speciality of the Mediæval Church. There was even a special, and, as Milman says, singular touching, ritual prescribed for use in the necessary seclusion of lepers from the society of their fellows: "The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease." Its origin has been variously attributed to hunger and privation, or to vicious indulgence, and in the Old Testament, it seems to be regarded as the symbol and consequence of sin; probably it had some connection with both causes. What is certain is that the Crusaders introduced it into Europe, and hence it acquired in that age a kind of mysterious and sacred significance, from its indirect relation to the Holy Sepulchre. A sentiment, not merely of pity, but of reverence for its unhappy victims, was widely diffused throughout Christendom. And this feeling was greatly enhanced by the belief, founded on the vulgate reading of a familiar passage in Isaiah, that Christ Himself had been spoken of by the Prophet under the similitude of a leper: "*Nos putavimus eum quasi leprosum, percussum a Deo et humiliatum.*" Kings and princes accordingly were ready to visit lepers, and countesses ministered to them; hospitals were erected in every considerable city for their relief—Matthew Paris reckons the total number in Europe at 19,000—and Saints wrought miracles for their cure. A cognate miracle, which did much to confirm and intensify the current tone of mind on the subject, is recorded by St. Bonaventura, in his "Life of Francis of Assisi." At a very early stage in his career, the future saint and founder of the Franciscan Order, while crossing a plain

on horseback, met a leper. By a strong effort he repressed his involuntary repugnance, dismounted and embraced his suffering brother. But the seeming leper, as his biographer assures us, instantly disappeared; Francis had unwittingly done homage to the Divine Sufferer of Isaiah's prophecy. So at all events, he himself believed, and for some time afterwards he devoted himself in the hospital at Gubbio to attendance on that wretched, and to natural feeling, loathsome class of patients. It was well for them, certainly, that so terrible a malady should not be without such merciful incidents of alleviation, for the complete isolation of its victims was strictly enforced by law and public opinion; they had to wear a distinctive costume, and carried a modern clapper to give notice of their approach; they were forbidden to enter churches or other places of general resort, to touch healthy persons or eat with them, to walk on footpaths or bathe in rivers. It is true that recent medical opinion inclines to doubt or deny the infectious nature of the malady; but the mere belief in it would have made a strict segregation inevitable. Some of our readers may recollect seeing Holbein's picture at Munich of St. Elizabeth ministering to a group of lepers; it was painted at Augsburg, in 1516, and he is said to have made his studies from the leper-house then existing there.

The disease first began to decline in Europe in the fifteenth century, and had mostly disappeared before the end of the seventeenth. It survives, however, still in some particular districts, and it is common enough all over the East, as well as in the West Indies, and notably in the Hawaiian Islands. There are said to be no less than 135,000 lepers in British India at the present time. But a large increase of leprosy during late years in the Sandwich Islands has compelled the Government to segregate the victims altogether, and the little island of Molokai has been set apart for this purpose. In 1873, Father Damien, a young Belgian priest, volunteered his services to minister to them, thereby of course cutting himself off from all intercourse with the outer world, and there for thirteen years he has continued assiduously to minister to their wants, bodily and spiritual, being, as has been said, their "doctor, nurse, carpenter, school-master, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, sometimes even their undertaker and grave-digger;" and he has now himself, as might have been anticipated, fallen a victim to the disease. There were about eight hundred lepers on the island when he took up his abode there, of whom more than half were Roman Catholics. In a recent letter to a friend he says that his late colleague has left Molokai, and he is the only priest remaining there: "Having no doubt of the real character of my disease I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that

conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua*. Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord."

A subscription list was opened in England, which reached a considerable sum. There cannot, we might suppose, be two opinions among Christians of any communion, we might say among men of whatever creed or no creed, with the ordinary instincts of humanity, as to the noble self-devotion of this heroic priest, who has calmly and with full knowledge dedicated himself to a weary and lifelong martyrdom, or to the justice of the appeal for aid for him in England.

It is so indeed; but we are surprised and ashamed to be obliged to add there are some—let us hope there are but few—who very emphatically call and profess themselves Christians, but who have considered it their duty to go out of their way to denounce this appeal as "false charity" undertaken on behalf of "an idolatrous priest of anti-Christ," and stigmatise as a traitor to his creed the clergyman who has taken it up. It is incredible, but it is true.

The world is not too full of such heroisms as that of this lonely priest, all the nobler because there is so little of outward splendour or *éclat* about them, and men who are thus eager to embrace "the pang without the palm," so far as earthly recompense is concerned, deserve at least to be held in respectful remembrance.

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

ONE of the attendants now spread a tiger skin beside the king, and when Vinaka had seated himself thereupon, the king also resumed his seat, and the nobles followed suit upon their mats of rice straw.

"Where has the wise Vinaka been hunting to-day?" the king now asked, while his eyes looked with mingled envy and curiosity at the string of human teeth which encircled the rain-maker's neck.

Vinaka understood the enquiry, and gathered up his shrunken body to its full height, as he replied:

"Hath not King Arongo, the mighty conqueror, a daughter born to him this day? and shall not Vinaka make the king smile upon her birthday? Be silent and you shall hear. The fire is making noise enough, let your own lips be dumb."

Though there was general silence while the rain-maker was thus speaking, the king interrupted him at this point, and shaking his spear a second time, exclaimed:

"Be silent, be instructed ye sons and fathers, the wise Vinaka is speaking. Behold the man who shall speak wisdom."

Vinaka continued:

"Hath not King Arongo many enemies? Are not the Mantatees his enemies? Is not Manasis, King of the Mantatees, his arch-enemy? He is strong as a lion, and hath many thousand oxen; and how shall the Princess Lena's birthday be gladdened by the smiles of King Arongo, and how shall the rain fall upon the grass-lands of Kataloo if the proud spirit of King Manasis is wandering abroad to-day? No! Oh Bechuanas! it cannot be, it cannot be. The spirit of King Manasis must be silenced, the body of King Manasis must be thrown to the empty river, his blood must be given to the thirsty plains, before the spirit of King Arongo can be merry, or Vinaka command the rain." Here an old man at the farther end of the hall requested the sorcerer to roar aloud, as he could not hear him. Vinaka continued: "I hear you, oh father; but be silent and listen. Or if your ears are choked, let your eyes look—see here—" Vinaka took the string of human teeth from his neck, and held it high in the air, "Do you know these teeth? Have they not grinned upon you in the battle? Have they not bitten through the flesh of your fattest and heaviest oxen? Oh! ye dull sons of Kataloo! are they not the teeth of King Manasis the haughty? and do you not read in them the secret of the rain?"

The plumed heads of all were bent eagerly forward, and everyone seemed anxious not to lose a word. The lurid glare which the fire cast upon their faces made the general effect peculiarly weird and impressive.

Vinaka went on: "Understand, Oh Bechuanas! the spirit of King Manasis is now silent; the empty river has been fed with his carrion flesh, the thirsty plain has been glutted with his blood, the skies are satisfied with the day which saw him crushed beneath this foot, and the clouds are now obedient to the voice of Vinaka—Vinaka who tore his heart in pieces."

At this disclosure the people sprang to their feet, and amid renewed expressions of delight, danced and shook their spears with wild gestures, while the king gave command that a sumptuous repast of fruit and grain should be immediately placed before the wily rain-maker, the dusky monarch not forgetting to partake of it liberally himself.

The meal was spread on the floor, and the king removed his tiger-skin from the bench to the ground in order to be more on a

level with the provisions, which were certainly not to be despised. The plates and dishes were leaves of the pandanus and traveller's tree, and were loaded with pineapples and bananas, melons and peaches, citrons and oranges, arranged in the most tempting profusion, in addition to which were plentiful supplies of small locusts, dried and partially roasted, with freshwater shrimps, rices of various kinds, and preparations of the manioc root.

Vinaka ate heartily and preserved a mysterious silence throughout the meal, doubtless from considerations of personal comfort; for the process of digestion was thus uninterfered with, and hunger was not exasperated by the introduction of tedious remarks or long speeches.

While the meal was proceeding, a serious-faced little fellow, with large intelligent eyes, entered the banquetting hall, and walked straight towards the rain-maker, bowing low before the king as he passed him.

"Ha! Kuani," said Vinaka, as the child halted before him, "do the skies prepare to thunder? Have the dark bosoms of the clouds begun to drop their hoarded treasure?"

"I see no clouds yet, father," said the child, "and the moon is showing her face again over the wild olive hills."

"It will come soon," said the rain-maker, as the noisy wind swept past the space through which Kuani had just entered, and lifted for a moment the curtain of rôfia palm; "it will come soon, Kuani's father has a second child, and that is the rain, though he is wayward sometimes, and must be frightened by the shaking of his father's spear—listen!"

The wind had been growing more boisterous without ever since it had begun to blow, so that a perfect gale was now sweeping across the dry, parched plain; and Vinaka knew that it was the almost certain prognosticator of heavy rainfalls. He rose now, and brushing aside the curtain which formed the door of Queen Arongo's sleeping apartment, entered without invitation. The queen was lying upon a bed of dried grass, over which was spread a variety of skins; elk, koo-doo, and the smaller species of antelope, while sleeping by her side was the new-born babe, the Princess Lena. The rain-maker stooped over her, and removing the string of human teeth a second time from his neck, hung it round the tiny neck of the unconscious child.

"What does that mean?" asked the king, who had followed the sorcerer into the apartment.

"Would the king know?" said the rain-maker in a solemn whisper. "Does not the necklet speak of victory? Does it not speak of glory? Even so shall victory and glory smile upon the pathway of the king's daughter. Has not Vinaka spoken it?"

Vinaka, whose spirit sweeps the future, whose words are always sure."

At this moment a tremendous peal of thunder shook the air, and the king started back trembling.

"Let not the mighty heart of King Arongo quiver," said the rain-maker. "Is not the thunder Vinaka's slave? It is the voice he sends to terrify the Manatees—they are King Arongo's enemies. Though they are strong as lions, though they plunder his villages, and steal his oxen, they are cowards, they have weak hearts, but the cloud-voices are King Arongo's friends."

The winds had now ceased, but the thunder increased in volume every moment, and flashes of chain lightning shot forth from the quickly gathering clouds in rapid succession. Sounds, to which the booming of artillery is as nothing, shook the air; and many a stately tree in the forest of Hamhana was peeled and twisted by the electric streams.

Presently the rain came. From the two strata of clouds, which presented the weird spectacle of moving in opposite directions, the water poured down in a perfect deluge, while the thunder bellowed more loudly than ever, and the crooked flashes of light seemed to reach from heaven to earth. The terrified natives fled to their huts, some to be struck down by the lightning before they reached them, and others to have them wrecked about their ears so soon as they were housed within. The game, startled from their river islands, were killed by hundreds, and many head of cattle were levelled to the earth. It was a wild and terrible sight, and formed a strange closing scene to the birthday of the Princess Lena.

Yet, through it all, the spirit of Vinaka was tranquil and contented, and as he repaired to his own house at a later hour that night, he murmured quietly, "Ki tla na le boroko." (I shall have slumber): and so it happened.

(To be continued.)

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

WE wish sometimes that the people calling themselves Christians would turn their theory into practice. We ourselves are practical, and would wish to help others to be so. A few remarks upon the important relationship of mistresses and servants may not be out of place. Where servants are unmannerly and impudent it is not in the nature of things that they should find sympathetic mistresses. We know a caution is needed specially to the young: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ." There is, on the other hand, danger

lest the strength of the young should be overtaxed ; and in these days of large buildings the work assigned should be proportioned to their capability. Mistresses should be explicit in stating what is required of a servant, and should not engage the young and inexperienced to perform duties which involve despatch and forethought beyond their age. There should be provision made in all cases for the attendance on the means of grace. By the observance of the Lord's Day in a proper manner, habits will be formed of neatness, punctuality, and self-restraint, to say nothing of the abundant blessing to the pure in heart from communion with the dearest and best friend—an elder Brother—the loss of which *nothing can* compensate. How mistresses can hope to be well served when no such care is taken of the highest good of their servants it is difficult to imagine. Yet truth compels us to say that in London there is a great remissness in this respect.

May we mention some cases in point. A young woman from Herefordshire, engaged in a commercial traveller's family, had to cook late dinners for a large party on Sundays, and did not enter a place of worship for more than twelve months. A young woman, about sixteen years of age, was engaged as general servant, and was usually detained until past the hour for service. Her mistress sent her out to the Embankment for a walk, observing she could not go late to church. What wonder that the poor girl was soon ruined. A girl of about 14 was engaged to look after six children, and was never able to leave them. She was summarily dismissed, without a home to which she could go. These are samples of hundreds of cases, and while such places continue to be taken without consideration, either by the servant of her suitability, or by the mistress of the moral and Christian instruction of the servant, there must be disappointment and failure, if not worse.

But there are other and far more serious cases, in which the intention is immoral, and we would faithfully warn the unsuspecting of this. A highly respectable young woman, who wished to obtain employment in London, very unwisely answered an advertisement without the knowledge of her parents. The situation was in a large clothing establishment. A few days after arrival she was favoured with a love-letter from some one in the establishment, inclosing a pair of gloves ; and the next day was dismissed at night by the housekeeper without a farthing—a perfect stranger to London. The night watchman sheltered her the first night, but could do so no more. By a gracious Providence she was led to a Rescue House, and with some difficulty persuaded to send for her brother, who gladly came and received her as one alive from the dead.

More extraordinary, and far more sinister, are the devices

employed by others. The daughter of poor parents, residing in the heart of London, was employed as out porter to a large wholesale house. One day she was asked to sweep a room in the place of the housemaid. Under the rug she found sixpence, and unsuspectingly put it in her pocket. A policeman was called by the master, and she was at once taken to the Guildhall, charged with stealing the sixpence. She pleaded no intention, and that she had no time to return it. The presiding magistrate asked her employer—"Did you put the sixpence there in order that the girl might take it?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then I dismiss the case." These facts were disclosed to me by the morning paper. What was my amazement to be told by the officer of the court that twenty such cases came before that court in a month, and he, taking me for a lawyer, said, "It is time somebody interfered and defended these poor girls."

I obtained the address of the mother, and when relating the case to her she said, "Sir, you are mistaken, my daughter was at home last night, and we know nothing about it." "Don't be alarmed. Your child is perfectly innocent, but here is the paper. I am a servant of the Lord. He has sent me to tell you to take your child away at once or she will be a ruined girl." The silence of the girl was inexplicable until the mother said, "If her father had known it he would have beaten her." I replied, "Your daughter is not to be blamed, but her master has plotted this to gain his designs; treat your child with all kindness, and pity her helpless position. Go at once or you will be too late." These true incidents should warn servants to use discretion, and mothers to be more than ever watchful over their children, teaching them to avoid the slippery paths of youth, and the temptations to pride, self-conceit, immodesty, and secrecy. The name of the Lord alone "is a strong tower." He is a rock of defence to save. Young women, plead with God through Jesus our Lord. "Hold up my goings in *Thy path*, that my *footsteps* slip not."

EDWARD AGATE.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. II.—LITTLE EDGAR.

RATHER more than five years before the events narrated in our last chapter, a pretty little boy was one morning playing about in a small flower-garden, while a pleasant-faced young woman, seated under a tree near, was busily at work with her needle. The little boy was Ben, or we will call him by his real name, Edgar, and the young woman his nurse.

Soon the cottage door opened and an older woman appeared, carrying a tray, on which were a glass of milk and some cake for the child's lunch. She sat down by the nurse to talk to her till the little boy should be tired of his play and run up to them.

You would have thought, to hear this woman's voice and to listen to her words, that she must be very kind and good; but she was not really so.

"Poor little darling," she said, "and so his father doesn't care for him?"

"No," replied the nurse, "it's a mercy someone does, or the child would have gone after all the others."

"Is this the only one left then?" asked the woman.

"The only one, Mrs. Hinton. Miss Edith went first; she was as fair a little creature as ever you set eyes on. No one wondered when she was taken. She was fit to be an angel if ever child was. It's four years ago now," continued nurse, with a little sigh; "her poor mother was never strong afterwards, though she bore up wonderfully at the time. She died before little Eddy, there, was out-of-arms."

"Didn't you say there was another boy?" asked Mrs. Hinton.

"Yes," replied nurse; "he lived to be nine; it's only two years since he died. Poor Master Ernest," and the nurse stopped to wipe away a tear; "I think I see him now, such a gentleman, always a civil word for every one. How fond he was of his baby-brother, to be sure! He was just about as old as Master Eddy when I first went to live with Mrs. Forrest, and very much like what he is now."

"That's why you're so fond of him," remarked Mrs. Hinton.

"So is everybody, except his own father," replied nurse, with some indignation; "and *he* cares for nothing but his money."

Edgar now came running up for his milk.

"Little dear," said the woman, patting him on the head.

I am afraid Edgar was a rude little boy; for, instead of being properly grateful, he made a grimace! Nurse did not see it, but she heard the naughty words which followed:

"I don't like oo, oo bad, oo ugly!"

"Hush, Eddy," she said, quietly; "you must beg Mrs. Hinton's pardon before you have your milk."

Edgar did not like doing that any more than some other little boys I know; but nurse was firm, and, until the words were said, there was no milk for Eddy.

Nurse and her little charge had been at Mrs. Hinton's cottage about six weeks. Eddy had not been well, and the doctor had succeeded in alarming his father, who became really anxious, and arranged that nurse should at once take him into the country to stay for some time.

Nurse was mistaken when she said that Mr. Forrest did not care for his little boy. It was true that he had taken very little notice of his children since his wife's death; but, without her, his home was such a different place to what it had been, that he was to be pitied more than blamed for keeping away from it as much as possible. He, too, was mistaken in thinking the best thing that he could do for his only remaining son was to spend most of his time in making and hoarding up riches for him. Nurse's words that "he cared for nothing but money" were not true then, but they were becoming every day more so.

Nurse's mother lived in what was considered a very healthy place, and it was settled that nurse and Edgar should spend the rest of the summer with her. The first news that nurse heard when the fly drove up to the cottage door was that her mother and only brother were down with fever. The letter which had been sent to warn nurse had miscarried.

Poor nurse, she longed to be at home to help take care of the sick ones, but she knew it would not be right. She told the man to drive on a few miles further, and then inquire where they might be taken in. At a village shop, nurse was recommended to go to Mrs. Hinton. Here she found comfortable rooms, and was not long in arranging to stay there.

A fortnight later, and nurse heard that her mother and brother were out of danger and were going on well. At the end of a month all infection was supposed to be over, and nurse went to see them. It was a few days after her second visit home that she and Mrs. Hinton had their little talk in the garden.

When Eddy had run back to his play, Mrs. Hinton asked nurse when she thought of going again to see her mother.

"I don't like leaving Master Edgar too often," replied nurse; "it's troubling you, too, to take care of him."

"Oh, that's no matter," said Mrs. Hinton; "the child's as good as gold, and he's taken wonderfully to my husband. They had fine romps last time when he came home to his dinner."

Mrs. Hinton did not think proper to tell the nurse that she generally left the child to take care of himself; and once, if Hinton had not been near and caught away the boy in time, he would have been run over by a carriage that was passing by the garden at a great speed.

But Mrs. Hinton was not a woman of good principle, though naturally kind-hearted. She had become very fond of Eddy, and spoke quite truly when she said that she did not know what she would do without him.

Nurse said it was very kind of Mrs. Hinton to take so much notice of the boy. "If you really don't mind the trouble of him," she continued, "I think I will go over on Saturday; I could start early and get back in time to put Eddy to bed."

So it was settled, and nurse and Mrs. Hinton went to watch Edgar at play. He had before got nurse to sling up an old doll to the lowest branch of a tree, and when he was tired of swinging her to and fro, he thought it would be fine fun to shoot at her with his pop-gun. For a bullet, he had a small cork, tied on with a very long string, so that he could stand some distance away to pop, which was much better sport, and made him feel more like a real sportsman. He had to try a great many times before succeeding; but when nurse and Mrs. Hinton came up, he had just shot out one eye, and had thrown down his gun to clap his hands. He had aimed at another part of poor dolly's body, but he quite ignored the fact, and was perfectly satisfied with the result.

(To be continued.)

SERVICE INTERRUPTED.

"The Lord is a sun and shield, the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

"He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye."

"He giveth grace"—ah! is not this *thy* Lord?

The *giving* Lord—whose grace thy portion is?
Though trials bring thee down to lowest state,
And sorrows press with all their wearying weight,
And man, opposing, meet thy love with hate.

"He giveth grace"—Do thou remember this.

"He giveth grace." How oft the spirit shrinks
Because the future seems confused and dark!
This is not faith. These eyes will only fail
When seeking light where God has drawn the veil:
Let this suffice—His grace shall still prevail:
Storms are *without* and thou *within* the ark.

There is a "needs be" that offences come;
The godly brow must many a thorn-wreath wear.
So taught thy Saviour. So He learnt in grace
When spittle vile defiled His blessed face;
Or when, expiring in the sinner's place,
They sat and watched Him, glibly mocking there.

And if they treated thus thy absent Lord,
What wonder sometimes if thy faithfulness
Should move a heart to angry overflow?
Some *will* not hear the message.—Be it so;
The labour field is wide; to others go:
But wait His leading or He may not bless.

"Let patience have her perfect work," and thou
 Repine not though the check seems rude and rough;
 The very power that plots thy tiniest ill
 Is watched by Him whose thoughts are mercy still;
 Love underlies each purpose of His will,
 And if He guard thee, surely 'tis enough.

I know the hindrance oftentimes is great,
 And there is much the godly mind to move;
 I know that eyes are blind and hearts are hard;
 I know 'tis trying when the work is marred
 By evil-workers—when the gate is barred
 Against some field of service that we love.

Maybe such checks are thine: some busy brain
 Knows how to bind thy hands and bar thy way;
 Then wait upon the Lord with purpose strong
 He never leads His waiting people wrong;
 The barrier will be broken down ere long,
 And grace will surely triumph—come what may.

Thou knowest not what ill He saves thee from;
 Nor canst thou tell what joy He saves thee *too*;
 But thou shalt know. Be patient still, and hope;
 He will not leave His child to blindly grope,
 Or long with vexed uncertainties to cope;
 "He giveth grace," and that shall bear thee through.

"He giveth grace," and soon will GLORY give;
 The "unseen things" ere long will greet thy gaze.
 The pilgrim's thorny path will then be o'er;
 The barbs of malice harass thee no more;
 The very grief, which roused the sigh before,
 Transformed to joy will echo back in praise.

He giveth *glory*—yes, remember this;
 The thought will cheer when thou art low and faint,
 E'en now the day-beams almost skirt the sky,
 The fog-wreaths disappear, the shadows fly,
 THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM DRAWETH NIGH!
 This thought should cheer thee—oh! desponding saint.

The sowing time remains. "A little while"
 To labour here among the sons of men.
 "A little while" to be misunderstood;
 "A little while" to taste affliction's food;
 "A little while" 'mid opposition rude,
 To speak love's message to the lost: and *then*—

The labour ended and the lesson learnt;
 The hidden purposes at last made known,
 Why came this sorrow, why this stroke of pain;
 Why did the Master this bright hope restrain;
 Why close that door of service—Oh! how plain—
 How wise the dealing when the cause is shown!

Then courage take, and do not doubt *His* love,
 Who shed His life's last drop that you might live.
 Exalted now at God's right hand He is;
 His portion thine, as all thy sorrows His:
 Oh! *rest in Him*, and still remember this,
 "He giveth grace" and soon will glory give!

A. E. K.

MONTHLY NOTES.

THE approaching Jubilee of the Queen's accession to the throne will present an occasion to many to look back on the fifty eventful years of her reign, and to see the progress the English people have made during that period. One subject, certainly not of trivial importance, has been sanitation. The Act of Parliament by which civil registration was established came into operation ten days after the commencement of Her Majesty's reign. The state of things revealed by the Registrar-General's Report for 1838 was astounding. A curious instance of the state of matters is the following: In the cellars underneath a certain place of worship in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was used as a school-room by day and as a dancing saloon at night, ten thousand bodies had been interred in the seventeen years ending with 1840, and the old coffins were continually removed through a neighbouring sewer to make room for new ones. The abolition of the window tax in 1851 was a great benefit to the public. Owing to it, even cottages were kept in a comparative state of darkness, and the inhabitants were deprived of the full benefit of sunshine and light.

Preventable disease has also been a subject of important consideration. An epidemic of small-pox led to the enactment of the Vaccination Laws in 1840 and 1841; later on, in 1853, vaccination was rendered compulsory. The mean annual death-rate of England and Wales has unquestionably been diminished during the Queen's reign, from over twenty-two to nineteen per thousand; and thus, notwithstanding the altered conditions, increased population, and other circumstances, much has been done. We hope, however, that the course of progress will still continue remedying the evils which exist, and ever ready to grapple with those which may arise.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

We commend to our readers the following new volumes:—

SUNSHINE, for the Home, the School, the World. Edited by W. Meynell Whittemore, D.D.

LITTLE STAR, by same Editor, for younger children. Both are beautifully illustrated, and should be known by young and old.

BUSY BEE, by Netta Leigh, is a volume full of interest, well illustrated, and has a Preface by Dr. Whittemore. It is a capital present for girls.

SPARE MINUTES, published by Messrs. Hatchard, is a good Annual, and should be in all parish libraries.

BIBLE LIGHT (Shaw & Co.), has reached the 6th volume. True to its title. Cannot fail to be appreciated by all who need help in the Christian life.



TRAINING FOR HEAVEN.

Those little hands of form so fair,
May they be folded oft in prayer,
And used for God with zealous care,
Thou precious little one!

AN ancient physician, when asked as to the time when a child's education should commence, said, "Begin twenty years before it is born, *by training the mothers.*" We cannot impress too strongly upon parents the necessity of training their children

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early in right and proper ways. Children cannot be untaught, they must of necessity be ever drinking in something, either good or bad. A child left to itself absorbs evil, as a sponge does water. Far easier is it to straighten the tree that has grown crooked for years, than to eradicate from the heart the self-taught lessons that a child has learned. The Bible lays down *four* great rules, involving the four great elements of the successful religious training of children—*prayer, instruction, example, and restraint*. And it is doubted if a solitary case can be found where all these have been united, where the child has not followed in the footsteps of the pious parent; while, on the other hand, if but only one of the four has been neglected, it may have been the ruin of the child. "TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO; AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT."

"RUIN AND RESCUE."

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

By MRS. CHARLES FISHER.

CHAP. IV.—THE PLEDGE.

THE minister called on John Maclean when the man was perfectly sober, in his right mind, deeply ashamed and repentant on account of his past misconduct, and suffering from the poverty and misfortunes which were the bitter consequences of his course of drunkenness. Mr. Ferguson plainly saw there was no use in prescribing a middle course of simple moderation only, but that with John to touch, to taste, was inevitably to fall. Feeling himself unable to cope with the various difficulties of the case, he handed the man over to the kind care and guidance of some useful ladies of his congregation, who had originated a temperance cause in the town. At their earnest solicitations together with those of Willie, he signed the pledge. These ladies told him he must not seek to keep it in his own strength, but by asking help from on High.

One afternoon, about three months after, John had occasion to speak to the pastor, and through the inadvertence of a new servant, was ushered into his study without any previous intimation. Mr. Ferguson bade him welcome, but was most uncomfortably conscious of the bottle of sherry that stood upon his table, and also of the taste and inward glow of the glass of wine just taken. He felt somehow as if *he* were in turn a culprit, and all his arguments respecting abstinence were vain. Glancing uneasily from the wine flagon to the man before him, he said, "You know, John, were I tempted as you are to excess

in drink I should immediately go in for total abstinence, assured that that would be the only safe course open, the only mode of escape and conquest. But I feel I can take the little that is good for me, and not exceed." John made no reply, but when at home again the thought occurred to him, I have abstained for some time now, and am feeling stronger as regards self-control. Why cannot I do as my minister does, take a little, only a little, and let that suffice, and be as temperate as before? He tried the plan, but sadly broke down in his efforts at maintaining his sobriety; one glass was followed by another, and another, until he was once more carried home insensible. The agony of his conscience at having broken his pledge, the bitter sorrow of his wife, the averted looks of his children, the severe, though kindly reprimand of the good ladies, and even the jeers of his boon companions, combined to make him solemnly vow, when re-signing his name in the pledge-book, that he would never again touch the "accursed thing." "You cannot keep this vow in your own unaided strength, John," said the ladies; "you must ask God to help you by His Holy Spirit, whose aid is refused to none that humbly ask for it. You must keep your pledge not only on account of the sorrows and disgrace drink brings upon yourself and family, but from the far deeper motive of denying yourself for the sake of One who denied Himself for you, dying the terrible death of the Cross that your sins might be washed away in His most precious blood. And do not forget, John, that Jesus, who was Himself tempted in the wilderness, has pity and power to succour those that are tempted." "God bless those dear ladies," was John's frequent exclamation, "for every word they say has a *telling power*; for I know they *practise what they preach*. They deny themselves for the sake of the One they love so reverently, and for the sake of us poor tempted ones also." From this time John had no falls, though many temptations, but was a changed man for aye.

Though Mr. Ferguson constantly deprecated and freely spoke to his people about the evils of drink, in his own family he always declared he could not forego his own glass of generous wine, nor discontinue offering it to his friends, and when in a cheery humour as circumstances might occasion, also to his dependents. Somehow this unexpected visit of John Maclean had made him strangely uncomfortable, but he was still more so, when a short time after, remarking in the street to Willie, "I am sorry to hear your father has broken his pledge; what induced him to do so: some of his former companions, I suppose?"

Willie answered shyly, "I do not like to tell you, sir, but it was seeing that bottle of stuff on your table, the day he went to the Manse; he thought, what the minister took, he might take,

and that he might learn like you, sir, to take a little and then stop. Indeed I am very sorry he saw it, sir, but it cannot be helped now." The minister felt shocked, and made no reply, and Willie said simply, "There's many think drink is a curse in a poor man's cottage, sir, but few think it may be a curse in a rich man's house, but it may be a curse anywhere. I have signed the pledge, sir, and please God, I keep it till I die." Then, thinking he had said too much, he humbly added, "But I have seen and felt its curse, sir, more than you ever can."

Mr. Ferguson went home a wiser and a sadder man. Has this really been the outcome of my unconscious influence? he murmured; poor John's outbreak, and added trouble to his faithful much-enduring wife. I feel self-convicted, and yet a kind of conscious innocence, whether spurious or not, pleads for me. I seem like a man struggling with two conflicting consciences. One says, Take your accustomed beverage or stimulant, without foolish doubting, and with your accustomed sobriety, using it as a creature of God. The other says, Reject it as a stumbling block unto others, verily thou *art* thy brother's keeper, and forego it even as better for your own welfare, spiritual and temporal. He remembered he had, when suddenly called to the bedside of the dying, after enjoying but one or two glasses of sherry, scarcely felt in the right humour for earnest prayer or exhortation, though every moment was precious in the dim opening of Eternity; and he was conscious when about to write on sacred subjects he had often felt a disinclination or self-indulgent carelessness whilst attempting to handle them, a kind of temporary dullness and indifference to spiritual matters during the influence of the alcoholic principle of the wine. He felt the inconsistency of enjoining total abstinence on others, while he himself continued drinking, even though with moderation. After a long struggle with the power of education, early habit, and of principle acted upon with integrity, Mr. Ferguson determined to give up moderate drinking and place himself at once on the side of total abstinence. "Here," he said, "at any rate my influence *cannot* do harm, while on the other it probably might; I am determined, like the apostle Paul, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh *while the world standeth*, lest I make my brother to offend.'"

Later on, in his private diary, the good man wrote: — "Since I have been a Nephelist, I have thought more clearly, I have prayed better, preached better, written better, and have felt better both in soul and body. The one little cloud, though no bigger than a man's hand, of doubtful self-indulgence which partially hid the brightness and communion of Heaven, has vanished. My sacrifice is small, but I lay it at the feet of Him who sacrificed so much for me. My personal influence in this matter

is now beginning to tell on my beloved people. I can speak on the subject of total abstinence without an inward consciousness of shame, and my heart feels lighter of a burden which has often clogged my secret devotions and damped the ardour of heavenly affections."

(To be continued.)

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

CHAP. II.—BILLING AND COOING.

To follow the history of the Princess Lena from the moment of her birth to the time when she began to exercise her young mind in thought and speech, would be tedious and unprofitable: indeed, there was little in it which differed from the histories of other Bechuana children—save, perhaps, that she was tended with greater care, and enjoyed more of the delicacies of life than the Balalas or poor ones could give their humbler progeny. When her royal father went hunting, as he frequently did, attended by most of the men and women in the Kraal, a chief was always left behind with one or two of his followers to watch over the little princess; and it was at the peril of their lives if they neglected their precious charge. Of course there were plenty of maids at court to attend to the nursing, and the queen herself when she got better would sometimes dandle the little one on her lap; but the chief was her guardian, and all the responsibilities attending her safe keeping, hung, for the time being, on his shoulders alone. Other infants on such occasions were left to the care of less powerful protectors, some to children but little older than themselves, and others to the infirm and aged in the kraal, who were useful for very little else.

When the princess grew old enough to leave the house, a basket of rice straw was made for her reception; which was lined with feathers of wild ducks, and carried on poles like a palanquin, by a couple of Balala women, the chief walking ahead of the conveyance, and his followers on either side, each carrying a parasol of black ostrich feathers, with which to shield the princess from the burning sun. The infant progeny of others in the kraal were not so highly favoured, and suffered considerably from exposure to the great heat. They were carried in koo-doo or elk-skins on their mother's backs; their little heads being exposed often for hours together, to the almost vertical sun, which poured its rays with scorching violence upon the imperfectly ossified cavities of their baby skulls.

When the little princess grew older still, she was placed under the care of Vinaka, whose wisdom and sorcery were as much the objects of the king's fear and admiration as the prowess of the king himself was the object of the fear and admiration of his subjects. From an early age the rain-maker was her only teacher and guide, and his son Kuani her only playmate and companion ; so that it was no matter for surprise that her mind got permeated in time with the sorcerer's ideas, and she began to view him with a superstitious awe and reverence that made her practically his slave. This, of course, was only a gradual work, but it was all the more lasting for being gradual ; and Vinaka viewed with satisfaction the effects of his teaching, in the steady progress and almost servile subjection of his pupil.

Kuani, we have said, was her only playmate and companion ; but she wished for no other, and loved the sorcerer's son with the measure that she feared the sorcerer himself. Never was she happier than when in his society, and certainly Kuani was never happier than when his little Lena was playing at his side. As they grew older this mutual love increased, while the disparity in their years became less apparent as the princess attained to womanhood. Many interesting circumstances occurred to both of them before she got to be so old as that, which I should like to tell you of, but they must be passed over, as they can scarcely be called links in the chain of events which it is the business of this story to describe. The every-day life of a Bechuana to a civilized person seems full of adventure, abounding as it does in incident and attended as it is with danger, but to a Bechuana it is tame enough.

Vinaka, though so highly favoured by the king, did not always have things his own way ; indeed he once narrowly escaped with his life in the following manner, while the princess was still but a little child. It was in the cool of the evening, the pleasantest hour of the day, and the sun had just set behind the cacti-covered hills of granite, which skirted one side of the plain on which the kraal was built. The princess, attended by Vinaka and her favourite Kuani, had strolled away from the kraal, and were now standing amid the distant olive trees, when a cry of pain from the princess startled the quick ears of the sorcerer. Hastening towards her, he caught her in his arms ; but alas ! the mischief was already done, and a look of horrified bewilderment spread over his sallow face. Her own face, besmeared with wild honey, told its tale too well, and Vinaka could scarcely articulate the words which now rose unbidden to his lips.

"It is poison-honey !" he said, huskily, "the bee has sipped it from the Tangèna tree, whose fruit is poison !"

At these words Kuani started off at a run, and quickly disappeared from view amongst the wild olive trees. The princess,

who was beginning to feel giddy, entreated Vinaka to remove her at once to the kraal, where better attention could be given her; and Vinaka, though not without some trepidation, consented. The sickness, meanwhile, was growing more distressing, and the little sufferer soon became conscious of a violent turmoil within, with a fulness of the system as if the veins would burst, nor had the symptoms at all abated by the time they reached the kraal.

Directly the king saw what had happened, he commanded two of his nobles, who were standing near, to seize upon the unfortunate rain-maker, and was following up the command with a peremptory order to strike off his head, when Kuani was sighted in the distance, running at the top of his speed towards him.

"Why do you run?" shouted the king, as Kuani came within earshot.

Vinaka looked round with an intensity of hope, and the perspiration broke out in great beads on his greasy, ochre-covered skin.

"I bring Vinaka's cure for the Princess Lena," was the fearless response; "but if you bind my father, the charm is also bound."

The king's manner changed at once, and his habitual reverence for the sorcerer returned with tenfold power upon him.

"The heart of Kind Arongo is broken in pieces with sorrow," he said. "He is dumb. An evil spirit was talking in his bosom, and whispering dark lies about Vinaka, the friend of King Aronga's heart, the wise warrior, but it has gone now; it has been driven out, and the king's head is in the dust before Vinaka."

Such language was of course sufficient to secure the immediate release of the rain-maker, who, however, was far from satisfied that his freedom was to last, and knew no more about the cure which Kuani had brought than did the king himself.

"Why do you delay my death, my son?" he whispered in Kuani's ear as they met; "the princess cannot live, she has eaten poison-honey."

"Be silent, father; and give her this," whispered Kuani; "it will drive the poison out."

"What shall she do with it?" murmured the frightened rain-maker.

"Eat it," said Kuani, shortly; "it will make her sick."

The remedy was successful. Kuani knew it of old, and to his cost. It was the egg-shaped fruit of the solanum, a fruit which had acted as an emetic in his own case some year or two before, when he had seen and tasted it for the first time in the forest of Hamhana.

This incident, of course, greatly increased the king's reverence for Vinaka, as well as the princess's admiration for his son ; and in every way tended to encourage the rain-maker's ambition that the youthful couple would one day be united. King Arongo was rich in pasture lands and cattle, and could give his daughter as large a dowry as any king the whole country round ; a fact which would often make the rain-maker's eyes glisten, and his heart leap with anticipated pleasures.

(To be continued.)

THE EPIPHANY.

THE Pentateuch and the Prophets plainly implied that Judaism was a provisional system ; that the Jews were a chosen nation and a peculiar people for the express purpose of fitting them to be the missionaries of the Gentile world. "The knowledge of the Lord" was, through their agency, to "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." Isaiah promised the dawn of a day when "the Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising ;" and the fulfilment of that promise was proclaimed seven centuries afterwards by the aged Simeon, when he welcomed the child Jesus as "a light to lighten the Gentiles," as well as "the glory of Thy people Israel." But Judaism had, by the time of Christ, forgotten its noble heritage ; and instead of regarding itself as the centre of a light which was to radiate throughout the world, it sought to hide its light under a bushel, and leave the Gentile world for ever in darkness. So to the Jews of our Lord's day the Epiphany had a very plain and a very odious meaning. Up to that time they had enjoyed, as they thought, a monopoly of God's favour. They were in the light, and everybody else in the dark. They were the children of Abraham, and others were the children of—they cared not whom. The Epiphany of Christ to the Gentiles ; the participation of other nations in the blessings of Israel ; the equality of all men as children of a common father—this was odious to the Jew, and Christians are not slow to condemn this Jewish bigotry and exclusiveness.

Let us pause for a moment. Is this old Jewish spirit dead and buried ? Or is it still alive under new forms in Christendom ? To judge by our conduct, ought we not to have some sympathy with the Jews in their jealousy for the preservation of their peculiar privileges ? Alas ! surely not in religion only, but in all things, there is a dear delight in feeling ourselves select and superior. To be cleverer than other people, to be richer than other people, to dress better, to live in larger houses than other

people, or to move in better society than other people; in short, to have any ground for looking down on other people, is too great a happiness for human nature lightly to forego. What is true of men as individuals is true of them also as nations. The natural propensity of a privileged people to look down upon other races, while it may add a certain kind of strength to the dominant race, makes it at the same time less prone to conciliate, and therefore to assimilate heterogeneous elements. The tenacity of the Jew, and his persistent separateness, have given him an immense advantage in the struggle for existence; but at what a cost! The sceptre has departed from Judah. What the Jew has gained as an individual he has lost as a nation. A people who refuse to assimilate must cease to reign. So true is it that in the long run it is "the meek," those who "stoop to conquer," who "shall inherit the earth."

But while we see in the Epiphany the condemnation of a jealous and exclusive spirit towards inferiors, we see in it also the folly of allowing such slights to poison or sour the temper. I have no more right to be offended because a man does not ask me to his house than because he does not confide to me his family secrets, ask me to advise him about the education of his children, or consult me as to the making of his will. There is a sense in which we all ought to be proud. We ought to be proud of our manhood, our womanhood, our citizenship of God's Kingdom, to let fancied affectations of inferiority dwell in our minds or disturb our peace. Am I, to whom the whole realm of mind and soul is open, to whom are given "thoughts that wander through eternity," who have taken upon me the yoke of Him who did not strive or cry, who washed His disciples' feet, who rules the world with a crown of thorns and a sceptre of reed, am I to wreck my peace upon trifles light as air, jealousies I am ashamed to name?

Such are some of the thoughts that have occurred to us on the Epiphany of this year of grace, and may we each and all of us try to be better for the lessons which this season teaches us.

APPEAL TO WORKING MEN.

WE sorrow over the early fall of many into the sin of immorality, and implore you as you love your children to inculcate habits of modesty and purity in them, while young. The causes of much pollution of the mind in children may be classed under four heads:—

- 1st. The impure literature, including low class novels and pictures.

2nd. Low and debasing amusements and late hours.

3rd. The use of intoxicating drinks.

4th. Want of knowledge of the sinfulness of this particular sin in the sight of God, and its terrible consequences.

I have seen in many houses pictures leading the mind to think evil, and the very look of bad men or women therein portrayed, passes without notice by the parent, but not by the child. Papers also which deal largely in police reports, or other news offensive, should be rigidly repelled. It is the parents' duty to examine the character of the books their children buy, and to dissuade them from reading anything indecent or vile, also to burn such when discovered. Evil which is in every heart, makes rapid strides when fed on garbage.

Amusements at the present day are a prolific source of a life of sin. The temptation is especially great when late hours are the unavoidable result.

The penny gaff has given way to the round-about, where children congregate in great numbers, and are first introduced to the strains of music at a *late* hour. It is the playground of the Devil. This will be succeeded by a desire to act or perform, and if that is uppermost in a girl's mind her ruin is certain. Mothers think little of letting their children act in pantomimes or the circus. That is to associate with men who have no morality, and whose life is a lie. A circus visited Hastings, and five young women were led to forsake home and follow the performers. Of the children who act in Pantomimes the sin of vanity is fostered, for the manager selects the prettiest. Statistics show that seventy per cent. of these fall at thirteen years of age. No young woman who has any desire to live honourably, or to be married respectably, can frequent the theatre. It is fatal to such a result. It is not until of late years that scenes have been allowed in theatres in which immodesty is expressed, but we believe the taste of the public is being pandered to, and an attempt made to vitiate and pollute that was formerly unknown. This gross crime comes to a climax in Aquariums, and is now so interwoven with the pure delight of seeing the beauties and marvels of creation, as to make them the resort of the most depraved, and to endanger the character of the young who attend them. The loss of modesty and prudence is generally gradual in young women. We are certain that the lewdness allowed in performances at Aquariums, is the forerunner of a loss of self-respect and self-control in young women. Can fathers and mothers of the industrial order think it right their children should not be warned against the danger of places where hundreds of silly women congregate. Mothers, we entreat you to remember your childhood and preservation, by the mercy of God, from these hidden dangers. "The pure in heart shall see God."

Intoxicating drinks are a predisposing cause to immorality. It is unusual for a young woman to fall who is an abstainer—because she will not associate with those who drink. In two instances met with, there was recovery from the sin, because the young women were not hardened and rendered insensible by drink. Mothers who desire their children to grow up healthy in body and mind should never allow them to take intoxicants, or send them to the public for that they are ashamed to fetch themselves.

EDWARD AGATE.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. III.—AN EVIL THOUGHT.

MR. FORREST had not desired nurse to write to him, feeling sure that she would take every care of his boy. He purposed, too, to spare a day from business to run down to see how they were getting on. But nurse did not know of this and was more than ever confirmed in her opinion that her master had little love for his child. When nurse found that she could not stay at her mother's, she wrote to inform Mr. Forrest of the change in their plans, and sent him the fresh address.

Mr. Forrest, however, could, or thought he could, not leave his business, and put off his visit from week to week, deciding at last that he would go to fetch them home.

Little Eddy was still busy with his bread and milk on Saturday, when nurse got up to put on her bonnet.

"You don't look at all yourself, this morning," remarked Mrs. Hinton, for the first time noticing nurse's pale cheeks.

"That's because I had a bad night. Master Eddy was rather restless. Oh, here comes the carrier."

"Hadn't you better put off going till Monday?" asked Mrs. Hinton. "It don't make much difference to me, you know."

"Oh, no, thank you. I shall be all right when once I get in the fresh air."

And nurse hurried out, not to keep the good man waiting.

Mrs. Hinton caught up the child, and followed her to the gate.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Hinton; then you won't expect me till this evening? Good-bye, Eddy, darling. I won't forget the big bouncing-ball."

Poor nurse, she had fully intended returning that evening; but when the evening came, the fever was upon her. She had taken the infection through going too soon to visit her mother. Not that she was to be blamed for so doing, for she had not

ventured before obtaining the doctor's sanction. The mother sent back a note by the carrier to explain matters, and to advise Mrs. Hinton at once to let Eddy's father know the state of affairs, so that the boy might be fetched home, or some one be sent down to take nurse's place.

Mrs. Hinton pondered over this note for quite a quarter of an hour; there was still plenty of time to send a letter to Mr. Forrest by that day's post, if she had wished it; but she made no attempt at writing.

"Well, wife," said her husband, just returning from his work, "Nurse ain't back yet?"

"No, nor yet likely to be."

"Hey-day! What's up?"

"She's took with the fever."

"Whew! What's to be done now?"

Mrs. Hinton held out the note. The man was, as he often remarked of himself, "no scholard," and told his wife to read it to him.

"Have you written?" was his first question.

"No, I don't mean to."

"But the father ought to know," said Hinton, looking puzzled.

"It won't hurt him to be kept waiting," replied his wife. "I sha'n't be sorry to have the boy with me a spell."

"Well, do as you like, wife."

From the first, nurse's attack of fever assumed a more malignant form than that of either her mother or young brother. The next letter taken by the carrier to Mrs. Hinton contained news of poor nurse's death.

Now it is time that I spoke of the bad thought which had taken possession of Mrs. Hinton heart. It had come there on reading the first note sent by nurse's mother, and, as every evil thought that is unchecked will do, had taken deep root and was soon to bring forth fruit. She had never had any children of her own, and ceased not to repine at this, instead of being thankful to God for His other great and daily mercies.

Surely it could have been no other than our great enemy himself who whispered: "Why should you not keep this child and bring him up as your own?" Instead of at once dismissing this suggestion, she listened to the next: "His father would never trouble about him, or if he did, you have only to do what your husband is always asking you to do, go home with him to his native village in Wiltshire. His friends have not heard of you for five years or more. How should they know that this boy is not your own?"

Hinton was a dull sort of man and allowed his wife, whether she were right or wrong, to do as she chose. He was too stupid

to understand the great sin of her keeping the child from his father; besides, as he thought the father did not care for his boy. So when Mrs. Hinton, in a decided tone, told her husband that he was at once to get ready to start for Wiltshire, and that Eddy would go with them, he was only too glad that she should have at last made up her mind to go at all.

Hinton said he would tell his landlord that they would leave at the end of a week; the other cottages were at some distance from theirs, and Mrs. Hinton had never held much intercourse with her neighbours, therefore they might be gone a month or more without its being discovered. Hinton was a woodman, and had a pony-cart of his own. Several days before the week was up, Hinton carried off some of their heavy furniture which he sold in the town. The rest of their possessions were packed that night, and, early on the following morning, they started on their long drive of nearly fifty miles. Hinton was acquainted with an inn-keeper living about half-way, and they agreed to spend a night with him in order to give the pony rest.

Little Edgar was becoming gradually accustomed to being without nurse. Poor boy, he had cried as if his little heart would break on the first night that she was not there to put him to bed. Then, and afterwards, Mrs. Hinton had petted him and made much of him. By the morning of their departure, he had become pretty well reconciled to her management, although much more peevish under it than he had been in the hands of his kind nurse.

A snug little nest had been made for the child among the curious collection of goods in the cart; and there he spent most of his time asleep, Mrs. Hinton having given him something to "keep him quiet," as she said.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SCRIPTURE EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.—Consists of 80 Picture Cards in box *with a key*, so that young children in the nursery or fireside can be instructed and interested in Scripture facts and subjects. This is a capital exercise for young children in the home. Can be obtained of George Stoneman, 67, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.—A very beautiful 4 page tract, in tinted paper, 1s. 6d. per 100, or 3d. per dozen, by the same publisher.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON said lately: "My ancestry is made up of ministers; in my family the Bible is seen oftener than any other book in the hands of my wife and daughter. I think these facts tell my whole story. If you wish to call me a Christian theist, you have my authority to do so, and you must not leave out the word Christian, for to leave out that is to leave out everything."

THE UNION OF TWO STREAMS.

FIFTEEN years! how the time flies away!
 And the stream flows on which before was two,
 But met at a junction these years ago,
 They were joined together in marriage true.
 Fifteen years—is it true what they say?

Why, it only seems a year or so,
 Nothing more, since the time of their blending:
 How joyous were they! with ripples lending
 Music new. Upward to Heaven ascending,
 Fifteen years, but still onward they go.

The mountain-stream with an echoing sound,
 To the silent stream from the well below
 Is joined, and as blended together go;
 One time on the heights, and the next down low.
 Fifteen years, passing o'er the same ground.

Ah, then! how oft may the quiet cease!
 For often by rugged paths which oppose
 The joyful ripple or the calm repose;
 And the music sweet whilst it onward flows
 Is changed to a roar, as the stones increase.

Fifteen years, how the moments fly by!
Three streamlets at different times did show,
The first was a miniature mountain flow
 And it flowed, but into the depths below,
 And the sun drew it up to the sky.

But in two years' time *another flow*
 Came forth from the parent stream with a rush;
 'Twas another miniature mountain gush.
 Will it, like the last, with a silent hush,
 Thus end its course, or still onward go?

It onward went, and it flows to-day,
 And *another and gentler stream* flows too,
 Their ripples oft bring to us music true,
 As they fall on our ears with pleasures new.
 Fifteen years! how the time flies away!

W. H. Ross.

MONTHLY NOTES.

It is stated that the quagga, the beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa, has suddenly ceased to exist. The boot-makers of London and New York wanted his skin for a particular kind of sportsmen's boot, and he consequently passed away out of zoology. There may be a few left on the highest and wildest plateaus, but the Boers, tempted by the high prices, have extirpated the herds which only ten years ago



OLIVER CROMWELL.

"RUIN AND RESCUE."

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY MRS. CHARLES FISHER.

CHAP. V.—THE RUINED FAMILY.

CIRCUMSTANCES now occurred which rendered it necessary for Roderick Gordon to leave his Scottish home and reside in London. He carried with him introductions to some families of position, and his elegant appearance and manners soon obtained him the *entrée* into still wider and higher circles. Amidst the enchantments of luxury, the brilliancy of manly wit, the fascination of grace and beauty, he was at first careful to observe moderation, as the sparkling glass was repeatedly offered. But as time passed on, and he had plunged still deeper in all the questionable excitements of London life, his conscience became more callous, and his powers of resistance weaker, notwithstanding many tender recollections of his home, and his real desire not to grieve the dear ones there by any dereliction of duty. The taunts of his fashionable comrades, and, above all, the graceful solicitations and even the half-amused, half-contemptuous smile on the lip of beauty, respecting his cautious refusal of proffered wine, induced him occasionally to exceed the limits he had previously marked out as prudent and becoming. As he noticed the repeated glasses of champagne imbibed by fair women with perfect *nonchalance* and with no apparent effects but those of heightened colour and more lively, agreeable conversation, he thought how ridiculous it was for him, with his manly frame and vigour, to be more afraid of wine than these charming ladies. Thus how potent for good or evil the influence of woman!

Under alcoholic influence he found he pleased society better by wittier repartees, gayer humour, and songs sung more brilliantly without *mauvaise honte* or nervous fear. He gradually drank without limit, and without compunction, *smoked incessantly*, and from a man of active habits, became only a fashionable loungeur about town. Gay youths and men of middle age, those fast, bad men who never seem to outgrow the follies, while they exceed the vices of their youth, gathered round him; one temptation succeeded another, and Roderick was at length plunged in a sea of horrible dissipation and of crime.

By excessive drinking his reasoning powers were weakened, his moral sense obscured, and his handsome countenance now bloated by drink was often disfigured by blows and falls incurred while wending his reeling progress to his lodgings. What a wreck that fine form, once the idol of a fond mother's heart, and the pride of that far-away country side!

The houses where he had first learned to drink, now barred their doors to Roderick Gordon, the well-known drunkard and *roué*. Guarded from him by fathers, brothers, and all natural protectors, were the fair, fascinating syrens who had first beckoned him with poisoned chalice, they were hidden from him only because he had quaffed *too deeply*. But the bold, bad men who had begun his ruin would still wait with him till their fatal work was accomplished. Finding him an easy tool in all their schemes of wickedness, they hurried him from one scene of temptation to another, drinking haunts, gaming tables, and abodes of crime.

His expenses had long exceeded his father's liberal allowance, and he had secretly borrowed of his sisters the little savings they had contrived to make out of their own allowances; these he never returned, nor various sums that he had borrowed of his companions and others; gay indulgences of all kinds and the "riotous living" of the prodigal son had consumed all.

His father had paid some of the heavy bills he had incurred in his vicious course, but now oppressed with those still heavier, and in despair with gambling debts, he forged his father's name for an immense amount.

To shield his son and family from disgrace and to hush up the matter as far as possible, his agonized father beggared himself to meet this awful sum, and then sank rapidly, dying of a broken heart. The beautiful mansion at Burnside was sold, and with the pictures and splendid furniture passed into other hands, while the widow and daughters in their first crushing bereavement and poverty were dependent on the scant charity of former friends in prosperity.

The miserable Roderick, hiding in obscurity, and unaware from his distant retreat of the efforts made by his family to save him from public disgrace and infamy, committed suicide amid the wild ravings of despair occasioned by drink, remorse, and the agony of fear. Thus Roderick Gordon, the once fine, brilliant youth of so much promise, filled a *drunkard's grave*, and died by his own hand.

The widow and daughters were now living in Edinburgh in humble lodgings, and on a small pittance allowed them by friends, only just enough to keep body and soul together, and pay the rent, leaving no margin for the comforts of age or the requirements of sickness, and other necessities of life. David Gordon, the youngest son, unable to bear the disgrace of his family, went to sea, but from time to time sent to his mother such little sums as he could afford. Mary, the youngest daughter, led a life of hardship and self-denial, helping to keep her mother and sister by teaching engagements which occupied her days, and often sitting up whole nights with her distressed

mother or invalid sister. The widow wept the loss of an excellent husband under the most afflicting circumstances, caused by the awful misconduct of an idolized son who had violently ended his career of ruin, and appeared before the bar of God unsummoned.

Margaret, the once brilliant Margaret, the pride of elegant assemblies of fashion, was completely crushed by accumulated misfortunes. It was not enough that bereavement, poverty, family disgrace, should oppress with sorrow, but love had failed her also. Her lover, the gay, handsome MacGregor had proved faithless to his vows. The shock came upon her suddenly. He sent a note to say he was very sorry, but all must be over between them as circumstances had now occurred which rendered it impossible for him to fulfil his engagements. Whatever his own feelings might have been in the matter, his friends would not hear of his doing so, &c., &c.

No sooner had Miss Gordon read the note with dim vision and beating heart, than she exclaimed, "I am a dead woman!" and fell heavily to the floor. Hearing the fall, her sister rushed upstairs and lifted her fainting form to a couch. For many days she lay like one stricken with death. After awhile she apparently rallied, but Mary sometimes found her stretched on the floor in an agony of grief. Once her sister entered when she was lying thus; on seeing her, she said bitterly, "I am a crushed woman. I am lying low, but not lower than I shall lie in the grave awaiting me."

(To be continued.)

THE MOSAIC CODE AND VITALITY.

It is interesting to trace through different ages of life the comparative mortality of the Jews and others. In Prussian Germany there was one still-born in 97·75 among Jews, one in 47·29 among Catholics, one in 42·47 among Protestants. These were the statistics of legitimate children; of illegitimate births there were few among the Jews; but a large proportion of the children so born survived. Mayer estimates from the statistics at Fürth that the Jewish children under five die only at the rate of 10 per cent., while the Christian children of the same age die at the rate of 14 per cent. Neufville, making the same observations at Frankfort, finds that during the first five years of life the deaths of children are as 12·9 among the Jews to 24·1 among the Christians. This tenacity of life is maintained into later periods. At Frankfort among the Jews, 54 per cent. reached their 50th year; among the Christians 38 per cent. only.

Of the Jews 27 per cent. reached the age of 70, of the Christians 13 per cent. One fourth of the Jews lived to be $28\frac{1}{4}$ years old, while one fourth of the Christians lived to be 6 years and 11 months old. Half the Jews at Frankfort reached 53 years and 1 month, half the Christians succumbed at 36. One fourth of the Jewish population passed the age of 71; one fourth of the Christian population exceeded only 59 years and 10 months. The Jews marry less frequently, have fewer children, fewer still-born children, and fewer deaths among those they rear than the rest of the communities, but the vitality among those who live is such that the Jewish population increases in effective strength over others. Dr. Glatter, from the mortality of 1,000 persons, gives an average duration of life to Germans of 28.50 years, to Hungarians 23.11, to Croats 22.10, to Jews 30.20 years. Legoyt gave statistics of suicide in 100,000,000 inhabitants of Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Austria, Hungary and Transylvania, as follows:—Protestants, 616.3; Catholics, 373.9; Jews, 294.4. But in Bavaria the suicides were 135.4 Protestants, 49.1 Catholics, 105.9 Jews. In an approximate estimate for London the deaths mentioned in these tables amounted to 2,563. The interesting fact resulted from them that the mortality among the Jews was highest at the extreme or latest period of life, and lightest at its beginning and meridian. Thus in the first five years the relation was as 45 for the whole population to 44 for the Jewish; in the meridian of life (between 35 and 45) it was 8 to 5, and at the extreme of life (from 85 years upwards) it was 0.8 to 2, or nearly 1 to 3. The facts were remarkable in the light of the severities amid which the ancestors of living Jews maintained such a tenacity of vital power, locked up in close quarters, debarred from social privileges. Three reasons had been assigned for this high vitality—(1) an innate excess of vital resistance, (2) the observance of the rules of health laid down in the Pentateuch, (3) that the Jews have followed, either under the influence of necessity or from natural prompting a better life in all that relates to the maintenance of a healthy physical existence. The results were due to all three causes. There was no physiological or anatomical superiority of the Jews over other races. In some respects they were inferior to Saxons and Celts; but they had less hereditary tendency to diseases such as scrofula, consumption, rheumatism. Coming to the second cause, the influence of the Mosaic sanitary code could scarcely be overrated, and its provisions formed a marvellous collection of sanitary rules. The Second Commandment specified the times (the third and fourth generation) required to wipe out the effect of physical degradation. The third, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, all had reference to the rule of the passions. The fifth takes

special care of the aged and infirm, and the fourth, which enjoins a special day of rest, and was seven times repeated, is so important a provision for health that a nation which followed it strictly might, on the purest physiological grounds, expect to realize an extra seventh term of existence. The perfect cleansing of the house, previously to the Festival of the Passover, was one of those great sanitary rules which, carried out by the whole community, would do more to cut off the spread of disease than any sanitary law which a modern Parliament could impose. The cleansing of vessels, the separation of cloths for such cleansing and such ablutions, the baths that are religiously enjoined, the isolation of infectious sick, the purification or destruction of infected houses, were all parts of the scheme. A great advantage was gained by abstaining from the flesh of animals which feed on garbage, and from diseased or decomposed food. In the third category came causes of longevity, which might be called social and moral, as comparative immunity from hard physical labour, the value which persecution had taught the Jews to set upon the family life, their diligent care (it had been called "extravagant" care) of the young and old. The valuable habit of thought for the morrow, has caused the Jews to be accused of parsimony. They are also comparatively free from intemperance. May the chosen people continue to obey those wise laws which led to the fulfilment of the prophecy of their own grandest poet, "When the voice of weeping shall be no more heard, nor the voice of crying, when there shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not fulfilled his days; when the child shall die an hundred years old."

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

KUANI, though quite as shrewd as his father, was not so avaricious, and valued the society of the princess more because of the love existing between them, than from the benefits arising from that love. Never was knight of old more devoted to his lady than was Kuani to the Princess Lena, and never did knight more truly prove his devotion. His was not the love that exhales away in dreamy protestations or fawning civilities, it was far too deep and real for that; nor was the princess one to be satisfied with such expressions of his devotion, they were too much opposed to the spirit of her people and the teachings of

her revered preceptor. High souled deeds were what she looked for, and many were the tests which she put forward to try the bravery and endurance of her lover. These tests were often as whimsical and strange as they were difficult and dangerous; but Kuani, as a rule, was superior to the difficulties, and escaped unscathed from the dangers. On one occasion the princess discovered an unusual longing in her heart for a pair of ear-rings—not that she was unpossessed of such ornaments, but that she wanted a pair of a peculiar kind; in other words, they were to be made of the claws of a baboon, an animal abounding in those parts, but a dangerous brute, and difficult to capture. Nothing else would do, and Kuani knew that unless he procured one, the princess's displeasure would surely be incurred. Such a thought, however, was not to be indulged, so no sooner was the desire expressed, than he started off in the direction of the olive woods. He was soon in the very bosom of the hills beyond, which abounded in rocky glens and shelving precipices; and here the baboons might be seen in great numbers. They no sooner caught sight of the sorcerer's son, however, than they hobbled off in great consternation; and, finding that he was really in pursuit, immediately increased their speed, leaping from crag to crag with excited and angry cries. Presently an adventitious moment arrived, and one of the creatures—a female of sturdy build—found to her dismay that she had taken a false leap, and was now in a position between two walls of rocks, from which escape was impossible. She turned, and with threatening screams and grunts, grinned and gnashed her teeth upon her pursuer. Kuani drew near, and stretching his bow, let fly the arrow at the animal's breast. It found its mark, but the wound was not immediately fatal, and the infuriated brute, after one painful but futile effort to pluck the arrow out, rushed madly upon her assailant. Kuani gave way for a moment as the beast approached, and allowed her to pass him; but when she turned again and made a second rush, he had his hunting knife ready and plunged it up to its haft in her side. With a loud groan, more like the groan of a human being than a wild beast, she fell forward on her face; and when Kuani stooped over her and touched her with his spear, life was already extinct. Cutting off the claws and making the ear-rings was a comparatively easy task, while thinking of her for whom they were intended made the task pleasant as well as easy. When he returned, and the news of his adventure spread through the kraal, the people were loud in their acknowledgments of his bravery, especially the women; but, sweeter to him than all their praises was the quiet but earnest words of the princess, who murmured as she was receiving the gift: "Brave Kuani—the princess loves brave deeds."

It was a few days later than this event, one evening after sun-down that Kuani found himself strolling among the mimosas on the banks of the Thola, the river which his father had crossed on the Princess's natal day some twenty years before. He was in his happiest frame of mind at that moment, and therefore not alone, for his happiest moods were when the princess was with him. They had just come to a stand, with their faces towards the water, when Kuani said :

"The moon is awake—she is watching behind the green mimosas for Lena's eyes."

"What does the moon see in Lena's eyes?" enquired the princess with a smile.

"Love and light," said Kuani gallantly.

"She has light of her own," said the princess coyly.

"There is no warmth in it," was the reply, "it is cold light."

"You say she is behind the mimosas," continued the princess, in a graver tone. "I have sometimes travelled miles beyond the mimosas to get near her, but she always seems as far away—how is that?"

"Her face is wrinkled and ugly," said Kuani, "though it looks smooth and round afar off; and she runs away when you follow her, to hide its ugliness."

"Even the wise Vinaka does not know all her ways," said the princess meditatively, "he cannot tell me whence she comes or whither she goes, or what she does all day when the sun is climbing the skies. I sometimes think she must be wiser than Vinaka, though his words are very deep, and his acts are wonderful."

"Does she do more than sleep, and wake, and make the river sparkle?" said Kuani, who was not a little jealous for the honour of his father.

"She is a great traveller," persisted the princess, "and perhaps she does not sleep all day as we think. I cannot make her out at all."

During this conversation the Queen of Night had risen above the beautiful mimosas, and was now throwing her silvery beams upon the silent river.

"That is not ugly," continued the princess, pointing towards the water, "the light from Lena's eyes cannot make the water shine like that. Hark! the hippopotimi and alligators are rousing now—the moon has stirred them from their slumber—yonder is one of them—the moon is lighting up his hungry eyes. Would Kuani cross the river for the Princess Lena to-night?"

"Does the princess wish it?" enquired Kuani, peering intently into her dark eyes.

"Would Kuani do it?" returned the princess quietly.

Her meaning was not to be mistaken, and, throwing aside

his spear, the rain-maker's son plunged fearlessly into the water.

It was a perilous test, and the princess would gladly have recalled her word, had that been possible; but it was not, and all she could do was to stand on the river's brink and try to scare away the alligators, as they hovered round the person of her lover. Once she thought he had been dragged under, but he had only dived to avoid danger; and never did she feel her love for him more deep and real, than when she saw his head the next moment rise above the water. At last the feat was accomplished, and with a suppressed cry of joy and welcome she stretched forth her arms, and assisted him to the shore.

"Is the Princess Lena satisfied?" asked Kuani, picking up his spear again, but still retaining one of the hands which had helped him to land. As he put the question he looked into her eyes with a gaze as intent as he had given her ere he took the leap.

"More than satisfied," said the princess in a low voice, "she is ravished with delight. Kuani, the bravest of brave men, has conquered her. He has broken down the walls of her heart—she is vanquished. Kuani must now speak."

Kuani knew well enough what to say, and was not slow in saying it; his heart was full, and out of the abundance of his heart the mouth spoke.

Of course the princess consented, but before they returned to the Kraal that night she said:

"You may tell this matter to your father, the wise Vinaka, but not to mine: he must not be made wise in this secret. The dark future will make it known to him, but not Kuani."

"Does the king first require that Kuani shall bring him shields?" asked the rain-maker's son. "Kuani will bring him the shield of King Mothibi, the son of King Manasis whom Vinaka slew."

This was a delicate intimation of Kuani's willingness and ability to supply the king, *ad libitum* with the heads of his enemies; and the princess perfectly understood the intimation. She made no direct answer therefore, but, after a moment's reflection, asked quietly:

"Does the moon when she looks down upon the battle-field, see the dead bodies of the king's enemies?"

"She does," said Kuani proudly; not at first perceiving the drift of her enquiry.

"And when she sinks to rest in the bosom of yonder hills, does she go down to their graves and talk with them?" enquired the princess.

Kuani looked wonderingly into her face, but did not answer.

"You think they cannot hear," she continued, "and that

when you dance upon their graves they do not know what you are doing. Are you sure of that? Who told you so? The moon sinks into the ground as they do, but she rises again. Could not they rise also? Say, Kuani, for your father has made you wise in these matters."

Kuani looked uneasy, and hesitated a moment ere he said:

"No, no. The dead cannot rise from their graves. You must not speak of that again—it cannot be."

"Then, had you perished in the river to-night, I should have looked upon your face no more—alas! Kuani. And should you perish in the battle or the hunt to-morrow, they will dig your grave, and we shall be parted for ever. That is hard—it rends the heart, does it not?"

Kuani looked into her eyes, for the thought was rending his own heart, too; but he did not answer—his heart was too full to speak.

CHAP. III.—A WAR COUNCIL AND ITS RESULTS.

THOUGH the chief obstacles which stood between Kuani's present hopes and his future happiness had now been satisfactorily removed, there was yet one consideration which troubled him not a little, and that was how the mind of King Arongo would receive the news—as receive it he must sooner or later, of the engagement between the princess and himself. Would he be averse to that engagement, and show his displeasure in his usual impulsive way, by striking off their heads? or would he receive the news graciously, and welcome as a propitious sign the prospect of a union between the two houses, a union which would consolidate at once the strength and riches of the king with the wisdom of the rain-maker. Strength and riches were indispensable; yet, though the king had these, and both in abundance, he could not prosper without wisdom; his kingdom could not thrive, or even exist for long without it; and therefore it was to his advantage to ensure for ever the good offices of so wise a counsellor as Vinaka. The union of the two houses would effect this desirable end; yet wisdom is required to appreciate the value of wisdom, and the fact that King Arongo lacked it, and therefore could not understand its advantages, was a consideration which became a source of anxiety to Kuani, and even to the sorcerer himself.

But if the king lacked wisdom, he certainly was no coward, that is to say, if bravery consists in tilting at somebody with a long spear at the risk of feeling somebody else's spear in your ribs or stomach, a theory which might be called in question, but which, for present convenience, we will treat as an established fact. King Arongo was mighty in deeds of war, and his most favoured courtiers were those who had taken the most shields on

the field of battle. Kuani, as yet, had distinguished himself but little in this way, for he was but a young warrior; and whenever war was imminent, his father, being jealous of his son's safety until the dowry of the princess had passed into his own family, had arranged that he should remain behind and assist him in preparing the charms which were to work destruction on the enemy. True he was not entirely without his honours, and his daring as a hunter and in the games was recognised and acknowledged; but he had not won so many shields as some other young warriors in the kraal, and hence he had not a place so near the king's heart, nor, what perhaps was more crushing to his proud spirit, a place so near his person.

(*To be continued.*)

APPEAL TO WORKING MEN.

(*Continued.*)

NONE but the most hardened would inculcate to their children the immorality they themselves practice. Yet parents of the highest moral character esteem it a light or venial sin to send their children into the very places where there must arise hardening of the conscience, and the ear be accustomed to language bearing upon immorality. A true proverb is that which says, "You cannot touch pitch without being defiled." So in the child, contact with evil in a public-house ends in the indulgence of sin; moral restraint implanted by God in the natural conscience loses its power.

Those who are born of drunken parents inherit a strong appetite for the same, and immorality ensues, which is harder to overcome than in the children of temperate parents. Once let a woman contract the habit of drinking to excess, and continue to the age of 25 years in the sin of immorality, there is then *no hope* of her *recovery*. This was the opinion of our dear friend, Mr. Cooper, after thirty years' experience in the work of rescue. Although we were slow to believe the sad, sad tale, we are compelled to acknowledge it to be the fact. For such, nothing but a life in prison walls, or a dipsomaniac's home is effectual. Can you parents then introduce your children to that which would bind them with chains of adamant and send them to a life of infamy and endless misery? God forbid! I could tell you of some beautiful in form and sweet in disposition, yea, most lovely, who at fourteen and sixteen years were led by this demon to a sinful life, and upon whom all Christian teaching fell powerless. They were the daughters of *Christian parents*, and fell by the seduction of evil companions through drink. They were led captive by the Devil and died at the age of from 20 to 23 years.

Lastly, we come to the question of religious instruction and

training. We believe there are two fundamental errors imbibed by young women which quench the light of Scripture upon this great question, and make them the authors of their own destruction.

1st. The law of self-sacrifice wrongly used.

2nd. That in the woman this is no sin or a very slight one.

The first error is the wrong use of the highest law of God, and one specially taught by the Christian faith from the example of the Lord Jesus Christ. In woman there is self-sacrifice engraven by her position in relation to man, and she is taught to live for man. This law carried out naturally overlooks individual responsibility to the higher law of God. "Thou shalt not suffer sin upon thy neighbour." It involves the false axiom, thou mayest do evil that good may come, and when Satan says, "thou shalt not surely die," Eve stretches forth the hand and plucks the forbidden fruit.

A mother told me recently that her daughter, engaged to be married, had prepared a home for her intended, a young man in the navy, who was drowned on his return voyage. Deep sorrow was the consequence. Then came the question, "shall I give myself to the world or to Christ?" Here was the law of self-sacrifice uppermost, which must have ended in the path of shame, but for the intervention of God, who caused that young woman to hear *the Gospel and believe to the saving of her soul*. We have heard from many lips what an influence this natural law exerts on their actions.

When self-sacrifice is enforced as a religious principle (ignoring the law, "thou shalt not") it is all powerful. It is so sanctioned by some novelists. We were surprised to find that a large proportion of young fallen women had received instruction in Catholic schools and nunneries, their life was a necessary consequence of false teaching. They gloried in their shame—they were doing good to society and suffering in a good cause. This was the underlying falsehood of the deplorable C. D. Acts, which by the united effort of Christian men, and these working men, are, thank God, overthrown, and buried in oblivion.

As to the sin in woman, it is by Scripture placed as equal to the sin in man. This is the law of God, "In those days they shall say no more, the fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge. But everyone shall die for his *own iniquity*."

Why do not the young read with attention the first chapter in Proverbs? They would be warned of the fatal consequences of an immoral life. These words of warning stand at the gate of wisdom, and none should pass them over. "But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Sin is sin, and God is the judge—He alone knows how great the guilt of sin and the circumstances which render it more or less heinous. “Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin,” says David. As this sin is against light and knowledge, so will it involve greater penalty. It will be unrepented and *not forsaken*, unless it be so by *the grace of God*—the Gospel of *free and unmerited* forgiveness to a sinner through faith in Christ Jesus. “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the *power of God unto salvation* to every one that believeth.” No man or child can accept the Gospel savingly, and live in or practice known sin.
E. A.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. IV.—LOST.

ABOUT a fortnight after the Hinton's departure, Mr. Forrest came to fetch home his little boy. He had written to say he was coming, leaving no time for an answer. He was surprised to find the cottage shut up, but concluded that his letter had been delayed, and that the whole party were gone out for the day. He drove back to the village shop where nurse had first heard of Mrs. Hinton, there to make enquiries.

“Why, haven't you heard, sir?” asked the good woman, in astonishment, when she found why he was come. “Mrs. Hinton's been gone this fortnight, nobody knows where. It was only last week as I heard about it for certain. We took it as how the little gentleman would have been fetched away when his nurse died.”

“The nurse dead!” cried Mr. Forrest, “and I know nothing of it!”

“Sure, sure, the letters must have gone all wrong, sir,” said the woman, looking concerned.

“Everything is wrong, I think,” said Mr. Forrest, much distressed.

“Sit down, sir, sit down, and let us think of what had best be done.”

“You might see the poor nurse's mother, sir, or Hinton's old landlord. He's a very nice gentleman; he may be able to tell you where they're gone.”

“Where does he live?” asked Mr. Forrest.

“In that white house, sir, halfway up the hill,” and the woman pointed it out with her finger.

Mr. Forrest hastened away, and, telling the man to drive

quickly, was soon at the white house. He was fortunate in finding the gentleman at home, but he did not obtain the information he sought, only a promise that every enquiry should be made among the tenants and workpeople, and Mr. Forrest should hear the result in a few days.

The horse's head was then turned, and they drove back to the little town of S——, near which nurse's mother lived. She gave him full particulars of her daughter's sudden death, and seemed so much put out that Mrs. Hinton should have failed to let him know about it, that Mr. Forrest had not the heart to blame her, as he had at first intended doing, for not having herself written to him.

The next thing to be done was to return to London, put an advertisement in several papers and wait for news. A few weeks passed by, and then Mr. Forrest in despair, gave up the hope of ever again seeing his little boy. He worked harder than ever at laying up a fortune. He could not now, as formerly, add riches to riches with the thought of making his son a wealthy man; but the love of money, which had already stolen a place in his heart, by degrees filled up almost every part of it. He was not long in losing his faith in mankind generally, and because two of his servants robbed him, he dismissed them all. From that time an old man and his wife, with their master were the only occupants of the house. Many of the rooms were dismantled and shut up. The part inhabited was dreary enough; no broken panes were ever replaced by new ones; spiders were allowed to run riot, and for all we know to the contrary, led a happy life of it. They certainly were allowed to dwell in peace among their gossamer threads, without ever being troubled by visions of that grim giant, the broom, which haunts the dreams (if they have any) of so many of their brethren. It was to this home that Mr. Forrest was returning, unconscious of the remarks made about him by Robin and little Ben, on the cold morning which we have already told you about.

CHAP. V.—HINTON AND HIS WIFE.

WHEN Eddy—or Benjamin, as Mrs. Hinton always called him—was nearly seven years old, he was sent to school to learn to read and write with the other little village boys.

One evening, about this time, Hinton returned from his work, looking very cross, certainly an unusual thing with him. He only waited for the child to be in bed before he began :—

“I say, wife, we must get away from here.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mrs. Hinton.

“I mean, if we stay another day, we'll get into trouble. That little chap has been a-chattering to his school mates, and a-sayin’

as how he ain't Benjamin at all, and you ain't his mother. I heard there was a reg'lar set-out up at the school. I shouldn't have believed he'd have remembered, but it seems he has."

"I'll beat it out of him!" said the woman, her eyes flashing angrily.

"Peace, wife; you won't hurt the child while I'm near."

"It seems to me," continued Hinton, thoughtfully stroking his chin, "there was something wrong in that 'ere business. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I've wished more than once lately that the lad was back with his father."

"Where was the wrong?" demanded Mrs. Hinton, angrily. "He didn't want the boy, we did. There's the long and the short of the matter."

Hinton took no notice of her.

"I've half a mind," he said, as if speaking to himself, "to go straight to the parson and make a clean breast of it."

"Don't you go for to do no such thing," cried his wife. "We'd both be in prison before another day was out."

Hinton looked up quickly.

"You never thought of that, now, did you?" continued Mrs. Hinton.

No, Hinton had not thought of it, and he scarcely thought it now. There was an indistinct idea in his mind that, if he did the right thing, did it at once, without hesitation, he would not suffer for it in the end. Since the last Sunday afternoon, he had felt the wish to do right growing stronger within him. He had on that day heard a sermon which had aroused his sleeping conscience, sleeping rather from excessive dullness than from real wickedness. He was strangely drawn to the man whose words had gone straight to his heart, and he longed to go to him and tell him everything, feeling certain that he who had so plainly set forth the love of God would not be the first to call down the wrath of man upon his erring fellow-creatures. All this, after a vague fashion of his own, Hinton understood, but he knew not how to tell it to his wife. Of one thing, however, he was determined.

"Whether I ask the clergyman's advice or no, I'll get away from here before morning, and you may follow your own plans for getting the boy back to his home; for back he shall go."

Mrs. Hinton looked up in astonishment. She had so long done exactly as she pleased, that she could scarcely believe that her husband had for once made up his mind without first asking her whether he might do so. When he further threatened that he would leave her altogether if she persisted in keeping the boy, she found it would be wise to submit.

I shall not say anything of the hurried preparations for another speedy departure; but, long before dawn, they were away.

Mrs. Hinton's plan was to leave the boy at the doors of the workhouse in the town of S——, near which they had formerly resided. Some more of her "quieting medicine" would keep him asleep till she would be at a safe distance. She would write a letter, giving his father's address as nearly as she remembered it, and leave, done up in a small parcel strapped across the child, the clothes he had worn on his arrival with nurse. The authorities would scarcely have forgotten the general excitement caused a few years before by Eddy's disappearance, and would quickly return him to his father.

Hinton found no objection to his wife's plan, when she had fully explained it to him.

As on the former occasion, they put up at the half-way inn. Towards the evening of the second day they reached S——. Hinton had no fear of being recognized. After leaving that part of the country, he had allowed his beard to grow, which quite changed his face; he therefore drove up to the first inn that he came to, to ask for a few hours' rest for himself and horse. Mrs. Hinton had left the cart before entering the town, and sought a lodging for herself and Benjamin in one of the back streets. She told the landlady that they would leave by a night train, and so created no astonishment by taking her departure before morning. How true it is that having done one bad action, we find it so easy to do the second, and still more so the third. The woman who had not hesitated to steal a child, thought nothing of telling a lie.

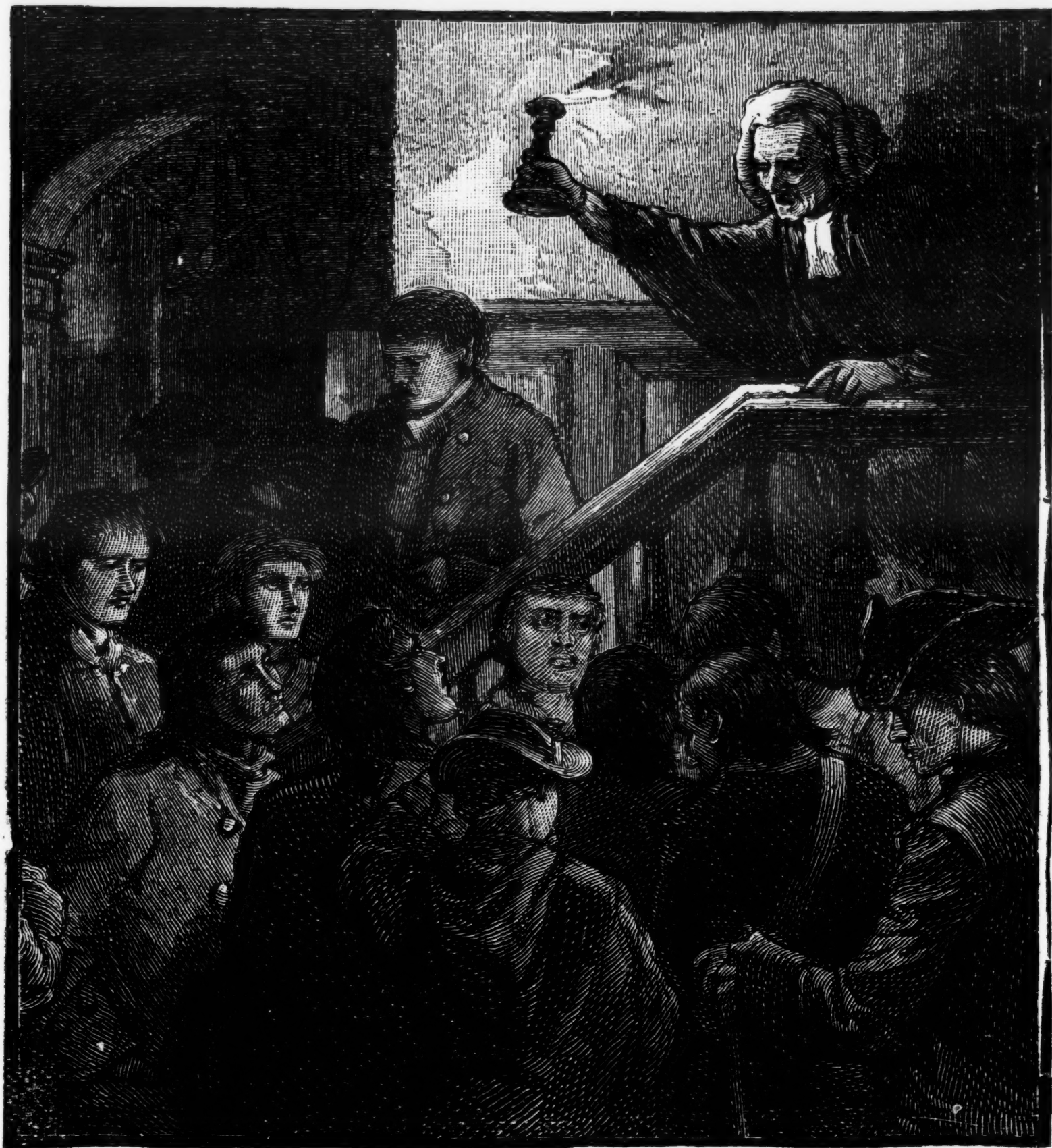
No one interfered with Mrs. Hinton as she laid her burden within the doorway of the workhouse, and hastened out of the town to the place where her husband was waiting for her.

Hinton was very grave as they drove quickly on in the still summer's night. He had given the little boy a large place in his heart, and Eddy had returned his love as he had not done that of Mrs. Hinton. We will hope, too, that the words of the faithful preacher had taken root downwards, and were, in the fulness of time, to bear fruit upwards.

A few days later, and Hinton and his wife were on their way to a new life in America.

(To be continued.)

TENNYSON is said to be worth a million dollars. A correspondent, who has lately seen him, says: "Nobody would suspect him for a poet now. His face is strong, and his eyes have a certain brightness, but he is seamed rather than wrinkled, from forehead to chin; he appears to be puffy; he is partially bald; he stoops and shuffles, dresses ordinarily and carelessly, and has a generally rustic mien and denotement."



WHITEFIELD'S LAST SERMON.

Few scenes are more touching and significant than the last sermon of "The Prince of Open-Air Preachers," as George Whitefield has been called. It was at Newburyport, in America, on the 29th September, 1770. He had preached a two hours' sermon in the open air at Exeter on his way, using a hogshead for a pulpit. After an early supper, he said, "I am tired, and must go to bed." So taking a candle, he hastened to his chamber. But the people had crowded into the hall of the parsonage, anxious to hear a few words from the man they so greatly loved. The sight moved him, and, pausing on the staircase, he began to speak to them. There he stood, the crowd in the hall gazing up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice flowed on until the candle, which he held in his hand, burned away and went out in its socket. The next morning he was not, for God had taken him.

[No. 17.]

"RUIN AND RESCUE."

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

By MRS. CHARLES FISHER.

MARGARET sank into a rapid consumption. Nourishing and tempting delicacies, together with wine, were often received from some unknown donor. The sick girl enjoyed the jellies and grapes and other good things, but would never touch the wine, but trembled and turned pale at the sight and scent of it. At length Mary found out the name of their charitable friend to be that of Robert Lundie, from a torn card evidently dropped by accident in the straw at the bottom of the hamper. At first the poor girl felt chagrined at the thought of receiving bounty from the studious and refined gentleman with whom they had been on equal terms of friendship and position, but this feeling was soon succeeded by thankfulness to God for having put it into his heart to be thus helpful in time of need.

The next day she met him in Princes Street where he was staying. Looking up into his face with a frank gratitude, subdued by sensitive delicacy of feeling, she thanked him as the hitherto unknown donor of so many comforts. "But, please, do not send any more wine," she said, "for our dear invalid will not touch it, saying it is the cause of all our misfortunes." On occasions of difficulty the widow sent for Robert Lundie, and consulted him as a son respecting her affairs, and was guided by his advice and cheered by his sympathy. One afternoon he lingered in the passage before entering the sitting-room, for Margaret lay there on the humble couch by the window. "Can she bear it?" he said inwardly; "no, can *I* bear it, since it was Margaret rejected me." But her beautiful eyes fringed with golden lashes, and shadowed by sorrow and sickness, were already turned towards him.

"Robert!" she murmured. "Margaret!" he echoed, gently and sadly, and sat down beside her. They were alone. "How kind you have been," she whispered. It was in his heart to say, mine has been a true and faithful love that no circumstances could change or lessen, or time destroy; but it would seem like triumphing over her own lost love, the sad history of which he knew too well, so he remained silent, the moments measured by his heart-beats. The reserve of their first meeting banished, Robert became a daily visitor; he read to Margaret and her mother, while Mary was occupied with her teaching engagements, arranged Margaret's little comforts, wheeled her couch to the window in the sunshine, and towards the fireside in the evening. He saw with pleasure how her eye brightened

and welcomed him on his arrival, and how she watched his departure with regret.

Her illness took one of those flattering turns for the better peculiar to consumption, and at length he ventured to say, "When you get quite well, don't you think you could love and trust me."

"Yes, Robert, I think I might," Margaret replied, simply and firmly; and for a moment her eye lighted up with something like answering affection, but the flush of feeling departed as she added, solemnly, "but it cannot be. I shall never really get better. I shall never be a bride of earth; they must lay me in my white garments, a bride of heaven. My heart is for ever given to the One who is altogether lovely, and who will never disappoint or betray."

Margaret passed the night with feverish restlessness; Mary rose from her own bed to re-arrange the pillows; while she did so the sick girl said slowly, as if speaking to herself, "I dropped a flower by the stream at Melrose." Then turning to her sister with the prophetic instinct of the dying, she added, meaningly, "But you, dear Mary, will pick it up. In its fading it is a type of my faded earthly joys and early death; but as found by you, it will be a bud of hope and joy. Cherish it therefore with chastened tenderness." "I don't know to what you refer, darling," said Mary, thinking her sister's mind wandered slightly. "No, dearest, I cannot explain—too ill—too tired," she answered, speaking with the sharp incisive tones and with the rapid utterance peculiar to the consumptive sufferer.

During her illness she had desired that if it should terminate fatally, a lock of her hair should be sent to Charles MacGregor, with the following words of bitter irony wrung from her wounded heart, and traced with her own feeble hand, "Till death us do part? Yea, verily, but not according to *thy* vow."

A few days afterwards there was a great change for the worse in the invalid, so much beloved, so lovely even in decay. The anxious mother and sister and Robert were with her, and the doctor, bending over her with serious attention, prescribed weak brandy and water to be taken at intervals. The large blue eyes closed apparently to all earthly scenes, opened wildly, and shone with penetrating unearthly brilliancy, as Margaret fixed them on the doctor and exclaimed, "Torture not my last hours with the fatal cup of ruin, the wreck of my young life. I die, its innocent victim." The doctor looked inquiringly at Mary, who whispered, "My sister refers to the intemperate habits of a brother who ruined us all, broke my father's heart, and indirectly my sister's also."

The invalid murmured, "They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, *but He received it not.*" Before leaving (outside the chamber of the dying) the young doctor said to Robert in low earnest tones, "This is an affecting and impressive testimony to the evils of drink. In my profession I have already seen so many cases of ruin—mental, bodily, and social—from indulgence in alcohol amongst all classes, that I seldom recommend stimulants where medicinal or other remedies can be substituted; with our young friend here, a stimulant is the last extremity just to revive the lingering remnant of the vital powers ere they collapse finally, but, with her strong prejudices to enforce the brandy and water would be only to hasten the crisis. She is sinking fast, and nothing could really save her."

"By God's grace and for the sake of the dying," said Robert, with broken sobs, "I will never touch stimulants again!"

There was something in the scene which deeply impressed the physician, accustomed as he was to scenes of suffering and misery. And as he afterwards heard the whole tale of ruin respecting the Gordon family from the lips of persons resident in Edinburgh, who were acquainted with their sad history, the young man, now rising high in his profession, became henceforth not only an abstainer himself, but throughout life used his powerful influence on the side of Temperance, in his extensive practice, in society, and by his medical writings and lectures delivered occasionally in the midst of his arduous labours and the incessant calls of an ever-increasing circle, medical, scientific, and literary.

Margaret drew her breath very painfully, its agonizing fluctuations sounded like the vibrations of a labouring wheel in the stilly room. At her faint request Robert was reading "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." "That will do, dear Robert," she said. Then, begging her mother and sister to kiss her and lay her down, she extended her hand to Robert for a moment, and then clasping her pale hands and raising them to Heaven, she exclaimed, "Dear Jesus, I come to Thee for rest!" Then turning to the weeping friends around her, she said, "Oh, it is *so sweet*—it is eternal!" The lovely eyes now closed in death that had "so strangely forgotten to weep," the eyelids fringed with long golden lashes, betrayed no shadow of sorrow, but an expression of joy ineffable lighted up the marble brow, and a gentle smile played round the beautiful lips, as dear Margaret's form lay awaiting the Morning of the Resurrection, a Bride of Heaven!

(To be continued.)

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

My castle in the air, that I built so strong and high,
So beautiful and grand, it reached up to the sky !
I wasted all my energies to make my fabric fair,
And thought some day to occupy my castle in the air.

True, it had no foundation, but what of that, I say,
It did not take so long to build, could be altered in a day ;
Fashioned, and re-fashioned, to suit each passing mood,
And e'en without disturbing the ground on which it stood.

It had battlements of learning, and turrets of high aim,
Withal, my airy castle was to raise me up to fame.
I dug around a moat of love, as broad as any sea,
And built a bridge of happiness, to be crossed by One and me.

That One was young and beautiful, so loving and so fair,
I thought to place her in the keep of my castle in the air,
She had wandered in my castle grounds, and had helped to raise the pile,
We had gloried in the structure, and had feared no ill the while.

But she never shared it with me, she left me years ago,
And my castle fell in one short day leaving me crushed below,—
My aims and hopes were shattered, and I was stunned and sore,
Never again to dream of fame or build my castle more.

Life's journey has been dark and sad, one weary, aching pain,
But from the ruins of my castle a light has sprung again :
I try the humble path she trod, and I raise my hopes on high,
That some day I may dwell with her in a "mansion in the sky."

MARIE SRETAN.

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

It was therefore no matter for surprise, that in spite of the sudden turn which the Princess Lena had taken against shield-winning, Kuani should have been found discussing every prospect and welcoming every rumour of war that got abroad in the kraal, and anticipating with feverish interest the moment when his own shields should outnumber every other warrior's in the king's army. Nor did the season immediately succeeding his betrothal to the princess frown unfavourably upon his hopes, for day by day the rumours grew more positive that King Mothibi, the son of Manasis, was preparing for battle, and would soon be marching down upon the country of King Arongo with overwhelming forces. This set everyone in the kraal in action, women and children as well as men; and put an end, for some time at least, to the

hunting excursions of the king. Even at night the stillness which usually pervaded the camp was suspended, and the peculiar clicking of the men's voices might be heard at all hours, as they ordered their wives and children hither and thither at their will. There was plenty to be done, and none knew how short the time might be in which they would have to accomplish it. Shields had to be restretched, and oxen and buffalo skins to be prepared for stretching them; knives and battle-axes had to be tested and sharpened; spear heads to be re-adjusted; javelins to be repointed; arrows to be poisoned, and quivers to be stocked; these and countless other items had to be attended to; and always with that vagueness and uncertainty hanging over the workers, which belongs of necessity to uncivilised and savage warfare.

In time one of the king's scouts, who had been posted some three days' journey from the camp, returned with the information that the enemy were approaching, and before many hours would have reached the wild-olive hills on the outskirts of the plain. Kuani's heart beat high when this news reached him, and his excitement was yet further increased when a summons came for him to attend at the war council which was to be held in the courtyard of the king's palace at a later hour that night. This privilege he had never enjoyed before, and he looked upon it as a high honour indeed; although, for the war intelligence that was to be gleaned by going to the council, he would just as leave have stayed away; for the warriors, he well knew, would do little else than laud each other's bravery, while they watched with jealousy their own reputations. At a signal from the king, a ponderous instrument not unlike a clumsily-constructed gong was sounded, and the warriors who were to compose the council crowded into the courtyard and arranged themselves in a circle round the king. They then sat down, each holding his battle-axe in one hand, and his shield of ox or buffalo skin in the other, so placed as to cover the entire body. They were adorned as on all state occasions, with their tiger skins and tails; but the vòm-pòtsy or white bird's feathers which adorned their heads in times of peace were now replaced by feathers of the blue crane, a sure sign of approaching conflict.

Their deliberations were preceded by a dance, executed by several of the younger and more active members of the council, who threw their arms and legs about in a most grotesque fashion, and ended by flinging their spears high in the air and catching them in a vertical position just before they reached the ground. When the cheers and clamour which followed this exhibition of their agility had subsided, and the dancers had settled themselves behind their shields again, King Arongo rose to his feet, and a low whistling sound of applause went round the circle. Having

made several desperate lunges in the air with his spear, at a safe distance from the persons of his subjects, and in the direction of the enemy, he stamped his foot in mimic fury upon the ground, and began :

"Listen ! oh chiefs of the Batlaros, the Barolongs, the Bakotas !" the representative men of each tribe groaned as their tribe was named, "we must be short in our speech, because the time is short—to-morrow the enemy may be here. Though they are slow-footed they will not be long. I do not ask your mind about this war because I know your hearts. You want your wives and your cattle, which King Mothibi would rob you of—you want your lands, and he would take them from you—you want your freedom and he would make you carry burdens like oxen. Do I not speak fairly ? What more shall I say, ye fathers of the people ?—ye have known this man of old. What more shall I say, ye sons of the mighty ?—ye are brave men—I will sit down—I will say no more."

This short but magnanimous speech, which was cheered to the echo, was followed by a war song, with more fantastical gestures and leg shaking ; and when another silence had succeeded, a chief of sleek proportions, with a body not unlike a sweep's bag, stood up :

"Give ear, ye chiefs, of the Bechuanas !" he began. "Has not the voice of King Arongo spoken well ? Has it not spoken truly ? What do the enemies of King Arongo want ? Do they not want to kill and eat and leave nothing ? Do they not want our oxen, our locust stores, our sacks of grain ? And who amongst us will yield them up ? Who will give his neck to the foot of King Mothibi—Mothibi, who fled like a chastened dog from the shadow of a sago-palm ? Let the coward who will do this speak next—I have done !"

The chief resumed his seat, and immediately after, though clearly not in response to his invitation another warrior rose and delivered his opinions ; and after him another, and so on, until a few moments' lull brought an interval of rest to all. With that Kuani sprang suddenly to his legs, and, amidst renewed enthusiasm, commenced his maiden speech :

"I have heard your speeches, oh Bechuanas !" he said fearlessly, "some are wise and some are meaningless. But I will say few words about them. Some of you care more for your oxen than you do for your wives and children—you nurse your own fatness, and love your sleep more than you love the king's glory ! That is not great—that is not noble. Even the Balalas do not that. This is not a sleeping time—the enemies of King Arongo are not sleeping people. They are cunning though they are slow, and if you do not rouse quickly they will conquer and consume you."

At this point Kuani drew from the folds of his tiger skin the necklet of human teeth which Vinaka had hung about the Princess Lena's neck on her birth-night, and, approaching one of the numerous bonfires which lighted up the scene, he waved it to and fro before the assembled chiefs.

"Look! ye chiefs of the Bechuanas!" he resumed. "This necklet is known to you all—most of you have known it for many rain seasons, but who has made another to match it? Not one. The materials have long been ready, but you have been afraid of them—you have run away from them—yes, even in the battle they have made you like kidney-eaters,* and you have fallen down in terror at the sight of them. Did Vinaka act so?—Vinaka, my father—when he slew the mighty Manasis, and made this chain of glory for the Princess Lena's neck? No, no. And shall Kuani, Vinaka's son, act so; when the son of Manasis the conquered meets him in the field of battle? No. Listen, O chiefs of King Arongo! Never more shall Kuani rise and speak with you till he brings the shield of King Mothibi to King Arongo, and the rows of ivory from the mouth of Mothibi to the neck of the Princess Lena. Yonder I see the spears of his people by the light of the waking moon! Do you not see them! Up! To your tribes! The confusion shall be theirs, not ours!"

All sprang to their feet, and in a moment, from every hut in the kraal the dusky warriors of King Arongo came swarming out, and with a silence like death awaited the approach of the enemy. The enemy little guessed that their actions were being watched, and did not even know that their intended invasion had been discovered, so that they anticipated an easy victory.

A scene of frightful carnage presently ensued. The foe approached nearer and nearer, until the nearest line of them—for they were many hundreds deep—had advanced within about fifty yards of the camp. At that crisis, with a united shout, half triumphant, half defiant, Kuani and several of the chiefs sprang to their feet, and, followed closely by the rest, rushed furiously into the very bosom of the enemy! For a moment they gave way, but the immense pressure from behind sent them forward again; and the air, in a moment, was charged with flying arrows and resonant with the screams and yells of wounded and victorious belligerents. Truly it was making night hideous, and when the battle became more general, and the screams of women were added to the other sounds, the confusion seemed complete.

* "Kidneys are eaten only by the aged, and young people will not taste them on any account, from the superstitious idea that they can have no children if they do so."—(Moffat's "Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa," popular edition, p. 92).

But the surprise to King Mothibi's army had come with such a shock that recovery out of it was hopeless; and the opening of hostilities had really decided on whose side the victory would be. After a few minutes' hard fighting all the survivors who were able turned tail, and retreated with more haste than glory in the direction of the olive woods; while those who were too hemmed in to escape, threw down their shields, and were immediately dispatched by their opponents.

A lull followed, and efforts were now made to restore order in the kraal, which the enemy had entered, and in which they had been successful in accomplishing no little work of a purely destructive character. But while these exertions were continuing a commotion was noticed by many in the palace court-yard; and Kuani, who had escaped unhurt from the fray, was seen to pick up a spear belonging to one of the enemy, and leave the kraal in great haste.

At the same time a fact got whispered abroad, which was quickly passed from lip to lip, and wrought profoundly on all hearts, that the king's palace had been entered by the enemy, and the person of the Princess Lena was missing!

(To be continued.)

THE FOLKLORE OF THE ELDER.

"Judas was hanged on an elder."

— *Love's Labour Lost*, v. 2.

THE above was the general belief of our earlier writers, and is constantly alluded to by authors of the Elizabethan period, but the name 'Judas-tree' was applied to the *cercissiliquastrum*, which is the tree which still bears it, about the same period. Gerard, indeed, definitely tells us of the *cercis*, "This is the tree whereon Judas did hang himself, and not upon the elder-tree as is stated." The legendary lore connected with the elder-tree takes us back to pre-Christian times. Thorpe, in his "Northern Mythology," gives much information as to the Danish superstitions connected with this tree, in which a being known as the *hylde-moer* (elder-mother) or *hyldeg-vinde* (elder-queen) is supposed to dwell, by whom all injuries done to the elder are avenged. He gives us a weird account of a tree standing in a small court in the Nybonder, a district of Copenhagen, which at dusk moves up and down the court, and sometimes peeps through the windows at the children. It is not advisable to have furniture made of elder wood: "A child having been laid in a cradle made of elder wood, the *hylde-moer* came and pulled it by the legs until it was taken out of the cradle." The elder branches may not be cut until permission has been asked in the word,

"Hylde-moer, hylde-moer, allow me to cut thy branches;" in this, as in other cases, "silence gives consent," and if no objection be made by the tree, or rather by its attendant sprite, the hewer may proceed, taking care to first spit three times as a gentle precaution against molestation. In lower Saxony it was customary to ask permission of the elder-tree before cutting it, in the words, "Lady elder, give me some of thy wood; then will I give thee some of mine when it grows in the forest." This was repeated three times with folded hands and bended knees. Pusch Kait, the ancient Prussian god of the earth, was supposed to live under the elder-tree.

Coming now to our own country, we find that the elder has been regarded with superstition from very early times. In the "*Canonescdite sub Edgato Rege*," it is enacted that every priest forbid the vain practices that are carried on with elder sticks, and also with various other trees. Mr. Buckman quotes in the "*Treasury of Botany*" from a rare tract upon Gloucestershire superstitions, in which the elder plays a prominent part. The following is cited as by no means an unusual case:—"Some men were employed in removing an old hedgerow, partially formed of elder trees. They had bound up all the other wood into faggots for burning, but had set apart the elder, and inquired of their master how it was to be disposed of. Upon his saying that he should, of course, burn it with the rest, and ordering it to be faggoted, one of the men said, with an air of undisguised alarm, that he had never heard of such a thing as burning ellan wood; and, in fact, so strongly did he feel upon the subject that he refused to participate in the act of tying it up."

FORGIVENESS.

WHAT we mean by forgiveness, what Christ meant when He said, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust," is something very different from what we mean by Divine forgiveness for sin. When God sends blessings on the evil and the good, on the just and the unjust, He sends them by way of manifesting His purpose to bless all men, and if they would but let Him do so, to bless them in the highest sense; certainly not by way of assuring them of forgiveness for any committed sin. And that is the kind of love for enemies which Christ inculcated, namely, an earnest desire to make them in the highest sense children of Him whose purpose to bless is of His very essence; an earnest desire to make them

all they should be quite, without relation to the sentiment with which we ought to regard that in them which is the very opposite of what it should be. Human forgiveness, in its highest form, means, indeed, nothing but the supplanting of the resentment with which the sense of injury naturally fills us, by an intense longing to do good to those who (as we think, at least) have done evil to us, and that is a feeling which we ought to entertain towards all men, whether they be in the deepest sense corrupted by evil, or whether they be nothing more than unintentional offenders against ourselves. Forgiveness of this kind involves nothing more than a victory over our own petty feelings or fastidious aversions. It is, of course, by no means easy to do good to those who are utterly without the desire to *be* good; and it is only possible on condition that you can inspire them with at least a germ of that desire. But whether it be easy or difficult to do good to those who are evil, it is at least possible for everyone to *wish* to do such good, and to be ready to do it on the first intimation that it is possible, in spite of any lingering resentment, or even moral loathing, and that is all, so far as we can see, which is involved in human forgiveness. Man cannot see or measure the reality of sin, and is not called upon to forgive sin in the sense in which we speak of God forgiving sin. Man is called upon to be eager to enter into God's will to bless all those on whom it is possible to send blessing, even though it be in the form of causing them salutary and bitter pain for sin committed. So far as we can judge, there is nothing in human forgiveness which even teaches the true difficulty of Divine forgiveness. Men are not asked to look into the heart, to judge whether a fellow man is really and truly submitting himself to the law of righteousness, or only relapsing perpetually into helpless remorse because he fails to do so. Men are asked only to give all the help that, with their dim sight, they can give to the higher *tendencies* in the hearts of others, and to do all they may to keep down the lower tendencies, to rebuke sin so far as they can see it, to foster holiness where they think they discern it. But to forgive *sin*, as distinguished from overcoming distaste to doing good to the sinner, men are incompetent for the best possible reason, that they cannot either estimate its depth, or the reality of that change of heart without which no sin can be forgiven by God. In the sense of Christ's injunction, we are bound to forgive even the unrepentant; in other words, to get rid of our mere personal resentment, and to substitute for it the desire to do them real and true good. In the higher sense in which forgiveness is dependent on a true change of heart, we are not often competent to judge whether forgiveness is due or not, any more than we are the persons whose forgiveness is the sinner's need.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. VI.—IN T—— WORKHOUSE.

LITTLE Ben was not left many hours upon the door-step. A labourer passing early to his work, rang the great bell and explained how he had found the little fellow. The parcel and letter were examined. There was the name "E. Forrest" plainly marked on the little garments; but the letter was so illegibly written that the matron could make nothing of it, and put it carefully aside to show to the master. Now it happened that the letter was so carefully put by, that when called for later in the day it was nowhere to be found. An account of the way in which the child had been picked up was sent to one or two papers, and there the matter ended.

No great event marked Eddy's life in the workhouse. When asked his name he had immediately replied "Eddy," for he had never forgotten it, though Mrs. Hinton had during all those years invariably spoken of him as "Benjamin."

The matron considered "Eddy," not quite the thing for the workhouse, and asked if he had no other name.

"Mrs. Hinton always called me Ben; but I *hate* it," replied the boy with all a child's vehemence.

The matron, although a kind woman, did not see the wisdom of letting the little fellow have his own way in this respect, and gave the order that he should be called Ben.

I have said that nothing eventful occurred in little Ben's life in the workhouse; but I must not forget the great friendship which was almost immediately struck up with Robin, a boy several years older than himself.

Robin was a strong, hearty-looking lad, with a mass of rough brown hair, and honest grey eyes. A wonderfully good-tempered expression lighted up the otherwise plain features. Both boys were fond of lessons, and were in great favour with their master, who could be stern enough to the naughty ones. Both boys were also strongly impressed with the idea that it was the proper thing to run away if they could get an opportunity. Robin was the first to speak of it, and his little friend eagerly fell in with him. Poor boys, they knew nothing of the hardships that awaited them—how should they? if they were so unfortunate as to be able to do what they wished.

Little Ben had been about four months in his new home, when he was given leave to go with Robin to take a message to a gentleman living in the next village. Robin had at first been

desired to go alone, but he easily persuaded the kind matron to allow Ben to accompany him.

No sooner were they out of the town than Robin made Ben acquainted with his plans which, boy-like, he had formed immediately upon being told he might take Ben.

"We'll give the message first, you know, Benny; then we'll set off for London. I know the road quite well. I've asked once or twice when I've been out before, to make sure."

"Will it be *very* far, Robin?"

"Oh, only about twenty miles, I should say. We'll do a little bit at a time, you know, Ben."

"Where will we sleep to-night?" asked the child.

"In a barn, to be sure," replied Robin, "we'll find a nice, warm one, and snuggle down in the straw."

"I won't be afraid," said Ben, in a tone that showed he *was* so already, a little.

"You're quite sure you like it, Benny?" said the elder boy, "because if you don't I'll go back with you and wait till you're older and more of a man."

"Oh, I'll soon be a man," returned the little fellow, pulling himself up bravely.

They were now obliged to pause in their interesting conversation. The gentleman to whom they were to deliver the message was just coming out of his gate. He took a long look into Robin's frank, open face, and Ben's pretty, baby one, and seemed equally pleased with both.

"Here, my little men," said he, "here's a sixpence for each of you. Now, what will you do with it?"

Robin had made up his mind with his usual promptitude; but he was not going to tell the gentleman. He only grinned and said, "Thank'ee, sir."

The gentleman smiled, patted Ben on the head, and went his way.

"We'll want money to buy breakfast, dinner and tea with, won't we Robin?"

"Oh, there a lots of kind people about who'll give us all that, if we ask 'em." (Oh, Robin, Robin!)

"That's all right," said little Ben, with a sigh of relief. The thought of how they would get food had puzzled his young brain.

"It 'ud never do to eat our money like that," continued Robin; "no, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll buy two brooms!"

Robin finished up with a little shout of triumph, as if two brooms and nothing but two brooms should be bought with their two sixpences.

But little Ben did not understand. Robin explained that he meant to be a shoe-black; but, to begin with, they had better

sweep a crossing, till they had saved enough money to buy a block and brushes.

"When once we manage that, I'll do a thriving trade," said Robin. "I've read all about it, you know, in 'Tim, the Shoe-black,' only he had box and all to start with. We've got to *earn* ours."

"Did a kind friend give him his things?" asked Ben.

"Yes, but we'll soon have some too, and then I'll polish off the boots, and you shall stand by and admire 'em. You've got to have an easy time of it, Benny."

It would make my story far too long, were I to tell you about the little boys' troubles and relate all their adventures before and after reaching our great metropolis; so you must please to imagine yourselves, some fourteen months later, already arrived at the chilly winter's day when I first introduced to you Robin and Ben. One or two things, however, I must not forget.

Scarcely any search was made for the two boys. The T— Workhouse was not a very well-regulated institution. It was over-stocked with children, and small trouble was taken to regain the runaways.

A few months after the departure of the boys, the matron discovered Mrs. Hinton's missing letter. With the master's help, a right understanding of its contents was arrived at. It was decided, though very wrongly, that Mr. Forrest should *not* be written to, unless further accounts of his little boy could be given him.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY NOTES.

A REPORT of the Open-Air Mission is before us. The energy displayed by Mr. Gawin Kirkham is remarkable. Our readers should send for the Report and a Holiday Tour in America, both are worth reading. It appears that the Open-Air Mission was formed in 1853, to encourage, regulate, and improve Open-Air Preaching, especially among Laymen of different Protestant denominations. Its operations include preaching in the open-air, in the streets and parks, at races and fairs, or wherever the masses assemble out of doors. Our wood-cut of George Whitefield is kindly lent for this magazine.

A contemporary gives a useful statement about China, from a lecture by Professor K. Douglas.—"The lecturer said the people he had to speak of comprised about one-fourth of the human race. China Proper was his subject, which would not include the dependencies. He then described the physical features of the country. The soil was for a great depth of a fine yellow earth, dry and very porous. The cliffs were exceedingly steep, in the side of which the people dug caves in which they lived. The area was 1,348,000 square miles. The Government was a Monarchy tempered very much with democracy. The Emperor was the father of the people, and they were bound to

obey him as long as he ruled by right and with justice. They did not understand the Divine rights of Kings to govern wrongly. The Emperor ruled without any written laws, and those who ruled under him ruled in much the same manner. So long as the people were quiet and paid their taxes they could do very much as they liked. The officials, varying in rank, were very numerous. The Mandarins were the aristocracy of the country, and their rule was as pure as could be expected from the circumstances or condition of Government. They would, as a rule, increase their income by bribes or extortion. The person accused of crime would pay the mandarin to influence the judge, then the judge had to be paid, and those who had the longest purse won the race. The greatest blot in their administration was the system of torture; the Chinese did not understand the nature of an oath. The law demanded that no criminal should be condemned till he confessed that he was guilty, therefore torture was applied to compel the poor fellow to confess. There was a sort of sliding scale in punishments, of which beheading was the most merciful. The headsman had attained such proficiency that they did their work very dexterously. He was present when 36 men were beheaded, and it was all over in less than two minutes. They were brought in baskets and turned out in a stooping position, and the executioner immediately struck off their heads. Strangulation was reserved for those who had been in favour in high quarters and for princes of the blood. The Chinese as a rule were cold-blooded, and seemed to have no sympathy for the sufferings of others. The agriculturists were a hard working race, the mechanics possessed great skill, and, as they were aware, turned out very clever productions. The merchants were as trustworthy and as honest as they were among ourselves. They had no written contracts, but all their dealings were by word of mouth, and they were hardly ever known to break faith. The shopkeepers were shrewd and industrious. The people were, from the cradle to the grave, surrounded by ceremony. The parents conducted all the affairs of their sons till death removed them. The lecturer very graphically described the whole formula connected with the marriage of a Chinese couple. The bridegroom, for whom a bride had been chosen by his father, was not supposed to see her till the day of the wedding, and after marriage the wife repaired to her own room and saw no one any more but her own father, with the exception of her female attendants. The Chinese were very ingenious in cooking food. Rice was the staple article, taking the same place as bread with us. Besides beef and mutton, of which they ate sparingly, dogs and cats were esteemed to be very savoury dishes. Dried rats were also in great repute, being considered a cure for baldness. Speaking of the religion of the country, he said Confucius did not introduce a religious faith. He never concerned himself about God, but his endeavour was to found a system that would conduce to the happiness and wellbeing of the people in the present life. Buddhism as introduced by Buddha was a pure system, but soon became corrupt. With regard to the present state of China, the introduction of European ideas and influence had caused a great revolution in the national character. Railways were now running their trains across many districts, and many other European systems were being carried out. Although

during the transition state some confusion might occur, through long cherished national prejudices being upset, China, he believed, would emerge out of it all with renewed vigour and national strength.—A vote of thanks to the lecturer closed the meeting.

EARTHQUAKES.

EARTHQUAKES are certainly the most formidable phenomena in nature; but, with respect to their causes, naturalists are much divided, some ascribing them to water, others to fire, and others to air; and all of them with some reason, though fire seems to be the chief: for those countries which contain the greatest store of sulphur and other inflammable matters, are most subject to earthquakes. Dr. Lister is of opinion that the material cause of thunder, lightning, and earthquakes, is the same, *viz.*, the inflammable breath of the pyrites, which is a substantial sulphur, and takes fire of itself. Dr. Woodward, who ascribes earthquakes to the subterraneous heat of fire rarefying and swelling the waters of the abyss, till it can find a vent, observes, that the effects of these commotions are not very remarkable, except in countries that are mountainous, and, consequently, stony and cavernous underneath, since the fire naturally tends to those caverns where it meets with the readiest reception, and, the strata of stone making great opposition, the shocks are more violent, and the effects more terrible, than when they happen amongst gravel, sand, or such loose matter as makes little resistance. Hence it is that Italy, Sicily, &c., are so often alarmed with earthquakes, those countries being mountainous and cavernous, abounding with stone and marble, and affording great quantities of sulphur and nitre. The same ingenious author adds, that Etna, Vesuvius, and other volcanoes, are only so many spiracles, serving to discharge the subterraneous fire when preternaturally assembled; and that, if this fire can come at these spiracles without any obstruction, it easily passes out, from time to time, without shaking or disturbing the earth; but, when a communication is wanting, or too confined, it heaves and shakes the earth till it has made its way to the mouth of the volcano. He further observes, that there is scarce any country much annoyed with earthquakes that has not one of these fiery vents; which, when an earthquake happens, is constantly in flames, disgorging that fire, which, whilst underneath, was the cause of the disaster: so that the countries that have these volcanoes, though they are troubled with earthquakes, would suffer much more if such spiracles were wanting, and the fire should continue imprisoned in the bowels of the earth.

To illustrate the process of nature in the production of earthquakes, it may not be improper to observe, that artificial ones may be made by mixing twenty pounds of iron-filings with an equal quantity of sulphur, and tempering the whole together with a little water, so as to form a mass, half dry, half moist. This being buried three or four feet in the ground will produce surprising effects in six or seven hours' time; for the earth will begin to tremble, crack, and smoke, and at last to send forth fire and flame, so as to resemble (if the quantity of matter were sufficient) a natural volcano.—SMITH'S *Wonders*.



ROADS AND RAILS.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING back to the travelling of fifty years ago, compared with the present, it is the tortoise to the hare in point of pace. Yet little more than fifty years ago, and before the rails were laid down from Liverpool to Manchester, our grandfathers would have said that the travelling was perfection. They had some reason to boast; for, so far as our internal communications were concerned, the progress in the previous generation had been marvellous. Even now, it is pleasant, if rather sad, to read Nimrod's famous *Quarterly* article on the Road, although at that time the changes of the future were already dimly perceptible through the smoke-clouds from the furnaces of the new-fangled engines. The progress had been marvellous, for that intelligent Scotchman, Mr. McAdam, had been hard at work upon the highways. He found them laid down pretty much on the principles accepted in England since the days of the Druids. The shortest cut was the first consideration; hills were scaled by the most uncompromising gradients, while the valleys, which were followed religiously, were so many Sloughs of Despond in the wet season. The heavy coach, or the lumbering stage-waggon took its time, with a tremendous expenditure of horseflesh and whipcord. Smollett and Fielding describe the leisurely travelling of the days when road companions found time to make ample acquaintance. Even when Vittoria was fought, and Waterloo was won, the coachman never hurried his passengers. As Nimrod says, he had a calf to consign to the country butcher, or a parcel to deliver to the borough attorney, and when his commissions were

discharged, he was always willing to wait if the gentlemen who had been dining at the inn were disposed for another bottle of port. Mr. McAdam very summarily altered all that, anticipating the celerity and punctuality of steam. New roads were engineered, levelled, and drained; rapid and regular delivery began to pay the enterprising capitalists who horsed the swift coaches. Chaplin had 1,300 horses in his stables; while Horne, who subsequently went into partnership with him, came second with no fewer than 700. The coach-builders had succeeded in combining speed with solidity; the luggage was stowed away in capacious boots or in the "slides" beneath the body of the vehicle. There was no chance now of linch-pins snapping of a sudden, for the linch-pins were superseded by the patent box-axles. All these elaborate precautions were indispensable to reduce the inevitable risks to a minimum. The old gentleman in Nimrod, supposed to have awakened from a Rip-Van-Winkle-like slumber, had good reason for his grave apprehensions. The coaches galloping against each other were running perpetual races against time, and when unpunctuality was punished with heavy penalties and loss of credit every minute was precious. We are startled nowadays, from time to time, by some sensational railway accident, yet nobody, as a rule, ever dreams of danger. But in the "Comets," or the "Highflyers," at any moment the perils of the transit might be brought unpleasantly home to one. The half-thoroughbred horses cost on an average only about £25; any untractable rogue was consigned to the coaching stables, and the queerest teams were consequently hitched together. They were tamed on each successive day by a spell of severe work; but they fed freely at rack and manger, and were kept in tip-top condition. They were steadied by the drag on steep descents, to be cheated out of half the opposite hill; they swung round the angles of awkward bridges at a hand-gallop; and they were "sprung" over each level stretch of ground, where there was "nothing bigger than a nutmeg" in the way of a pebble. Through rain and storm, through darkness and sleet, much depended on the chapter of accidents, and more on the skill and coolness of the whip. The driver must have a head as well as hands; for it was barely possible that something about the harness might give, or that he might come into collision with an unexpected obstacle. The steadier wheelers were supposed to act as *mechaniques* on the skittish leaders; but occasionally he had to give even the wheelers their heads, to lift the four into a gallop, and trust to Providence, and when a coach did come to grief, the consequences were generally tragically dramatic.

It was not every driver who could arrange an upset as cleverly as Mr. Weller, senior, when he was paid to spill his load of electors. The wheel caught on the kerbstone of a sharp street turn, or at

the corner of a bridge; the outsiders were sent flying through the shop windows or into the bubbling water, when, to say nothing of the deaths, there were such disagreeable casualties as fractured limbs and shattered ribs and collar bones. Yet there was a certain excitement, which was not unwelcome to the adventurous, in that ever-present sense of possible peril. As a rule, the change of horses was effected with the ready dexterity of a theatrical transformation scene; a minute was the time ordinarily allowed, though the change was occasionally carried through in fifty seconds. But not unfrequently there would be "contrairy ones," who would decline to start under any persuasion. We are old enough to remember a changing-place on one of the Northern roads, where by some strange fatality of coincidences there were always buckers or bolters. An uglier starting-point it would be hard to conceive. It was in the narrow High Street of a populous Scotch borough, and the coach-road turned sharply to the right fifty yards from the door of the "Salutation." There the horse who was kept harnessed as the near wheeler, where he could be most easily kept in hand, would begin by rearing bolt upright on his blemished hind-legs, and possibly, after being flogged and pelted by turns, would end by sullenly throwing himself down. He was persuaded to rise by straw being burnt about him, and then he was provided with an old collar or two to dance upon. When finally he did deem it advisable to make a start, his three companions had been fretted into madness. Then each trembling traveller held his breath, and held on hard while the teams tore round the dangerous corner.—*From the SATURDAY REVIEW.*

(*To be continued.*)

"RUIN AND RESCUE."

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

By MRS. CHARLES FISHER.

CHAP. VI.—THE RESCUED FAMILY.

JOHN MACLEAN became sober and industrious, gave satisfaction to his customers, and his business increasing he was enabled to add to his number of cows, and in course of time he became a small farmer with some acres of valuable land, and lived much-respected to a good old age.

His wife, once pale, worn, and broken-hearted, was now a buxom dame, the active mistress of a well-ordered and happy home. Everything went on like clockwork in its regularity,

neatness, and excellent working order. The men on the little estate were allowed no intoxicating beverages, and a better set of farm labourers never existed: civil, obliging, industrious, strong and healthy; each, on their wages, comfortably maintaining the gude wife and bairns at the ingleside. On the various holidays throughout the year, no drunken revels, public-house brawls, or domestic quarrels arising from drink, disturbed the peace and harmony of the humble community.

Temperance was found to be a handmaid to Religion, for the men's minds, clear to think, and their consciences free from the searing and stupifying effects of arduous liquors, were open to the conviction of the importance of eternal things, so that the teachers of sacred truth found the soil of their hearts, as it were, ready for the sowing of the good seed of God's Word, and many of these humble cottars were led to rejoice that at the last great harvest "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

Mrs. Maclean's daughters did honour to their mother's training, and were patterns of every domestic excellence, one by one disappearing from the household ingle to become in turn the centre of a home circle.

Two sons, fine manly specimens of North Britons, assisted their father in the farm, while the eldest, our friend Willie, like many a persevering Scotchman, in going to London, entered upon a prosperous career.

In a great business house he held successively rising posts, until he became one of the three partners, and enjoying a large income, lived surrounded by all the comforts and the luxuries suitable to his position. He was never ashamed of his aged father, who was, with his mother, an occasional guest, but used often to say, "Dear father, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, victory over sin, especially the sin of drunkenness, which might ere this have made us a *ruined*, rather than a *rising* family!"

CHAPTER VII.—TWO TEMPERANCE WEDDINGS.

FOR a year after her sister's death Mary Gordon toiled on supporting her mother and herself on her frail and uncertain income. Robert Lundie was the only friend they had in Edinburgh; while he constantly added comforts to their scanty table, his tender sympathy and gentle voice still more cheered their dejected spirits.

At first Robert felt as if his heart were buried in Margaret's grave; his kindness to the living was for the sake of the dead, but Mary's gentle ways gradually won upon him, and one day as he came in suddenly and surprised her looking worn and weary, and noticed the shadow of sorrow in the blue eyes which now

seemed to be strangely beautiful, he inwardly murmured, "There is a wonderful look of the sister about her, she is growing like Margaret, with just that kind of beauty heightened and softened by a gentle grief."

"You are looking tired," said he.

"From the circumstance of a family leaving Edinburgh I have lost one of my best engagements," replied the young girl.

There was a pause, and then the young man said quietly, "I do not think you need get another—that is if——," he hesitated, and when he would have continued, there were various interruptions so that it was not until evening that they were again alone.

According to custom Mary opened the piano which Robert had hired for her use, and asked what accompaniment he would like her to play for him. "Oh, that of a very old song"; so her light fingers ran over the keys as Robert sang, with impassioned feeling, the song he had chosen:—

"I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone:
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle!"

Then bending over her he said, with the utmost tenderness and anxiety blending in his tones, "I have watched *thy* heart, dear Mary; may I, oh! may I hope to call it mine?"

As she hesitated in very surprise, he added, "I am——" then blushing and checking himself he continued, "*we* are not unfaithful to the dear lost one, and could she now look down upon us she might think so too." Then remembered Mary the words of her dying sister, Robert had inadvertently explained them:—"I dropped a flower by the stream at Melrose, but you, dear Mary, will pick it up. . . . Cherish it, therefore, with chastened tenderness."

The young girl did not reply to Robert's reiterated question, but in her eyes there was an answering affection, holy in its purity of depth and in its subdued tenderness. After the first sweet moments of their mutual joy, Robert remarked, "Such old friends do not require a testing-time for friendship—we must soon settle—you shall toil no more, nor seek any other engagement."

"I cannot leave my mother," whispered the girl anxiously.

"Your dear mother looks upon me already as a son," said Robert gaily, "she shall live with us to crown our joy."

And thus it came to pass that when, after the honeymoon, the young couple received their first company in their new and handsome dwelling, the widow with her silvery hair was an honoured guest at the table.

No wine sparkled in elegant decanters, nor bubbled in well-filled glasses, but the bridegroom explained merrily, "That it was in their marriage articles that no alcoholic beverage should ever enter their dwelling, to be partaken of by themselves, or to be offered to their guests; that having seen the evils of the drinking system of modern society, they had steadfastly determined to discourage it as far as their personal influence could extend."

If it had not been for the restraints of politeness, some present would have been angry; as it was, some of the company looked cross, others highly amused, some laughed, while others gently applauded in a low murmur of approbation. A good-natured gentleman, whose duty it was to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, said he would do so as heartily as possible, though he confessed he felt himself labouring under an unwonted difficulty in having to drink it with tea or coffee instead of wine. But afterwards all the guests declared that they had never enjoyed a more elegantly-served and liberal banquet, or been received by a more friendly host, or graceful hostess.

Years passed away. The last finishing touches were being put to the elegant upholstery of a substantial red brick mansion, situated in park-like grounds. Two experienced workmen were busy in the ample drawing-room. "Only think," said one, "that this fine house and estate are the fruits of temperance!" "Never!" said the other, incredulously. "A fact," was the reply. "The gentleman was only a very poor boy, starved and beaten by his drunken father, who nearly ruined them all. He signed the pledge as a mere child, and persuaded his father to sign it also. The man became a farmer of some sort, well to do after a plain manner; his brothers are thriving fellows, his sisters comfortably married, and he himself making a fortune through talent, industry, perseverance, and temperance in all things, is now, as you see, master of this establishment, and on the eve of being married to the daughter and sole heiress of one of his rich partners. You and I are among the busy workers, preparing this place to be the fitting abode of a young lady of fortune. It seems a young fellow sought her hand, a younger son of the poorer nobility, and her father was anxious for her to have him on account of the titled connection, but she flatly refused, saying she would much rather wed the noble-minded and worthy William Maclean, than a youth of gay and expensive drinking habits, who would perhaps marry her for her money, and run through it in idle extravagance."

The wedding breakfast was a merry and a happy one, though no wine sparkled and "moved itself aright" in elegant cut-glass, silver tankards, or chased flagons, but joy sat radiant on every countenance, and our old friend William, in meridian prime of

life, looked the noblest of Scotch bridegrooms, with his fine open brow, fair complexion, blue eyes, and manly, stalwart figure; while the bride, some twenty years younger, smiled sweetly and trustfully, the happiest, as well as one of the prettiest, of English brides.

A special train conveyed the numerous employés of the great firm of Atkinson, Foster, and Maclean, to be feasted right royally in the park in Surrey, some miles from the busy city. No stimulants were provided, yet mirth and merriment were not wanting. Among many of the speeches made on the occasion, was one by an employé, who said, speaking on behalf of a band of his comrades, "that, highly appreciative of the noble influence exercised by Mr. Maclean, both by precept and example, they desired to tread in his steps. Many of them had joined the Temperance Society he had recommended, as well as the Reading and Social Club, and other institutions founded by him for the members of the firm, and though they might never expect to be as prosperous as their respected employer, they hoped to be able at least to feel their earnings had never been squandered in drink, and their families ruined, but that a penny saved being a penny gained, in time to come they might reap the benefit of saving and temperate habits."

But while he spoke, he thought he heard their kind friend saying, "Dear friends, if you would endure temptation without falling, work without failing, and reap without fainting, your only strength is in seeking the aid of God's Holy Spirit, that 'whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do,' ye may 'do all to the glory of God!'"

(Concluded.)

THE JEWISH AND THE CHRISTIAN MESSIAH.

PART I.

THE rise of Christianity was due mainly to the appeal which it was able to make to the Messianic hope of the Jewish nation. On the other hand, the conception of the Messiah's person and kingdom current among the Jews, differed largely from the conception which the new faith claimed to have realized. Hence, before the appeal to prophecy could be attempted with success, it was necessary that the prevalent conception should undergo a transforming process, and hearers must be convinced that it was the new and not the old form which most faithfully corresponded to the Divine intention foreshadowed in the ancient literature. We have here a very interesting subject for investigation in the comparison of the Jewish with the Christian conception of the

Messiah, and the character of the transformation which converted the one into the other. It has been incidentally handled by many recent writers. The purpose in view, or perhaps we should rather say the result anticipated, is to show that, considering the magnitude of the transformation required before the claims of Christianity could be built upon the Messianic Hope, its rise cannot be explained on naturalistic principles. Our Lord must have been a supernatural person, or He could never have succeeded in founding in the midst of Judaism, and on the very basis of its institutions, a religion so opposed in character to the prevalent prepossessions. It is suggested that this is an effective method of commencing the presentation of the historical evidence for Christianity. The great obstacle to the recognition of this evidence is undoubtedly, not that it is in itself insufficient as estimated by ordinary historical tests, but that it involves the supernatural. If then it can be shown, even when all has been conceded in the way of rejecting documentary evidence which the most advanced rationalism demands, it is still impossible to offer an adequate explanation of the remainder without recognizing the intervention of the supernatural, we may hope to gain less biassed attention to the further evidence on which we rely to establish the full Christian position.

The first step is to estimate the sources of information. Evidence for the Messianic ideas of the early Christians is easily obtainable. Whatever view we may take of the authorship of the Gospels, it is becoming more and more apparent that, even as they stand, they represent the creed of at least the commencement of the second century, whilst through their common tradition they preserve to us that of a considerably earlier period. Four Epistles of St. Paul and the Apocalypse are confessedly of apostolic authorship. Nor are these the only documents to which appeal can be legitimately made. It must also be borne in mind that these authorities bear witness to the beliefs not of one, but of all the sections into which primitive Christian community is said to have been divided. In seeking for satisfactory evidence of the Jewish ideal we are met by greater difficulty. The age of the Targums is controverted. The Rabbinical literature is very copious, but hardly goes back further than the end of the second century even in its earlier portions. No doubt it represents earlier traditions, but much caution is requisite before we can feel sure of having disengaged the more ancient elements from the alterations and the overgrowth which an intervening age, so pregnant with new views, cannot fail to have originated. The Jewish Apocalyptic literature is also abundant, but is not free from Christian influences and interpolations, whilst the Old Testament evidence is only admissible as supplying the groundwork on which the inferences of the later age were erected. The

Gospels tell us much about Jewish as well as Christian doctrine, but here we must be on our guard against assuming what rationalistic criticism would disallow.

(To be continued.)

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

CHAP. IV.—KING MOTHIBI CHECKMATED.

SORROWFUL as the thought might be to Kuani, it was nevertheless true, that the Princess Lena had disappeared from the Kraal. Search for her was made everywhere, but without result; and long after the Kraal had sunk to silence, bands of the king's warriors were out upon the plain of battle, still searching for her body among the thick-lying dead.

When the first rumours of her absence had reached Kuani's ears, he had been searching for another body among the slain—the body of King Mothibi, but he immediately quitted the scene, and hastened to the palace of King Arongo. There the rumours were confirmed, and the wreckage and confusion which met his gaze at every turn, showed how terrible had been the struggle ere the capture had been effected. On searching among the heaps of slain which crowded the council chamber, he came upon a weapon which was familiar to him from descriptions of his father, and which at once accounted for his non-success in finding the dead body of King Mothibi. It was the spear which had once belonged to King Manasis, but since had fallen into the possession of his son; and as Kuani stooped to pick it up, the probable history of the princess's abduction rushed powerfully across his mind. He needed no further revelation, but grasping the spear more tightly in his hand, strode through the sable crowd of on-lookers, which gave way instinctively to let him pass, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness of the plain beyond. A fierce spirit of revenge, such as he had never felt towards a fellow man before, had now possessed him; and no wish, save for the safety of his beloved Lena, burned more strongly in his heart than his wish for Mothibi's destruction. His present purpose was to accomplish, if possible, two important ends—the one, the princess's deliverance, the other, King Mothibi's death; and Kuani knew that to fail in one, was to fail in both. The intensity of his love for Lena, which might have seriously interfered with the caution necessary to so difficult a task, was balanced, for the time, by the intensity of his hatred

for her abductor, and *vice versa*, otherwise he might have been too much wrought upon and agitated to play his part with coolness and prudence.

Following the numerous spoor or footmarks of the retreating foe—which the rising moon rendered sufficiently discernible to his quick and experienced eyes—Kuani caught up with their rear line by the time he reached the verge of the Hambana forest. Here he continued following them for some distance, in order to ascertain the course they were pursuing, and when he found that they were following the windings of the River Thola, which flowed through a considerable portion of the forest, he broke away from their leading, and pursued a course of his own. His path now became increasingly dangerous, his enemies being no longer men, but wild beasts, many of whom were wandering abroad just then in search of prey. Occasionally they might be seen by the pale moonlight, looking down upon him with their hungry eyes; but when he gave them look for look, they always slunk away. Cobras and green serpents, too, so plentiful in those parts, would sometimes shoot up their streaked heads unpleasantly near his feet, or dart them down inquisitively from some tree top, whither they had climbed in quest of eggs or young birds. Kuani, however, was not to be driven back by these alarms; and though he had to stop sometimes to pick a thorn from his foot, or to clear a way through the thick-growing cacti with his hunting-knife or spear, his heart neither hesitated nor stood still.

In time he got out by the river again, and now the cause of his manœuvrings could be better understood; for the absence of the enemy's spoor showed that he had out-distanced them, and could, if he wished, watch them in concealment as they passed. This, indeed, was his thought; for having thoroughly satisfied himself that they had not been by, he climbed into a tangèna tree with spreading branches, which overhung some narrow pass down which they were almost sure to come, and awaited their approach.

It was weary waiting, and the position which Kuani had chosen was by no means warm or comfortable, for the broad leaves were moist and cold with the night dew, and the branch on which he sat was rough in the extreme. By-and-bye, however, his patience was rewarded, and his quick, trained ear caught sound of the hum of distant voices. Gradually it grew louder, and the confused hum merged into the more articulate, but less musical, click of their voices. Thereupon Kuani changed his sitting posture, and gathered his legs and body into position for a spring; one hand he kept disengaged, the other grasped his spear—the spear of Mothibi.

On they came! The clicking of their voices grew louder—the

tread of their feet might even be distinguished—and presently the foremost warrior hove in sight. It was not King Mothibi, nor was Princess Lena at the warrior's side; so Kuani let him pass beneath his ambush unmolested. Others followed close upon his heels and Kuani marked them one by one as they passed beneath the tree, but as yet there was no Princess Lena and no King Mothibi. Was he then to be disappointed after all? Was he to go back to the Kraal empty-handed, with nothing to soothe his wounded heart, and nothing to satisfy the savage expectancy of his rapacious sovereign? No. While the bitter thought was yet rising in his mind, the wished-for couple approached, and soon enough were underneath the ambush tree. The moment had come, and with the cry, "Behold the spear of Mothibi in the hand of Kuani!" he sprang to earth! In another moment the spear had entered the king's heart, and before the terror-stricken nobles could tear their gaze from the tangèna-tree, Kuani, the princess, and the body of their royal chief had disappeared in the darkness.

"That was well done, dear Lena," said Kuani, throwing down his dreary burden at last, and coming to a halt, "was it not?"

"All but *that*, brave Kuani," said the princess, pointing to the corpse.

"He is the king's enemy, dear Lena," returned Kuani. "Did I not do right to take his shield?"

"Perhaps so—but it was so sudden," said the princess, shivering.

"All death is sudden, dear Lena," was the response, "there are no steps between life and death—no room for rain-seasons or times of drought."

"That is true, dear Kuani," returned the princess, "the step is *after* death if at all—the rain seasons and times of drought are *after* death if they come at all—and who can settle this matter when even the wise Vinaka is dumb? But you are kneeling on the ground, Kuani—why do you kneel?"

"It is done now, dear Lena," said Kuani evasively; "see—I am on my feet again—let us push forward to the Kraal."

"And you are leaving your burden, Kuani?" said the princess, as they continued their journey.

"I keep the head," replied the young warrior proudly, "the beasts of the forest may share the rest."

Knowing the present state of the princess's mind, this was rather a dangerous avowal to make; but her questions had begun to press him somewhat closely, and he felt that a bold confession was better than a halting acknowledgment, especially when tortured out of him in this way.

"Do you make another necklet?" enquired the princess.

"I do, dear Lena," was Kuani's reply, "the king desires it."

"Then it is not for me?" said the princess quickly.

"If the princess Lena desires it—yes," was the gallant response.

"The Princess Lena has Kuani's love, and desires no more," she returned. And this put an agreeable conclusion to the whole matter.

By-and-bye they drew nearer the Kraal, and the enthusiasm which greeted their appearance exceeds description. Day was beginning to break, and the sun as it peeped from between the distant olive trees, cast the long shadows of the travellers right across the field of battle. There the balalas were at work in great numbers, collecting the garments, weapons and ornaments of the slain warriors, and separating their bodies according to their tribes and ranks. Those belonging to the enemy were to be carried out to a safe distance from the camp, and left to the vultures and wild beasts; while those belonging to their own tribes were to be honoured with burial. The chiefs who had survived the battle were seated in the courtyard of the palace, recording their achievements and discussing the probable issues of Kuani's dangerous mission. Many of the more aged described the attempt as impossible, because it was beyond the limits of their own experience; but Vinako, whose personal safety hung much upon his son's success, buoyed up his own spirits by taking an opposite view, and declared that Kuani was hard-headed and would certainly come back with glory. Perhaps none were more surprised than the rain-maker, when the young warrior appeared in sight—certainly none had more cause for thankfulness and joy; but he controlled his feelings, and rising to his feet with an air of negligent complacency, exclaimed: "Did I not tell you, oh, Bechuanas—but you stopped your ears—where is Kuani and the Princess Lena now?"

(To be continued.)

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. VII.—THE FATHER.

It is the evening of the day in which Mr. Forrest fell in with little Ben. The gentleman, deep in thought, is seated in his usual place by the table in the library. A shaded lamp throws a soft light around, but does not brighten the dusky corners of the apartment. The fire burns dull, after its customary fashion, for Mr. Forrest never seems to feel the need of a cheerful blaze. The room itself is comfortable enough, it is one of the few that

have not been allowed to fall into disuse with the rest of the house. In the neighbourhood of the lamp lie several account-books, pocket-books, and business papers, but Mr. Forrest does not (as was his wont) open them and con over their closely-written pages. There is constantly before him a small, pale face, with large, wistful eyes; and in his ears are ringing the tones of the crossing-sweeper's plaintive little voice, "Penny, please, sir!"

Mr. Forrest's countenance wears a softened, almost melancholy expression, as he leans back in his chair and allows thought to have its way.

Strange that he is thus quickly carried back to the old times. He can almost hear the patter of children's feet in the nursery above, or the soft, sweet voice of their mother in the drawing-room. The door seems to open and Ernest——. A sudden change passes over Mr. Forrest's face and a cry escapes his lips; he sees it all in a moment. He understands now why he was so strangely drawn to the little, hungry child he had seen that morning. None but Ernest's brother could look at him out of Ernest's eyes and speak to him with Ernest's voice. Till that instant, he had forgotten that his lost boy was no longer a baby—that, in fact, he must be nearly as old as was little Ernest when he died.

Just before taking in his master's supper that evening, the old servant was startled by hearing a violent bang from the street door. For Mr. Forrest to go out at that hour was such an unusual occurrence, that the man looked at his wife in astonishment, and forthwith went to see if his sense of hearing had told him aright.

Very quickly did Mr. Forrest retrace his steps towards little Ben's crossing. He had not the slightest doubt of there finding his boy, and he was going to bring him home. The children had left some time before, but Mr. Forrest did not stay to consider that it was the most natural thing for them to do, as night came on.

It would be scarcely possible to describe his state of mind, as he walked slowly homewards, *without his boy*.

On his return, Mr. Forrest, refusing the old servant's offer of supper, went straight to the library and shut himself in. The books and papers were lying just as he had left them. As his eye fell upon them, he was painfully reminded of the hours he had wasted poring over their contents. Stern, questioning thoughts crowded into his mind, demanding truthful answers. Why had he given his affections to that which satisfieth not? Had he not allowed the love of gold to enter his heart, remaining there till at last it well nigh filled it? And after the first grief of losing his boy was past, what trouble had he taken to find him?

Till that evening, he had scarcely given a thought to him. Oh, if after all God was about to be merciful to him—if his son should indeed be restored to him! But he would not hope it; he had seen him only to lose him again. But in bitter remorse and anguish of spirit, the strong man bowed his head and groaned aloud.

CHAP. VIII.—THE DOCTOR TO THE RESCUE.

It was no wonder that Mr. Forrest awoke on the following morning feeling acute pains in all his frame. It had been pouring with rain when he had reached home the evening before, and sitting in wet clothes for several hours in the library had not improved matters.

The doctor, a kind old man who had known Mr. Forrest in happier days, shook his head gravely, after acquainting himself with his patient's symptoms.

"You think I shall be ill a long time, doctor?"

"That depends upon how you behave," returned Dr. Burton, cheerfully. "Rheumatic fever generally gives us a little trouble."

"Then I must get up at once," exclaimed Mr. Forrest, raising himself.

But the pain caused by moving made him wince, and he fell back with a groan.

The doctor saw that something was troubling his friend, and gradually drew from him the history of the day before. In his own mind Dr. Burton felt some doubts as to whether Edgar Forrest and the little crossing-sweeper were one and the same; but he would not distress the unhappy father by even hinting at such a thing. Instead, he tried to convince him of the impossibility of leaving his bed, and kindly offered to go himself to the place where Mr. Forrest had seen the boys on the preceding day. One or two patients he must visit as soon as possible; others might wait.

Early in the afternoon, Dr. Burton returned on foot, followed by two dirty little boys. Before going upstairs, he told the astonished servant he wished to go into the library. He knew he would find there an excellent portrait of Ernest, painted shortly before his death, and he wished to notice the effect seeing it would have upon the two lads.

There was no mistaking the likeness. There was Ernest in his velvet suit and pretty boots, and, gazing straight up with eyes full of wonder into the soft, fair face was little Ben. Looking from one to the others, Robin exclaimed, "Why, 'tis Ben hisself!"

And the good doctor was pleased and convinced at the same time.

The three went upstairs, the boys too much bewildered to think of asking what was to happen next, for Dr. Burton had thought it best to give no explanation; he would like to see whether the boy would have any recollection of his father in the old home.

The doctor, motioning to the boys to remain outside, entered the sick-room. The nurse whom he had desired to attend was already in possession, and there were not wanting tokens that her deft hands had been at work.

Dr. Burton glanced approvingly around, then went straight to the bedside.

"Now, dear friend," he said, taking the invalid's hand, "I believe I have found the right lads; but remember you are not to be disappointed if your boy does not in the least recognize you."

The only answer was an eager glance towards the door. At a sign from the doctor, the nurse hastened to bring in the boys.

"This is the gentleman I told you wished to see you," said Dr. Burton, attempting to lead little Ben to Mr. Forrest.

But the child, after looking hard at Mr. Forrest, exclaimed, "Why, if it ain't him, Robin!"

"Sure, so 'tis," returned the other.

"Eddy, Eddy," called an eager voice from the bed.

The boy rushed forward, and seizing Mr. Forrest's outstretched hand, "Oh, that's my name, my very own name!" he exclaimed.

"And you are my very own boy, my Eddy," said Mr. Forrest, in trembling tones, as he held the dirty little fingers in a tight grasp.

"Be you little Ben's father? now if that ain't good!" cried Robin.

But the excitement was beginning to tell upon the child; frightened, he scarcely knew why, he threw himself upon the floor and sobbed piteously. Perhaps in the old room, familiar to him though he knew it not, with kind, gentle faces around him, there crowded into his young mind memories of the days long gone by. And, as then, in his baby-troubles, so now he was taken up into a pair of warm, sheltering arms, a motherly face bent over him, and a soft voice spoke soothing words of comfort.

It was good to see the faithful Robin at that moment. Tears rushed into his honest eyes, but boy-like, he was ashamed to let them fall. He went up to his little friend, stroked the rough, curly head, and gave it two or three fatherly pats.

"Cheer up, Benny," he said, in a husky voice. "Here, ain't a fine time coming now? No more crossings to sweep, eh, Ben? You'll have to leave it all to Robin."

At that the little fellow put up his tear-stained face with a bright, loving smile, which was meant only for Robin. It said as plainly as any words, "I'll never leave *you*, Robin."

(*To be continued.*)

WORK WHILST IT IS CALLED "TO-DAY."

LIFE is full of earnest duty;
Do not let it slip away
Just as if the golden moments
Would return another day.

Do not let dull aimless "ennui"
Bind thee with its silken cords,
Recollect the homes thus wasted
Are not thine, they are thy Lord's.

He requires from thee some service
That shall with thy faith accord,
Something more like earnest labour
Than the idle cry, "Lord, Lord."

All the road abounds with duties,
And the idler by the way
Finds himself a worthless servant
At the close of life's short day.

Waste not, then, the precious talents
Which are lent thee from on high,
That thou may'st by constant binding
Make them grow and multiply.

Work away in loving earnest,
For the Master, every day;
Grow not weary but remember,
After work, comes rest and pay.

Oh, the sweetness of that resting,
Oh, the bliss of that reward,
Just to hear the precious "Well done"
From the lips of Christ our Lord.

LOUISE BEBB.

SPEAKING CROSS.—You gain nothing by a harsh word. What if that boy broke the pitcher, or put his elbow through the glass; do you mend either by applying harsh epithets to him? Does it make him more careful in future? Does he love you any better? Say to the careless boy, "You must be more careful for the future," and what will be his reply? "I am sorry; it was an accident; and I will be more careful." He will never break another pitcher or glass if he can help it, and he will respect and love you a thousand times more than when you flew in a rage and swore vengeance on his head. Remember this, ye who get angry and rave at a trifle.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE !

" If there be one thing pure,
 Where all beside is sullied,
 That can endure
 When all else pass away ;
 If there be aught
 Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,
 It is a mother's love.
 There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
 A mother's heart."

Mrs. HEMANS.

I'M TOO BUSY.

A MERCHANT sat at his office desk ; various letters were spread before him ; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacy of his business.

A zealous friend of the Gospel entered the office. " I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the religious good of your neighbourhood," said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying, " Sir, you must excuse me ; but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

" But, sir, the bodies and souls of the people at your door are being led by the devil to ruin."

" Are they ? Well, I'm sorry ; but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

" When shall I call again, sir ? "

" I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir, I wish you a good morning," then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of religion and humanity in this manner ; no matter what was the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told him that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped softly to his side, laying a cold moist hand upon his brow, saying, " Go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen ; his head grew dizzy ; his stomach felt faint and sick ; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering ever and anon, " You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart ; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses and lands, flitted before his excited mind,

till his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, mercy, religion, had alike begged his influence, means and attention in vain; but when death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

As Kuani strode into the honoured circle, accompanied by the princess, a cheer that was perfectly deafening arose from the assembled chiefs; and when the struggling beams of morning fell upon the clotted hair and grim features of the slaughtered king, the enthusiasm was such that the warriors embraced each other, and rolled about upon the ground. At last the king came forward, and, pointing to the lion skin from which he had lately risen, requested Kuani to take his seat upon it, and commanded the princess to see that food was prepared and set before him with all expedition—a series of commands, by the way, which implied no breach of etiquette, but was considered a pleasant and honourable duty by the princess.

While the meal was in preparation the king strode into the middle of the circle, and commanding silence in the usual manner, said:

"I have something to tell you of, that you cannot deny, that you will not contradict. It is a tale of wonder, but it is true; it is a tale of love, but it is terrible; it is a tale of Kuani, the chief of brave men, the son of wisdom."

These introductory remarks were received with a low whistling sound of applause, and King Arongo continued:

"Last night we sat in council together, and every man talked about his own deeds. We danced and sang songs, forgetting that the enemy were approaching. Presently a cry came—'They are coming! they are near! their spears are darkening

the white moon!' and we looked up, and could see them not many arrow-flights away! Chiefs of the Bechuanas! Sons of victory! who gave us this alarm? Was it not Kuani, the youthful warrior, the mighty hunter? Yes. It was a dark night, but we could see them creeping along the plain like locusts, and they did not know that we could see—foolish ones! They thought we were asleep, but it was not so: we were all ready; and when they came within reach of our arrows, we rushed upon them, and smote terror into their hearts. Ye chiefs and warriors, who led the attack? Was it not Kuani, the first among fighting men, the right hand of King Arongo? Yes."

Here there was another storm of applause, and when the hush came, the king went on:

"The battle was not long but it was glorious, for there were many slain. The enemy fled before us like hunted koo-doo, and we returned with songs of victory to our homes and cattle. Then a cry went forth, 'Where is the Princess Lena, the king's daughter?' and none could answer. We searched, and she could not be found, we called aloud, and she did not answer. Then the confusion of a whirlwind filled the heart of King Arongo, and he sat down upon his shield in great grief, hanging his head between his knees, until Kuani the wise counsellor came in. He came in fresh from the heat of battle, exulting in the shields which he had won, and forthwith began searching among the slain in the great room. He searched, and found the spear of Mothibi. Then he passed in silence from the king's presence, and went forth to find Mothibi, the king's enemy, and the Princess Lena, the king's daughter. That is my tale, it has ended, and I sit down. The warrior of warriors has come back with new plumes of glory on his brow, and he must speak. How the mighty deed was accomplished let him tell, and after that he shall ask for his reward."

Cheer upon cheer rent the air as the king sat down, and after they had subsided, an extempore war song, detailing Kuani's mighty acts, and sounding very much like a summary of the king's speech, was sung by the royal bard, and danced to by the assembled chiefs; after which Kuani told his own tale and delivered his own speech, not forgetting to name his reward in the closing peroration.

"For if," he concluded, "the king's glory has been established by the death of King Mothibi—then Kuani may ask for a reward. And if the king's heart has been made glad by the return of his daughter—then Kuani may ask for a reward. And if the king himself has bid Kuani ask, the claims of duty are feathers to the swift arrows of his words, and he asks as that reward, the hand of King Arongo's daughter."

"Be it so, my son," returned the king, without a second's pause or hesitation; and the word which he had spoken, acknowledging as it did the new relationship between Kuani and himself, was all the ratification of the marriage that was needed. Even the princess was not consulted; although, of course, Kuani knew that she was willing; and when she came out from the palace a little later, she found to her surprise and joy that she was Kuani's wife.

CHAP. V.—THE MOON'S BROTHER.

DAYS of feasting and pleasure followed the king's victory, and sounds of noisy revelry were heard by night and day in the kraal. Unmarried warriors who had specially distinguished themselves in the battle were rewarded with wives, and were permitted to make their choice from a bevy of maidens selected for the occasion; while the Entoto, or married men, deserving of distinction, were allowed to decorate their heads with an extra plume of feathers. Slaughter-oxen were killed in large numbers, and divided among the warriors, who threw their allotted portions into their fires and squatted round them in circles of nine or ten, while the meat was cooking. As soon as it was partially roasted it was dragged out and left to cool; and then was passed from hand to hand round the circle, each warrior tearing off as much as he could manage with his teeth. It was then thrown into the fire a second time, to be subjected to a similar process of diminution so soon as it was sufficiently cooked; the intervals being filled up with war-dances and songs.

But the grand feature of the festival was the royal bowl, a veritable glory portion, of which only the bosom friends and most favoured chiefs of King Arongo were permitted to partake. It consisted of several quarts of smoking ox-blood, mixed with sausages of suet; and was contained in a closely-woven basket of willow wands, lined with pandanus leaves to prevent leaking. This questionable delicacy was carried in with much pomp and ceremonial by four balalas, and placed upon a heap of the enemy's shields; the whole making a kind of altar, over which Vinaka brandished his spear and around which he executed some extraordinary pedaneous antics in lieu of grace. Wooden spoons, with bowls about three inches in diameter, and adorned with rude carving, were then distributed among the favoured few; and after the king had given the word, these imposing gastronomical instruments were brought into active service, and allowed little rest until the contents of the basket were disposed of. Kuani was, of course, a participator in this high honour, and though but a young warrior and rather thin, soon showed that he could measure his spoon with the stoutest of the party.

As days wore by the warriors grew tired of feasting, and the kraal gradually settled down into its former state of tranquillity and peace. Dance and war-song were suspended; the royal bowl was cleansed and put away; and the shields upon which it had been raised were taken to adorn the walls of King Arongo's council-chamber. Kuani took the princess to his own house, where he nourished and cherished her in a way that few of the chiefs had ever nourished and cherished their own wives, and where they lived in real happiness and true enjoyment of one another's love.

Often towards the close of the day they would stroll out together to some quiet spot, and watch the tints of evening melting from the sky; and then their conversation would lead them back to former days; happy childhood days, when they played together among the cacti and acacias, or plucked the ripe fruits at their pleasure from the heavily-laden trees; or when Kuani would amuse and surprise her by performing marvellous feats with his bow and arrow, now bringing down some lovely paradise bird as it darted past them, and now trying his hand upon larger game in the form of an elk or koo-doo. Then there was the adventure, or rather *mis*-adventure, with the poison honey, when the princess nearly lost her life and Vinaka his head; and with this the remembrance of how the mischief was averted by the opportune arrival of Kuani with emetics. Then there was that period in their history when the affection of Kuani for his little Lena, which hitherto had been in the relation of man to child, developed into a deep and growing love which placed them upon an equal footing; or, if distinctions still existed, gave her the pre-eminence. And later on again, when the love of both had ripened by interchange of thought, the means which she employed to prove his love—the request for a necklet of baboon's claws, so bravely answered; and her unspoken but plainly-hinted challenge to cross the alligator haunted river. Weaved in with these later incidents were the conversations which they had had together on more solemn subjects, when the princess had suggested the possibility, and afterwards pressed it with unusual earnestness, that the bodies of Kuani's war victims would rise again. This was terrible to him, and his brave heart quailed again and again as he thought it over. The idea of re-encountering in the life the very men which his strong arm had stretched in death by hundreds on the field of battle, was horrifying in the extreme, and often made him start with apprehension. And if that were so, not men only, but helpless women would have to rise against him; for they were always slaughtered when captured lest they should give birth to warriors of the future. The pleading cry of many a wife and mother had fallen on his ears, but never yet had he spared a

single life; such a thing was contrary to the policy of his king, and therefore quite out of question to a loyal and place-hunting subject like Kuani. The princess's mind, however, was cast in a far more sensitive and delicate mould, and though the annals of her people were stained with tales of cruelty and bloodshed, and she had been familiarised from childhood with sights that would make the blood curdle, she still shrunk from the thought of taking human life, and hated war as strongly as Kuani loved it. Now that they were united, she would sometimes plead with him to give up his ambition for shield-winning, and would try to talk him round to her way of thinking, but with very indifferent success. She could never get farther than alarming him and rousing dreary apprehensions in his mind about the future; and this she was pretty sure to do if she broached the subject of a resurrection. Then he would beg her to cease speaking, and would exclaim hurriedly: "No, no, the dead cannot rise from their graves—there can be no life after death. You must not tell me that again."

(To be continued.)

ROADS AND RAILS.

CHAPTER II.

IN our first chapter we gave some recollections of the risks of the road; as for the discomforts, they are easily imaginable. The cramped confinement inside was as nothing, it is true, to that of the intolerable continental diligences, which would roll leisurely through eighty or ninety hours on end, from Paris to Milan, or from Vienna to Warsaw. Still it was bad enough in all conscience, though you might confidently count the shorter hours of your wretchedness. Speculating on the chances of the wet and the cold in winter, the weary traveller might resign himself to look for the interior, with companions who were pretty sure to be ill-mated or irascible. All men are not so fortunate as the Antiquary when he met Lovel in the Hawes' Fly for the Queensferry. More probably there would be the asthmatic old gentleman with the cough, who objected to the sashes being lowered under any circumstances; the old lady with the big basket and the endless small packages; or the fruitful mother of a boisterous brood, with the child on her knees, whose squalls made night hideous. You were buried above the ankles in musty straw, and the coach pockets were padded out with bottles and packets of provisions. Even as we write, fond memory forcibly recalls the mingled odours of spirits, sandwiches, and stable litter. Or if you manfully decided to face rough weather from the roof, you probably had cause to repent it before you

descended. When possible we used to pay extra for the box-seat, and perhaps it was worth the money, irrespective of the instructive conversation of the coachman. But, in spite of the leather-covered box-rug he shared with you *en bon camarade*, it was bitter work of a blustering January night. Ulsters had not been invented, the futile umbrella was still in ordinary use on the coach-roof, and the many-caped box-coat, which was fashionable London wear, was a monopoly of the Corinthian Toms and the luxurious. The rain beat down your neck; the sleet was driven in at every button-hole; your overcoat was speedily saturated; you lost all sense of feeling in your feet and hands; and, nevertheless, in the depth of despondent misery, you would yield to the treacherous seduction of sleep. We can well recall one winter morning, when many times we owed our life to the coachman, who repeatedly jerked his rein elbow into our ribs, as we were on the point of toppling off, to be crushed to death under the hind wheel; short of such tragic fate, under the wheels of the mail or the "Defiance," there were other hazards to be faced in a snow storm. For the coach that contracted for the mail bags would persevere till physical difficulties became absolutely insuperable; and then you might be planted in the snowdrifts on some trackless waste, and were happy if you could find a shelter in the humblest cottage. We well remember being shut up for a couple of days in the very primitive inn of a back of the world Scottish village, with a second class Prima Donna and the singers of her company, who had been engaged for a concert in the provinces, with a gouty laird, a jovial minister, and a couple of commercial travellers. A pleasant enough time we managed to pass. In exceptionally severe winters, snowblocks of the kind were every day possibilities. In the Christmas week of 1836, for example, just fifty years ago, the London mail for the North was stopped for the night within a few miles of the metropolis; all intercourse with the Kent and Sussex sea-coast was interrupted for a couple of days; and it was announced that no less than fourteen mail coaches had been buried and abandoned on the different roads.

(To be continued.)

DISTRESS IN LONDON.

- THE real cause of the present distress is the want of customers at home to purchase. So that every handicraft is stopped for the want of orders from wholesale houses. The wealthy have become comparatively poor by the fall in the value of the land tenure and the rate of interest. They cannot buy. The burden of taxation, now falling upon the respectable middle-class in

increased ratio, has thrown a vast number of servants and petty tradesmen upon the labour market, or into irremediable poverty. These keep out of the union as long as possible, and so become a tax upon the charitable, and further increase the difficulties of the over-stocked labour market. How many families exist is a mystery. A wife and six or nine children have to be maintained, and the rent paid, while the husband is not earning his own living for months. Sometimes the wife is confined under these trying circumstances; rent cannot be paid, and as much as £3 or £4 has to be made up when work is obtained.

We found seven or eight cases, in our visitation of eighty families, where the lying-in of poor women happened under these distressing circumstances. The anxiety was enough to have killed any but the strongest, yet in every instance they passed safely through the trial, by the mercy of God. The blessing of faith in a Risen Saviour, and a promised support and comfort from Him in nature's trouble, is then no fancied dream but a strong and unfailing support.

We found coachbuilders who, yielding to the pressure, went into the stoneyard. Carriages that had cost £20 in making were sold for £16, and then no demand. Brush and box-making of various kinds are at a discount, and not more than half-time could be made. Still school fees are the same. Even the doll-maker, who has taken a little orphan to provide for, cannot find a purchaser; and her son, an honest, intelligent lad, can get nothing to do, having no money to buy materials for his work if he had any. She manages with crusts and dripping, and an occasional lift from the soup-kitchen, to keep house. An ivory-worker is nearly starved, and so are small tradespeople. The distances which men have to travel for their work is an additional evil when there is a scarcity. Only think of having to walk from Walthamstow to Camberwell and back in order to take 2s. or 2s. 6d. for a job. Or to Kensington, and find that the work is not yet begun, and this day after day, with a bare crust for dinner, and sometimes none at all.

This, surely, is very hard. There ought to be work provided near home, other than stone-breaking, for those who are willing to do it, at such exceptionally hard times. But we must remind working-men that they have sometimes made strange use of the money which God has given them strength to earn. God sends them a famine of work, and of bread, that they may learn to use aright that which God gives.

May it be true of our honest and painstaking working-men that they learn the lesson: "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me, will I seek Thee early; for when *Thy judgments* are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn *righteousness*." EDWARD AGATE.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. IX.—NIGH UNTO DEATH.

THE touch of Eddy's little fingers sent a thrill of gladness through the father's heart: it was far pleasanter than the touch of gold had ever been. From that day he became an altered man. I do not mean that he was suddenly weaned from the love of money, or that he did not often again feel the old, eager longing for greater riches than he even then possessed; but, in all the years that followed, he never forgot the anguish of that last night before his illness. Christian teaching of former days came back to him with a new force. The sword of the Spirit had entered his very soul, showing him what he really was in God's sight. He saw no help but in Jesus, and to Him he turned. We shall see that his after-life proved his repentance to be as sincere as it was deep.

It takes years to cure one's self of a habit that has been years in forming. Ah, and when the end shall come, will it not find some of us still a long way off from victory? But when a man has seen his fault, and has, with God's help, thrown off the shackles of the Evil One, he will fight hard indeed to prevent them again tightening around him.

Mr. Forrest was ill, very ill, and he knew it. There was a time when Dr. Burton despaired of saving his patient. Then followed the weary days of slow recovery. Often Mr. Forrest was in too great pain even to think; but there were many quiet hours in which he was able to review his past life.

Dr. Burton could but perceive the change that had taken place in his old friend. Perhaps no two people could have been found so fitted to minister to the sick man as the kind doctor and Nurse Manning.

The two lads were happy enough, when once they knew that Mr. Forrest would get better. I need scarcely tell you that Robin had easily been persuaded to remain with Eddy. It would be impossible to describe the boy's astonishment when, on the evening of their first day in the big house, Mrs. Manning called the children to her in the library, and explained it all to them. How the grey eyes sparkled! Never to leave Benny? (Robin could not suddenly forget the old name.) By and by, a crowd of other thoughts were tumbling about in the little mind, but that—*that* was enough to feast upon for at least five minutes.

Eddy was not able to tell his father much of his past life; but he said several times, while a passionate look came into his little

face, that he did not like Mrs. Hinton at all, and was glad to get right away from her. Mr. Forrest did not think of questioning Robin, but Mrs. Manning did. The boy had heard something of the letter and clothes left with Eddy at the workhouse-door: he also gave the kind woman a full account of all their adventures since running away from T——

When the doctor knew all that Mrs. Manning had to tell him of the boys' history, he thought it would be well to write to the matron of T—— Workhouse, requiring particulars of the two boys who had run away the year before.

"Not that I have now any doubt," added the doctor, "that this little fellow is really Edgar Forrest; neither does his father doubt it; but others might do so."

"Best to have written proof, sir," said the nurse.

"Yes, it may prevent trouble in the future. The poor father is too ill to be consulted about the matter."

Dr. Burton did not write himself, but asked a friend who was a lawyer, to do so for him. By return of post came a long letter from the matron, in which was enclosed that of Mrs. Hinton. A description was also given of the clothes left with Eddy, with an inquiry as to whether they should be sent.

A day later and Robin was very much alarmed at being requested to get ready to travel to T—— with Eddy and a gentleman who would take care of both.

"They'll punish me for going off; they'll never let me come back again!" exclaimed the lad.

Upon being told that he and Eddy were only going there to be looked at, he was somewhat comforted.

The "gentleman" was no other than a young assistant of the friendly lawyer whom he had sent to accompany the boys to T——, to see if they would be recognised as the two naughty boys who had travelled up to London without asking leave, and to bring back a written acknowledgment of the same. All this the young man explained to the children as they sped along in the train. He seemed to think the whole thing capital fun, and soon infected the little fellows with his bright spirits, sending their former fears flying from the carriage window.

The young clerk secured all the testimony he wished for; found that Robin was just what he called himself, Robin Bright; brought the boys safely home again and took his departure. Robin pronounced him a "good un" and Eddy made room in his heart for another friend.

CHAP. X.—AN ADVENTURE.

THE fever had taken such a firm hold of Mr. Forrest that, when at last it left him, he was as weak and helpless as a little child. Spring was already far advanced before he was able to leave his

room. Then, towards noon, when the day was bright and sunny and the wind did not happen to be in the east, a little procession would issue from the big, dreary house, consisting of Mr. Forrest, in an invalid chair; a small boy on either side, amusing him by his droll remarks; and Nurse Manning to take care of invalid, boys and all.

By and by the chair was exchanged for a comfortable carriage, and the drives became daily longer. When May arrived, warm and summer-like, Dr. Burton pronounced his patient ready for the sea-side, and thither they went. Mrs. Manning could only stay to see them fairly settled at Farley, as she was wanted elsewhere; but the doctor had, with Mr. Forrest's consent, engaged a thoroughly trust-worthy manservant, with whom he was well acquainted, to accompany them. This individual, John by name, generally attended the boys when they went to play on the sands. Mr. Forrest spent a good many hours reclining on a comfortable chair which John would carry out for him. Poor man, he was too much crippled to walk far, even had his strength allowed him doing so. There were often times, however, when he was disinclined to leave the house; and then he was never satisfied unless John were with the lads.

Robin and Eddy almost lived out of doors, and Robin thought he was well able to take care of himself and Eddy too.

But Mr. Forrest, having so lately recovered his son, could scarcely bear him out of his sight. The little fellow understood how deeply his father loved him, and felt as if he could never do enough for him. It was pretty to watch the child's wistful eyes scanning the pale face, to see if it looked more tired than usual; or to note the little hand stealing into "father's" while a sunny smile broke all over the boy's features.

Mr. Forrest was obliged, one afternoon, to send John to town on urgent business. He could not be back till quite late in the evening.

An hour or two wore away, the boys became fidgety and Mr. Forrest noticed several longing glances from the window. The day was perfectly lovely, and he was not surprised when Robin began:

"Uncle," (for so had Mr. Forrest told Robin to address him) "may we have just a little run before tea; we wouldn't go far?"

"Won't to-morrow do, Robin?"

Another wistful glance out of window, and a little sigh of expectancy from Eddy. Mr. Forrest thought whether it were wise to sacrifice the children's pleasure to his own nervous fears.

"Would you take great care of Eddy, my boy, if I allowed you to go?"

"Wouldn't I?" said Robin, readily. "I won't let no harm happen to him."

You see Robin had not yet learned to speak good grammar.

"To-morrow will do, father," said Eddy, trying to speak bravely, though not succeeding very well.

"You may go," said Mr. Forrest, "but don't lose yourselves."

The boys needed no second bidding, and had soon dug a large well in the sands and built a fort.

"Now," said Robin, "we must find some soldiers for it."

"Soldiers?" repeated Eddy.

"Yes, perhaps we might find some lobsters, they've got red coats, you know."

Robin had never heard that it was the boiling that turned lobsters red.

"Oh, yes," cried Eddy, "and those long legs would do to fight the enemies with."

"Claws, uncle called them," corrected Robin.

(To be continued.)

THE JEWISH AND THE CHRISTIAN MESSIAH.

PART II.

THE Messiah was expected by the Jews to be in a very special sense God's gift to His chosen people. He would stand in a peculiar relationship of union with dependence upon Jehovah. In Him the idea of theocratic sovereignty would be perfectly realised. The era which He would inaugurate would be for Israel one in which the heart's desire could find absolute satisfaction. There would thus be no need to look beyond it for anything more perfect, whilst on the other hand its duration was expected to be eternal. The supremacy of the Messiah would not be confined to Israel. All nations should submit to His sway, rendering to Him either a voluntary or at all events an enforced allegiance. These characteristics constituted the essence of the Messianic ideal as it had existed among the Jews, and they were accepted as such by Christianity, which was therefore justified in its endeavour to graft itself on to the Ancient Hope. But whilst the essence was retained, the form underwent a complete transfiguration. Not only were new traits of striking impact added, but the whole was endowed with a sublimity of meaning far surpassing what had been previously discerned in the predictions on which the Hope was based. In Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah is presented to His people, not merely as One under God's peculiar protection, but as a Person strictly supernatural, One "declared to be the Son of God with power," occupying a mysterious and unique relation to man and the whole created universe. Little notice

had been taken of the scriptural passages pointing to the lowly condition and the sufferings of the Messiah, and it was confidently expected that when He revealed Himself it would be as a conqueror clad in glory and power. But Jesus of Nazareth, although claiming attributes surpassing anything anticipated, nevertheless came among them in poverty and suffering, and at length died a death of peculiar ignominy. It was understood that the advent of the New Age would bring with it purification from sins, but it did not enter into men's minds that the purification would have to be wrought through the expiatory sufferings of the Messiah. It had been anticipated that His kingdom would endure for ever, but it had not been dreamt that after a resurrection from the dead He would pass to the right hand of God, and thence exercise His never-ending government, entering into living relation with men on earth, becoming a source of grace and renewal to their souls. It was quite new to be told that the satisfaction of the heart's desire would be found, not in temporal prosperity but in a great outpouring of spiritual graces with its final consummation in the resurrection and glorification of the body; that the children of the kingdom should be the meek and lowly of heart, oppressed continually by a hostile world, and nevertheless "possessing their souls in peace," employing none but moral and spiritual weapons in the warfare, and yet continually, though slowly, enlarging their borders, and, above all, the magnificence of the final climax passed expectations. Hitherto the Messiah's triumph had been conceived after the manner of a victorious warrior. But now it was claimed that Jesus of Nazareth should reappear in majesty, Himself execute individual judgment on the living and the dead, and carry into effect the sentence of absolute destruction upon sinners.

Whilst the Messianic ideal underwent in the hands of Christianity a transformation of this magnitude, it has to be recognised that the new faith made good its position, not through the fascination exercised over men's minds by the saintly character of Jesus of Nazareth, but in the virtue of the grafting of these new features on the old Hope. The faith took root and spread because men were brought to believe that Jesus was "the Christ." And here the great question comes into prominence. Can naturalism explain how a transformation so strange and momentous came to find such widespread, implicit, and constant acceptance?

The mythical school has tried to explain the details of the Gospel history as myths engendered by inferences from Messianic expectations, and the explanation has been, wholly or partially, adopted by some of the constructive theories which have subsequently arisen. I have no space to devote to an examination how far the account given is admissible. But whether admissible

or not, it has to presuppose an already firm-rooted conviction that Jesus was the supernatural Messiah of the transformed conception. It is in its endeavour to explain this conviction that naturalism egregiously breaks down. Did it grow up after our Lord's death among His followers, being itself due to the myth, producing tendency? If so, how came it to run on lines so opposed to the traditional ideal? Moreover, time long enough for such a growth cannot with any species of probability be secured in the face of the general recognition of the early date of the undisputed epistles of St. Paul and of the Apocalypse. We are thus constrained to infer that Jesus Himself asserted the claim in the fulness of its Christianised form, and that He asserted it with such effect as to overcome the prepossessions of His hearers in favour of the previous Jewish form to which it was so diametrically opposed. Now if the Christian contention is admitted, there is no difficulty in this conclusion. If our Lord's claim was sound, He was bound to assert it; and if He really did confirm His claim by the marvellous works attributed to Him in the Gospels, and in particular by a resurrection from the dead, followed by apparitions such as those which are recorded, it is quite intelligible how He should have won to Himself the firm-rooted allegiance of His followers. But unless justified by its truth, how can the assertion of a claim to attributes so stupendous and unique be held compatible with that intense moral beauty, and that intense reasonableness of our Lord's character, which naturalistic writers acknowledge with emphasis? And, even if made, how explain the admission of the claim unless supported by substantial confirmation; for again it must be repeated, the claim was not conformable to, but in glaring opposition to the current expectations.

MONTHLY NOTES.

AFGHANISTAN.

A CONTEMPORARY says: All Afghans proper claim to be descended from the Jews, and to be part of the lost tribes. It is a singular circumstance that the name "Cabul" occurs twice in the Bible; first, in Joshua, in the delimitation of the tribe of the children of Asher; and, secondly, in the passage in 1st Kings, in which is recorded Hiram's displeasure with the twenty cities in the land of Galilee that Solomon had given him in recognition of the material aid furnished by the King of Tyre in the building of the Temple—"he called them the land of Cabul." The marginal reading gives the interpretation of Cabul as "displeasing or dirty," but the truer meaning would seem to be "insignificant." Unhappily for us and for India, the modern Cabul is by no means insignificant as a factor in our foreign policy. Afghanistan, sometimes known by the name of its chief city, is not a nation, but a rough confederation of frequently antagonistic tribes,

held together by fear of a central ruler. The royal tribe are partly Duranis since the assassination of Nadir Shah in 1747, when Ahmad Shah Durani ruled over Cashmir and the Punjab, as well as over what we now think of as Afghanistan; but as every Ameer has married women of various tribes, the purity of the Durani strain has been considerably mixed, and the reigning House is known as Barikzais or Barakzais. The Duranis or Durrans reside chiefly in Candahar and its large district, to the south and south-west of Afghanistan, bordering on Baluchistan and Persia. More numerous are the Ghilzais, who were once lords over the whole country, and even held rule in Persia; they extend from the north and north-east of Candahar, beginning near Kilat-i-Ghilzie or the Ghilzai fort, away to the Suleiman Mountains, which border the Indus valley, and to Jallalabad and even Cabul itself. The Ghilzais look more like Turks and less like Jews than the Duranis, and they are by far the most hostile to any foreign influence, though they did good work for the three chiefs of the Durani class who preceded the Ameer Abdurrahman on the throne of Cabul. The Yusufzais, or children of Joseph, lie mainly between Peshawur and Cabul, and are the most turbulent of all the clans, though perhaps not so wholly untameable as the Ghilzais, who have now risen against the descendant of Dost Mahommed. The Kakars occupy a piece of country between the Ghilzais and the Baluchis. These are the more important Afghan or Pathan tribes. But they are almost equalled in numbers by other clans, some of which are of Persian affinity. The Tajiks are, for the most part, a fine, industrious people, and devote themselves to agriculture and the mechanical arts, though some join the Ameer's army, and some ours in India. The Kizilbashs are the most educated of the inhabitants of the country, and are trusted as the main body of the cavalry and artillery at Cabul. They are of the same race as the Persian royal family. Both of these tribes are dispersed over Afghanistan, and are, perhaps, not now strictly tribal. The Hazaras, who are to be mainly found in the north-west of the country and the western valleys of the Hindu Kush, are almost pure Mongois, though they speak a dialect of Persian. Their country covers 30,000 square miles, and they only pay taxes to the Ameer when they are levied by his troops. Near Ghuzni, which we stormed forty-eight years ago, they have a very strong position. The Hindkis are of the Hindu military caste, but they carry on most of the Afghan commerce, and are scattered over the country. The Jats are similarly dispersed, and appear to be of a race, like those in the Punjab and Sind, aboriginal in the Suleiman valleys. In the hill country north of Cabul are other aboriginal tribes, who, according to their locality, are called Kohistanis, Pashais, Laghmanis, and Dards. The Kafirs, or infidels, are mainly in the country to the north of Ghuzni, and hold a very loose allegiance to Cabul; and the Eimaks are a nomadic tribe of probably Persian origin, who occupy the land to the west of the Hazaras and the north of Herat. North of Hindu Kush in Afghan Turkestan the people are mainly Tajiks and Jzbeks, nomadic Tartars, with a few Afghans and descendants of Arabs, who, with the Jews, appear to have made a counter-migration when the Turks or Tartars descended upon the west of Asia.

AFTER WORK.



ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

“In olden times some churches had pulpits outside as well as inside. A good arrangement, so that the Gospel was preached in the open air. There used to be one outside St. Paul's Cathedral, in the centre of London, called St. Paul's Cross. The preaching there has had great influence on public thought and on the religious destinies of our country. Sometimes for evil, sometimes for good.”

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

THEY were returning to the kraal one night, after a conversation such as we have been describing, and had got half-way across the granite plain, when they were overtaken by two balalas, who had evidently come from the direction of the Hamhana forest. Fear and bewilderment were depicted in their faces, and their ill-fed bodies were shaking in convulsions of terror. After they had flung themselves at Kuani's feet, it was some while before their voices returned to them, and then it was not till Kuani had roughly broke the silence.

"Dogs of the poor!" he said contemptuously, "why do you leer with your eyes, and grind your teeth on us? Speak, if you have anything to say. Have you been scared by the shadow of a black chukura? or has the roar of a lion shaken your idle bones? Speak! you do foolishly to tempt Kuani with your silence!"

"Mighty chief," whispered one of the men in a terrified voice, "it is no black chukura or lion—it is worse—worse! Kuani, the chief of fighting men has never gazed upon a white face—no. But we have seen it—we have seen it!"

"Miserable dogs!" returned the chief, spurning them with his foot, "your eyes are choked with sleep—you have only seen the moon. Go and wash your eyes in the rushing Thola, and look again!"

"Conqueror of the mighty!" returned the man who had first spoken, "truly we have seen the moon to-night—and to-night have we seen the moon's brother. His face was white as a peeled willow-wand, and he beckoned us to approach him, yes—but we were afraid—and fled!"

"Only lies," muttered Kuani, though his brow had grown a little thoughtful; "the king shall hear this fable. Miserable balalas! You yourselves shall carry it to his presence—your own lips shall breathe it in his ear. Begone! Kuani shall follow you when it suits him. You hear me!—to the palace!—begone!"

A command so peremptory was not to be twice considered, and the two men scrambled to their feet, and sped away towards the kraal as fast as their legs could carry them.

Arrived at the palace, they were hustled without ceremony into the royal presence, and there repeated their story; but the king seemed quite as sceptical as his favourite, and with his usual precipitancy of action was about to order the immediate execution of the tale-bearers, when one of them turned hastily

towards the door (over which the curtain of rofia cloth had not been re-drawn) and pointing with his finger exclaimed:

"See! the balalas are sleepy and blind—that is true—but yonder is the white face!—let the eyes of King Arongo look!"

The king, and all who were with him in the room, looked hastily in the direction indicated; and there, true to the balala's words and past story, stood a man whose presence filled the king's heart with dismay and made his knees shake under him—a man, as one of them had truly said, with a white face—as white as a peeled willow-wand; or as we, with our more extended knowledge of the human species would describe him—a European, in missionary garb, with an uncommonly English face.

CHAP. VI.—A BATTLE OF WORDS.

Had the body of King Manasis, teeth and all, risen from its grave and stood resuscitated before him, King Arongo could not have been more taken back than when the missionary entered the royal chamber. It was not the white face only which commanded his awe and filled him with amazement; the garments which he wore were equally horrifying and surprising, and at first he really thought that they were parts of the man himself. When the missionary presently took off his wide-brimmed hat, the terrified monarch imagined that the crown of his head had been removed, and certainly would not have been more astounded had he proceeded to screw off an arm or leg.

The missionary's intentions, however, were evidently of a pacific character; and the king began to gain courage again, when he received from the stranger's own lips, and in true Sechuana language, the most cordial assurances of his goodwill and friendship; assurances which were supported in a most gratifying and substantial way by numerous presents of beads and trinkets.

"Do you make rain?" was the first question which the king ventured to ask the new comer; and the stranger whilst professing his inability to perform so useful a miracle, referred his enquirer to the Governor of the Universe, who, he said, could give rain upon the earth and send waters upon the fields.

Vinaka was standing near the king, and heard this announcement, but he kept his counsel, and said nothing.

"He must be a great rain-maker," said the king wonderingly, "do you know Him?"

"Yes—I know Him," was the reply, "and He is a great rain-maker, as you say. There is none like Him in all the earth, for He made the earth, and everything that lives or moves upon it. He made the heavens also; and there is no limit to His

power. He can make fire-rain to destroy, as well as water-rain to bless; He can send famine upon the land as well as plenty; He is the great and only wise God, the Lord of heaven and earth."

"He must be terrible in battle!" said the king, who was divided between astonishment at these revelations and doubt as to the truth of them.

"Even so," returned the missionary quietly; "for by the breath of His mouth he can slay the wicked; but He does not like a warlike spirit; He delighteth in mercy, and will one day scatter the people that delight in war."

At this moment Kuani and the princess entered the council chamber. They had followed the balalas leisurely to the kraal, and there had heard again, from fresh witnesses, the story of the white man's sudden appearance. Who he was and from whence he came had become the theme of every tongue; and as Kuani and the princess now crossed the threshold of the door, it was with strange but opposite emotions that they caught the closing words: "He delighteth in mercy; and will one day scatter the people that delight in war."

"Who is this great Being?" enquired the king, with considerable anxiety. "I have never heard of Him till now. You say you know Him—are you His friend?"

"He is my Father," returned the missionary with composure. "I am one of His children by adoption and grace."

"Then you can make rain," persisted the king, whose highest idea of power seemed to centre here.

"No—but I can ask my Father to send it," returned the missionary.

"He must live far from here—when will you see Him?" asked the king.

"I have never seen Him," said the missionary.

"Never seen Him?" repeated the astonished king. "You play with me! Did you not say you are His son, and have spoken to Him?"

"He dwelleth in light unapproachable," said the missionary, "for He is the invisible God, whom no man hath seen or can see."

"These sayings are too deep for me," said the king. "You must talk them over with Vinaka; he is wiser than I, and can make rain."

"I should be glad to converse with so wise a man," said the missionary, smiling sadly. "As yet I have met with no rain-maker, but He whose name I have made known to you, Who in truth has sent me to serve you. The night wears on, but if Vinaka is not too weary, we will begin our talk to-night."

Vinaka was not sorry for this opportunity of diverting the king's attention from the subject of the missionary's conversation, for it had already opened up some grave questions concerning his powers as a rain-maker, which if received into the king's mind, might not only put an end to his influence as a teacher, but also to his life. Then, moreover, rain had not fallen in any quantity for several months, and the rain-maker, unable to produce it, had long been declining in the royal favour. Faith in the new teacher Vinaka had none, and though he could not altogether fathom the mystery of his white face, he looked upon him as little more than an imposter like himself. He accordingly acquiesced with much show of cordiality in the missionary's suggestion, and requested that he would follow him to his domicile without delay. Kuani also accompanied them, but only as a spectator; and during the whole of the interview which followed, he sat in a dark corner of his father's room, a silent listener.

The rain-maker's hut stood in an unpopulous quarter of the kraal, and differed but little outwardly from the surrounding huts. Within, however, it had many differences, and was arranged with an eye to comfort and an evident love of mystery which could be found in no other residence. It contained but one room, some twelve feet square, with conical roof, the walls of which were hung with sombre coloured pieces of rofia cloth; and attached to these were bunches of herbs and roots, with a goodly collection of poison nuts from the tangèna tree. In one corner of the room was a heap of human skulls, on many of which the clotted hair might still be seen hanging; and in another corner was a hideous little wooden figure with lion's head and human appurtenances, that might have done service for an idol. The sanded floor was strewn with mats of rice straw, and various kinds of skins, which made it a luxury to sit down, and gave a cheerful look of warmth to the whole room, an effect which was heightened by the blazing fire in the centre, as it cast abroad its ruddy glow of light.

"You are a rain-maker and a medicine-man," Vinaka whispered to the missionary on their way to the hut, "and so am I. But there is not room for two of us here. You have a generous heart, and would not take the food out of my mouth."

"I am no rain-maker or medicine-man," insisted the missionary, "but I come here, as I have told you, in the name of One who commands the clouds, and Who is the great physician of men. He has called me to labour here, and I cannot leave the spot until He bids me go."

Vinaka shook his head with a knowing laugh. "That is clever," he remarked; "you are a wise man, and can talk

shrewdly—it is only wise men who can be rain-makers—you and I know that.”

Finding that nothing would shake Vinaka's conviction that he was a professional rain-maker, the missionary ceased arguing the point, and they reached the hut together in silence. When, however, they were within its walls, and had settled themselves comfortably on the floor, the missionary nodded his head in the direction of the heap of skulls, and said:

“You keep strange company. I thought you always buried your dead.”

“And do we not?” was the reply. “These are not our dead—these are the skulls of our enemies—the war trophies of Vinaka.”

“They are dreary relics,” said the missionary, in a low voice. “Have you ever thought that they will one day be clothed anew with flesh, and will stand, perhaps side by side with you, before the throne of the great God.”

The sorcerer's lip curled in derision: Kuani started.

“The rest of their bones are dust,” said Vinaka, “and the dust has been blown about the desert by the wind. What you say will do for the balalas to believe, but not for men like Vinaka.”

“The same thing has happened before,” returned the missionary, “and it will happen again. You will learn the truth for yourself one day, Vinaka; for you will have to do with One Who has the keys of death, and Who has Himself risen from among the dead. You think when a man dies that is the end of him, but no. ‘It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment.’ ‘All who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt.’ These are the words of the great God, Who knows all about you and can read your heart.”

(To be continued.)

ROADS AND RAILS.

CHAPTER III.

As for the revolution from travelling by road to travelling by rail, it was not merely begun, but was wonderfully advanced, in the brief reign of King William. In fact, from the first, it was enthusiastically supported by spirited promoters and investors; the grasping owners of landed property laid rival companies under remorseless contribution; while the public quickly appreciated the advantages of the mechanical exactness of frequent communications. When King William came to the

throne, travelling by rail might be said to be non-existent. By the time his youthful niece succeeded him, railways were either completed or in course of construction, between the Metropolis and the chief cities in the North, in the Midlands, and on the South Coast. Already the coach proprietors saw that their enterprises were foredoomed, and they prepared to contract their operations. Coaches that ought to have been invalided were still patched up for the roads; the old drivers and guards were either retiring on their savings or seeking service with the new companies; and, although the speed had slackened, serious accidents became more frequent. Until, finally, the old surviving parade of diverging mails, with their red-coated guards, was before the chief hotels of Aberdeen and Chester. But at first the patrons of the new-fashioned conveyances were not spoiled by any excess of luxury. Charles Greville expresses but moderate satisfaction with his first railway journey, when he sat cramped in a "stuffy chariot for two." The second-class passengers were packed and forwarded in what "Artemus Ward" graphically described as "strings of second-class coffins;" while the travellers of the third-class had to take their chance, crowded together like so many cattle, in seatless and uncovered trucks, in which the jolting and collisions furnished fair pretexts for a free fight at any moment, even when the occupants were neither drunk nor disorderly. The mere putting up of umbrellas might be the signal for a row on a busy section of suburban traffic, such as that between New Cross and the old Bricklayers' Arms.

CHAPTER IV.

Now we are continually grumbling, of course, and it must be confessed that some of the railway boards give us sufficient reason; but, on the whole, we have little cause for complaint, more especially in the prospect of further progress towards perfection. Look at the swift and frequent service of trains to Edinburgh and Glasgow, with no chance of engines foundering on the many Yorkshire wolds, with little fear of an interminable stoppage in the snow between the sea and the Cheviots. Look at the flying expresses to Holyhead and Milford, in regular and exact communication with swift and commodious steamers. Look at the service on the justly-abused South-Eastern, which is supposed to take you to Paris, by way of Boulogne, in $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Look at the afternoon trains from London to the manufacturing cities of the North, in which you may dine snugly at tables apart, and adjourn afterwards for cigar and coffee to a smoking-room. Look at the Pullman drawing-room cars, where ladies may lounge as in their own boudoirs; and at the sleeping-cars, where they can put their children to bed, as if they were being transported in a

travelling nursery. Then, so long as one travels with the "nimble shilling," the neatly-dressed railway servants are models of smooth-spoken civility. The polite guard, with finger to cap, does his utmost to gratify your fancy for seclusion; and the smart attendant in the *wagon-lit* guarantees the sleepers against disturbance from ticket inspectors, and is the willing valet of all the world. On arriving at your destination the carriage doors are beset by porters on the look-out for rugs, hand-bags, and tips. In these respects, though the old coachmen and guards were much "cracked up" by "Nimrod and Harry Hieover," and other sporting writers, we are satisfied that things have greatly changed for the better. Like some of the fashionable jockeys, or like beggars set on horseback, the old coachmen were demoralized by the flattery of their betters and the servility of their inferiors. We fear that the ideal coachman of English romance was too often the blustering bully that Borrow paints in the *Romany Rye*. The coachman exacted the fee as a right, which we give the more obsequious railway-guard as a matter of favour. And the railway porter, though possibly he thinks the more, says nothing uncivil if you neglect to tip him; whereas the loafing sneak-of-all work in the coach-yard only shrank back and repressed his insolence when the muscular owner of the meerschaum pipe had knocked him out of time. So altogether it seems to be incontrovertible that we should be grateful for the luxuries or comforts of contemporary English travel.

LITTLE BESSIE'S PRAYER,

AND HOW IT WAS ANSWERED.

Fast fell the snow, the green hillsides were covered up from sight,
And bleak the wind which whistled oft so shrilly in the night;
The humble dwellings 'midst those hills bare shelter could afford,
With their mud walls and half-thatched roofs, and many a gaping board.

The humble folk who lived therein, had many a struggle sore,
To meet the wolf called Hunger, and to drive him from their door;
And when stern Winter's days arrived, with all their chilling gloom,
They often found the distance short, betwixt them and the tomb.

Amongst these folk a widow lived, whose only comfort lay
In a little girl of five years old, for whom she toiled each day.
She toiled from grey of early morn; she toiled till late at night,
But could not earn enough for clothes, toil for her as she might.

So little Bessie had to go with scanty garments clad;
Her little feet must bear the cold, this made the mother sad.
But Bessie's whole concern for clothes, seemed—it is strange to say—
That she might to the chapel go, and there sing "Happy day."

One day she to her mother came, and asked with earnestness,
 "Does Jesus know I'se got no hat, I'se got no shoes, no dress?"
 "Oh, yes, my dear!" the mother said, "Jesus knows everything."
 "Why then," asked Bess, "don't He send clothes, so's I may go and sing?"

"Perhaps you haven't asked Him yet," the mother answered Bess.
 "Well, if I ask," returned the child, "Will Jesus send a dress,
 "An' boots, an' hat, an' all I'se want?" "Oh, yes!" the mother cried,
 "Jesus has said, 'Ask what you will,' and He'll your need provide."

"Bess thought awhile, then hurrying up into the loft above
 She knelt upon the boards, and prayed unto the Lord of love:
Dear Jesus, up in Heaven high, you once was little too,
"I'se got no hat, no boots, no dress, an' so I'se come to you.

"I'se want to go to chapel too, an' 'Happy day' to sing;
"Dear Jesus, do please send a dress, an' shoes, an' everything.
"You will, dear Jesus, won't you now?" her eyes began to fill
 With tears, and then she finished: "*Yes, you will, I know you will.*"

Bess rose, and now with beaming face, she hastened down below,
 "Mother," said she, "I'se told Him all; He'll send the clothes I know."
 The mother scarce could answer make, for tears had dimmed her eyes,
 "Oh, God!" she cried, "Thou teacheest babes, what's hidden from the wise."

* * * * *

'Twas late that night, a knock was heard upon the outer door,
 She listened, all was silent then, except the wind's fierce roar;
 But hark! there is the knock again, and then a lusty shout,
 "Come, my good woman, stir yourself; 'tis very cold without."

The widow hastened to the door, wond'ring who it could be,
 A man in livery stood without, a parcel large had he:
 "Come, my good woman, you are long, I have no time to stay,
 "My lady at the Hall sent this." With that he went away.

All was so sudden, that surprise had filled the widow's breast,
 Her little girl some hours before, had gone to take her rest;
 So, quietly she closed the door, and laid the parcel down,
 And from its folds she soon drew forth a child's HAT, SHOES and GOWN.

Then she recalled what Bess had told her early in the day,
 Would it be right to wake her up, for she so peaceful lay?
 No! she would place the garments near the little one's bedside,
 And in a place where, when she waked, the clothes would be espied.

As early dawn peeped through her room, with faint and glimmering light,
 Bess spied the clothes, then rubbed her eyes, to see if it were right;
 Then woke her mother up, to see how Jesus answered prayer,
 For when she went to bed last night, she knew they were not there.

Then on her knees she went once more, and faltered out her praise,
 To Him who hears the feeblest cry, who knoweth all our ways;
 Who marks the eagles in their flight; the sparrows in their fall;
 And counts the hairs of every head,—for Jesus loveth all.

W. H. Ross.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,

Co. ANTRIM.

SITUATED about seven miles from the picturesque little seaport town of Portrush is the Giant's Causeway, so called from the tradition that the basaltic columns placed closely together, and yet all separate, was the work of a giant who long ages ago took up his residence amongst the sea-girt hills surrounding the Causeway, and formed the place for his abode; but as my guide remarked to me, it was a greater architect than any human giant who had piled up and arranged those wondrous stones and columns, of the greatest regularity and uniformity, and yet no two stones are alike. The drive from Portrush is very interesting, the road by the coast being at an elevation many hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here and there gigantic cliffs and splendid headlands jut far out into the sea, and as the spray comes dashing and hissing on them the sight is truly magnificent. Naturally-formed caves occasionally intervene, and in several places we noticed that the sea had made an opening and pierced through some cliffs, the roaring waves rushing through with fearful force.

About six miles from Portrush are the ruins of Dunluce Castle, an ancient fortress standing on a rocky promontory, or rather island, stretching out far into the sea; tradition relates that it was so built as a protection from turbulent chiefs with their fierce clans, in or before the seventh century. It was connected by a drawbridge with the mainland, which has fallen into decay, but a small footbridge, eighteen inches wide, now spans the sea, and permits the tourist to stand amidst the ancient ruins. Ah! could those stones but speak, what records would they not unfold of bloody deeds wrought there of fearful strife and agony, and perhaps love unto death. Many a terrible story is told by the peasants around of the chieftains who inhabited those walls, and the name of the hill on the opposite side of the castle may well strike terror into the heart; it is still called "Gallows Mount," from the many executions on it, as I was informed, not a hundred years ago. The unfortunate individual who happened to incur the chief's displeasure was immediately taken to the black mount and executed, without even a show of justice.

Reaching the Causeway we alighted at a small comfortable-looking farm-house, which appeared to be a general rendezvous for tourists, kept by a Mrs. Kane or Keane, for she informed me that "it was all one" to her how her name was pronounced and written; here we procured a guide who agreed to take us over the Causeway and into the caves for three shillings and sixpence. Accordingly we then set out with John McLaughlin, our guide. He was an intelligent, well-informed man of about fifty years of

age, with a keen sense of humour. On my inquiring whether they counted English or Irish miles in this part, he answered:—

“The good old Irish system prevails here, and perhaps your honour would like to know the origin of Irish miles, and why they are longer than the English miles?”

“Certainly,” I answered, “I have often wondered at the difference.”

“Well, then, it was measured by a mad dog with an india-rubber string tied round his neck, long enough to stretch a mile, but when he got to the end he always gave a long leap, which added a quarter more, so the leap and all was put in to make good measure.”

The Causeway is divided into three parts:—The first or small one; the middle or honey-comb, so called from its shape; the large or principal Causeway.

We were now just inside the first when my guide called my attention to some curious red-coloured stone or rock at the side of the cliffs above the Causeway.

“This, your honour, is the red sand-stone Hugh Miller was so fond of.”

“Did you ever see Hugh Miller?” I asked, with some curiosity, as it was interesting to converse with some one who had known the great geologist.

“Sure, I went about with him seven days, all over the stones and columns here, and many a time would he kneel down and examine a stone for two hours at a time, bidding me keep a silent tongue in my head till he had finished his search, taking notes all the time.”

We now came to some upright columns, from sixty to eighty feet high. These, he informed me, were the chimney tops, mistaken by one of the ships of the Armada for Dunluce Castle, the men fired and battled several columns down, and the ill-fated vessel was soon wrecked on the rocky shore.

Our next object was the lover's leap, 312 feet from the top of the cliff to the precipice below, where tradition relates, two lovers being prevented by a harsh mandate to tie the marriage knot, hand in hand took the fatal leap, and were, of course, instantly killed.

“That is a lovely little bay,” I remarked, and at that moment it was lit up brilliantly with the sun's rich rays.

“That in English is ‘Bay of the Sun,’” my guide remarked, at the same time giving me the Irish name, which I could neither write nor pronounce. Here and there were scattered large heaps of sea-weed waiting to be shipped to Glasgow for making iodyne, the sea-weed of the Causeway being admirably suited for that purpose.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

So off they set, in search of bright, red lobsters. Of course they did not find any.

"What's this?" asked Eddy, coming upon something. "Look, how funny it is! I don't like to touch it!"

Robin was not so particular; he took up the poor little jelly-fish, pressed it between his fingers and thumb, and said how soft it was.

"Oh, Robin, don't, you're hurting it!"

"*That* ain't alive," returned the other, dropping it and looking down at the queer little object.

"I wonder what's the other side of that big cliff," remarked Robin, after a time.

The children did not notice how far from home they had strayed. The cliff in question was one they had never before been quite close to; it stood a considerable distance out to sea, and for many hours of the day formed a complete barrier between the upper and lower sands. It had been low-water when the boys came out to play, and they did not observe, as they ran round the cliff, that the distance between its base and the sea was gradually becoming less. On the other side, they discovered a splendid cave. Little men though they were, they had to stoop to get in. The opening, however, was quite large enough to admit plenty of light, and just then it happened to be a beautiful glow from the west which streamed in, filling the whole place with colour. Eddy clapped his hands, and said it must be like a palace. Drip, drip, fell a tiny streamlet from a crevice in the rock; each drop, before splashing into the little basin below, caught the sunbeam and sparkled with rainbow tints. Putting their two heads to the ground, Robin and Eddy peeped into an inner cave, which appeared almost as roomy as the one they were in. They could see a large hole on the seaward side, but it was too high up to allow anyone to get in that way.

"We'll have this for our house, Eddy," began Robin, "only we must make this door bigger to get through into the next room."

"Our spades ain't strong enough," said Eddy.

"No; we shall have to ask John to help us. I daresay he's got something'll do."

"Here's a beautiful table!" cried Eddy, jumping on to a broad ledge of rock, and springing up and down.

"I've seen a bun dance on the table, but it isn't proper for little boys," remarked Robin.

"Oh, that's what John said, but then he was afraid I should smash the glasses. There ain't any glasses here."

Suddenly there was the sound of a great wave dashing against the sea-wall of their house, and water appeared for a moment at the door, and as rapidly retreating.

In a few seconds, Robin had dragged Eddy off his perch, out of the cave and beyond reach of the next advancing wave. Then the boys looked at each other and felt what a fright they had had.

As I have already mentioned, the cliff where Robin and Eddy had found such a delightful cave stood, except at low water, a good way out to sea; so that, although there was yet on either side a considerable extent of sand high and dry, it was impossible for them to return by the way they had come.

"What's to be done now?" said Robin.

Eddy could not suggest anything. Robin pondered a moment and then said that they would walk on the other way till they met some one.

But that part of the sands was already deserted. Farther on there was a second projecting cliff, standing almost as prominently forward as the other. On coming nearer, Robin found to his dismay that they were shut in on both sides.

Poor little Eddy was pale and becoming every moment more terrified. Robin, looking about for some way of escape, saw a rough flight of steps cut in a very steep ascent. Scarcely heeding whether or not they led to the top of the cliff, Robin pointed them out to Eddy, and told him they would have to go home quite a new way to-day. Eddy was on the verge of tears which Robin dreaded more than anything; and, in spite of his own fears, he said all sort of funny things to keep the little fellow in good spirits.

The steps were indeed roughly hewn and were never intended for little feet. After climbing up a few, Robin saw that they ended at a broad platform of rock, large enough for several people to rest upon. The last step of all was particularly awkward, Eddy's legs were beginning to ache; he took a false step and slipped. Robin had hold of the child's hand, and he, with a narrow escape of falling himself, prevented his going farther; but Eddy's moans of pain showed that he was badly hurt.

Robin with great difficulty lifted Eddy on to the flat rock and then clambered up after him.

CHAP. XI.—SOME FRIENDS OF THE GREAT FRIEND.

"O, MAMMA, look over there?"

The speaker was a little girl of about eight: she was walking with her mamma and grandpapa upon the pier, and her quick

eyes had discovered two little dark objects half-way up one of the cliffs.

"See, mamma, they are moving! How *did* they get up there?"

"I see nothing, my dear," said the lady. "Papa, you have your glass."

The old gentleman raised his glass, but only for a moment.

"Fay is right: there are two boys there, quite little, I should say. Poor fellows, they've been caught. We must send them a boat."

"Is it dangerous, grandpapa?" asked the child, anxiously.

"No, dear. I know that cliff well; there's quite a nice little landing when once you get up the steps."

"Poor children," said the lady, softly; "how frightened they must be."

"Don't you think, mamma dear, we might let them know there was help coming?"

"I am afraid not, darling," replied the mother, pleased, nevertheless, at her child's kind thought.

They were not long in despatching a boat to the rescue, and then Mr. Bonarde (that was the old gentleman's name) went down with his two companions near to the place where the men had told them they would land.

They were a long way from the boys, but with the help of Mr. Bonarde's glass, could see perfectly well all that passed in the recess in the cliff.

Fay was much interested; "How *did* that hole come there, grandpapa. See, there's quite a roof over the back part of it."

"So there is," returned the gentleman. "I remember it quite well, but that recess is not deep enough to afford much shelter. The greater part of the 'hole,' as you call it, Fay, is quite exposed, and nothing but a smooth platform."

"Have you been up there yourself, grandpapa? Oh, won't you take me?"

Grandpapa smiled. "It is 'forty years ago,' Fay, perhaps more, since I was there last. My legs are too stiff to climb those steps now. Some day though, we will go round that way and have a closer view."

"But you have not yet told us how it came there," said his daughter, Mrs. Lawrence.

"From nothing but the action of the waves; there are many similar cavities along the coast."

"But this is so high up, quite out of reach of the sea. Now I should have thought that some very eccentric individual chose to make himself a nest there, to enjoy the view undisturbed."

"We will allow your eccentric friend to have made the steps," replied Mr. Bonarde, "and to have enjoyed the view

afterwards ; but his nest was no doubt prepared for him by the simple action of the waves. You know the sea is every day receding from this part of the coast. In former years, it probably covered all the part where we are now standing, and a good deal farther inland besides."

"Yes, I have noticed, when once you get past all those cliffs, how very sandy the soil appears to be. They must find it troublesome to cultivate."

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY NOTES.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The REV. C. FISHER, M.R.C.P., said in a lecture:—This atmosphere, or, the air we breathe, rose above and surrounded the earth to the height of about forty-five miles. It was a mass of fluid matter, gravitating towards the earth, pressing upon its surface with a certain force, revolving with it in its diurnal motion, and carried with it in its course round the sun at the rate of 68,000 miles per hour. This fluid mass being invisible, mankind supposed that the regions around in which birds flew and the clouds moved were nothing more than empty space, and it was not till one heard the wind blow that he might be led to know if the air existed at all. It was not until the close of the last century that air was recognised as one of the chemical elements. It was now proved to consist of two gases, and was called air when in a state of rest, wind when in a state of motion. Being lighter than land or water, it floated or rested upon them, and covered the highest mountains, rising to the height of forty-five or fifty miles, and consisting of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of 21 parts of the former to 70 of the latter, and a small portion of carbonic acid. Oxygen was remarkable for the energy with which it promoted combustion and respiration and other chemical changes. In this gas the lecturer burnt some phosphorus, which gave out a most brilliant light, also charcoal and watch-spring. The properties of nitrogen gas, he went on to say, appeared to be of a negative character, neither supporting life nor respiration, and its use in the atmosphere appeared to be simply as a dilutant, subduing and modifying the action and activity of the oxygen. The carbonic acid gas was next shown to be an extinguisher of combustion; candles would not burn in it, and it was equally unfitted for supporting life. This gas was found to exist in mines, wine cellars, lime-kilns, old wells, etc. Experiments were here made by the lecturer to show how carbonic acid gas extinguished lights, and how it was given off by human beings in breathing. Some lime-water blown into immediately turned milk-like; and introduced into the lime-water affected it in the same way. Vitiating of the air arose from the breathing of human beings and animals. The atmosphere was robbed of its oxygen, and the production of carbonic acid made it foul, the great wonder being how the balance of the air could be maintained; but

the Almighty had by a wise provision furnished the earth with vegetables, plants, and trees to absorb the carbonic acid and give us back pure oxygen. In twenty-four hours we received back more oxygen than vegetation consumed; and thus the atmosphere was kept from becoming stagnant and unfit for the purpose of supporting life. The uses of the atmosphere were to bring the blood into contact with it, to effect certain changes in it, and to produce animal heat. Some doctors said a man breathed about seven-seven hogsheads per day; or, as another put it, in twenty-four hours a man spoiled 51·3 bushel sacks of air, by robbing it of oxygen to purify the blood. Large coloured diagrams were here exhibited of the heart and lungs, arteries, veins, and nerves, as also one showing the effects of tight lacing, the contrast being shown between the bust of a modern lady of fashion and that of Venus de Medici—the latter shown as a perfect model. The physical properties of the atmosphere—impenetrability, weight, compressibility, momentum, elasticity, pressure, etc., were also explained and illustrated by experiments with the air-pump. To give an idea of the pressure of the atmosphere, the lecturer said a leaden ball 190 miles in circumference and 60 miles in diameter would only equal the weight of air encompassing the entire globe. The pressure was shown as exerted upon the fountain, the common pump, the barometer, and two hollow hemispheres, which were with difficulty separated, although only three inches in diameter. The necessity was shown of thorough ventilation in rooms to admit the pure fresh air and drive out the impure or spoiled air, so injurious to health and comfort, and Mr. Fisher advised his hearers to admit a plentiful supply into dwelling and bed-rooms, workshops, etc. In the mutual action which took place between the human system and the atmosphere for the renewal of fresh air and the removal of that which had become vitiated the air would lose twenty-eight ounces of oxygen and the blood ten ounces of carbon, or soot, in each twenty-four hours, all of this latter being thrown into the place in which a person might be sitting or working. From this it was easy to see what a quantity of carbonic acid must be produced in large buildings where many persons were employed. Supposing a thousand people were engaged together, there would be produced in one hour 480 cubic feet of this gas, containing 131lbs. of carbon, or soot, thrown off into the room. When this was considered, and the use of coal gas and all kinds of lamps was taken into account, there was little reason to wonder at headaches, drowsiness, and fainting. The lecturer counselled the avoidance of decaying matter, and recommended the use of slacked lime for bed-rooms, and drew from the facts disclosed by scientific research various useful lessons for the preservation of health and promotion of comfort in the home and the workshop.

GRACE had very curly hair, and it was a great trial to her to have it combed. One day during this process she was crying and making a greater disturbance than usual, when her mother said, "What will the neighbours say when they hear you making such a noise?" Pausing amid her weepings, she said in broken tones, "They'll say, 'Why don't that woman whip that child?'"



THE BOYS.

" God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys :
God wants the boys, with all their joys,

[No. 21.]

That He as gold may make them pure,
 And teach them trials to endure;
 His heroes brave He'll have them be,
 Fighting for truth and liberty."

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

VINAKA seemed much chagrined, but the words had no further effect upon him. The flames of the wood fire had grown smaller, so that the form of Kuani was almost lost in the darkness, and it was difficult to see in what way the words had taken him. The missionary continued:

"Your actions deny these solemn facts, for you usurp your Maker's place among the people, and teach them to believe lies. You tell them that the shaking of your spear brings rain, when you know quite well that your arm is impotent, and your words are a hollow lie. All this you do to get slaughter oxen and presents of grain, and you plume yourself on the success which attends your teaching; yet your wisdom is shortsighted in spite of this, for it does not look beyond the grave. You indulge in every way your body, which must die, and neglect the priceless treasure which it carries, a soul that is immortal. Surely this is foolishness, not wisdom!"

"When we die, we die like the ox," retorted Vinaka, angrily. "Do you ever see his soul afterwards? No. The ox dies, and its flesh is eaten or turns to worms. Then, its bones crumble to dust, and no more is seen of him. You and I are the same as the ox, except that we are bigger rogues."

The missionary received this compliment without resenting it, and following up the more important subject, replied:

"You say that man when he dies is like the ox, yet you speak to your dead when you bury them—how is that? Listen, Vinaka; for I was at the burial of a neighbouring chief not long since, and you must explain the ceremony which I witnessed. It was noon, and many were assembled round the grave; for he had been a man mighty in battle, and had died fighting. The grave was wide and deep, but not long, for the limbs of the chief were gathered up, and he was to be buried in a sitting posture. I noticed that when they lowered him into the dark hole, they spent much time in fixing his face exactly to the north—why was that? What difference did it make to him, seeing he had died like the ox, and had passed into forgetfulness?"

Then they began to fill in the earth, and I noticed that all pebbles and roots were carefully sorted out and thrown away — why was that? What difference did it make to him, when he had died like the ox and had passed into forgetfulness? Then when the earth reached as high as the chieftain's mouth, a sprig of hookthorn acacia was thrown in, and a few roots were placed upon his head; after which the interment was completed. Then the wise men of the tribe brought the weapons of the dead chief, and placed them upon his grave, saying, 'These are all your articles'—why was that? You are a wise man, Vinaka, and should understand wise men. If dead men are no better than dead oxen, why do you bury them? And when they are buried, why do you talk to them? Do not your actions contradict your words?"

"You are a rapid talker—you have said enough," said Vinaka, evasively, and he rose to his feet. "I shall reply to you at another time—you need not be afraid of that."

The fire had burned out, and the missionary knew that Vinaka's reply was a signal for him to be going. He rose, therefore, dejected and sorrowful, and wended his way back to the waggon, which stood on the verge of the forest. It was to be his resting place for the night, and as he turned in, his heart was full. "No blessing—no blessing," he murmured; "why does the Lord withhold his hand." And then his mind seemed powerfully directed to that word: "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen;" and he took comfort from it. Who knew but that blessing might yet follow? The seed had been sown, and it might yet be watered by divine grace.

And so it happened; as the sequel will presently prove.

CHAPTER VII.—A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Though Kuani had said nothing throughout the missionary's interview with his father, the words of the former had not fallen lightly upon his ears. To say that he had listened with interest to what the missionary had said would not be sufficient; for the effect of the interview had been far deeper than that. His mind and conscience had been wrought upon in a way that they had never been wrought upon before, and the stern unflinching words of the missionary had filled him with gloom and dismay. They had the ring of truth about them, and try as he would he could not forget them. Whichever way he turned they followed him, and to escape from his misery seemed impossible. If he turned his thoughts back to the past a fearful panorama of murder and bloodshed, in which he figured as the chief actor, passed before him; and if he looked onward to the future, his mind would

conjure up distressful pictures of the throne of the great God. Hitherto he had gloried in the shields which he had taken and the blood which he had shed, but the missionary's words had put a new colour on his deeds, and his glory had now become his shame and terror. Those very acts which had once been the motives to his brightest hopes, had become, and in a moment, the objects of his gloomiest fears; and as he returned to his hut that night, he felt the burden of his guilt press terribly upon him.

Directly he reached home the princess saw that something had happened, and entreated him to unburden his heart to her, but Kuani was silent and absorbed for a long while; and for once the persuasive accents and tender, loving embraces of his young wife failed to move him. When he did open his mind at last, the words came unsolicited; and it was the growing weight of his burden, rather than the princess's anxiety to share it, that made him speak.

"The dead will rise again," he said abruptly. "Kuani has made many dead, and they will all rise up to accuse him before the throne of the great God. Can the woman who rules Kuani's heart deny this? Can she bury his deeds in forgetfulness, or make his heart clean?"

The princess made no attempt to answer these questions, but said softly:

"Who told you this, dear Kuani?"

"The servant-child of the great God—even the white teacher," said the trembling chief. "He knows of One who has the keys of death—who has Himself come out of the grave—Kuani does not fear to die, but he fears that one—yes—he fears the thought of something after death; it is a hurtful wound in his heart which does not heal."

"Did he tell you more of the One who holds the keys?" asked the princess.

"No," said Kuani, "he was silent then, or spoke of something else."

"Did you question him?"

"I was afraid. The thought of the One who holds the keys troubled my spirit."

"Why did you fear Him, dear Kuani?" said the princess; "you do not know Him—perhaps He has a kind heart."

This suggestion was like a ray of hope to Kuani, and he pondered it awhile in silence. Yes, perhaps He had a kind heart, and would be merciful to him, who could tell? And now he came to think it over, had not the white teacher told the king that the great God *delighted in mercy*—yes, indeed. There was some comfort in this thought, and Kuani began to wish that he had asked the teacher a few questions on the subject; he would

surely have answered them, for his professed purpose in visiting the kraal was to make known the great God.

Thoughts fly faster than words can express them; and it was not so long as the narration might lead one to expect, before Kuani said:

"I like that thought. Perhaps the One who holds the keys has a kind heart. I will go to the white teacher and ask him; he is sure to know."

He rose on the impulse of the moment, and prepared to leave his hut, but the princess gently caught his arm.

"You will not go yet," she said. "The wind outside is chill, and may do you harm. See, dear Kuani, I have warmed your couch with hot granite stones—lie down, and I will wake you when morning dawns."

"Morn is already dawning," said the young chief, throwing back the curtain of his hut and pointing to the distant plain, "See! the sun is awake, and throwing forth his spears of light: before I reach the great forest, you will see his face between the trees. Take your rest, dear Lena, upon the couch that you have warmed for me, and dream about your chief till he returns. Farewell!"

The princess responded, "Farewell," and stood on the threshold looking after him, till he was out of sight; when she pulled the curtain, and sat down to think—but not to dream—till his return.

In a few minutes Kuani had found his way to the waggon; but his first feelings on getting there were such that he did not immediately rouse the missionary. It was an awe-inspiring act in his idea, to disturb the slumbers of so honoured and wise a teacher; and he felt that it would be better to stand by and wait till he awoke. But this was only a passing thought, and presently the snores of the missionary gave a more realistic turn to his mind, and showed him that even a person with a white face might be human. Pulling back the canvas awning of the waggon, therefore, he stood on one of the wheels, and whispered over into the sleeper's ear. The missionary turned uneasily on his hard couch, but did not wake; so Kuani repeated his remark in a louder voice. "Son of the great Rain-maker," he said, "your child, the chief of the Bakotas, would talk with you."

This time the sound awoke the missionary, though he did not catch the remark; and seeing by the rings on Kuani's brow that he was a chief, though not recognising his face, he invited him to mount the waggon, and take a place beside him.

The chief, attracted not a little by the kindness of the missionary's voice, accepted the invitation; and in response to an equally kind enquiry as to what had brought him there at that early hour, he opened at once the burning question of his heart.

"You spoke last night to my father, Vinaka, in wonder-making words of One who rose from his grave, and has the keys of death. The thought of Him has pierced my heart like sharp arrows, and ever since dark thoughts have been crowding into my mind like a swarm of locusts, and eating up all the green leaves of my happiness. Who is this great Being? Can you tell me about Him? Has He a kind heart?"

These enquiries were like a gentle rebuke to the missionary, for his murmurings and unbelief the night before, and he said with fervour and emotion:

"I can answer all your questions, and it is the joy of my heart to do so. This great Being is the Son of the great God. His name is Christ Jesus. He came into this world to save sinners. Those are great sinners who slaughter helpless women and children in cold blood, or kill them slowly by hard bondage. If you have ever acted so you are a great sinner, and Jesus Christ came into the world to save you."

Kuani's face, which had brightened for a moment while the missionary was speaking, changed again, and his brow fell.

"You told Vinaka, my father, that the dead will rise from their graves one day and meet each other; I do not like that thought."

"But it is true," said the missionary, quietly.

"You say that this Jesus came to save sinners, what is that? I do not understand you, you are too deep for me."

"I will explain by an illustration," returned the missionary. "You are a chief, and have distinguished yourself in battle. You have taken the lives of women and children in times of war—I know it—and so you have offended the great God, who gave you being. Yes, offended Him, and He is angry with you every day. You are a murderer, and He has prepared a place of punishment for murderers to which you are fast journeying. That is the second death. But the great God does not want you to die, He willeth not the death of a sinner, and so He sent His Son Jesus Christ into the world to save you. Yes, but that was not all. How does He save you? The punishment is still hanging over your head, and you can see no way of escape—what then? When you were without strength Christ died for you—that is it. He became a man, and died, the just for the unjust, to bring you to God. He has borne the punishment from God which was due to you, and now you have only to trust Him and go free."

Kuani trembled. Could it be true? Could it really be that the Son of the great God had borne the penalty of all his deeds of cruelty and bloodshed? Could it be true that He had come to this world in the form of a man, and there had given His life a ransom for one so guilty as he? Oh! this was love indeed!

"Yes," said the missionary, replying to the anxious and disjointed questions of the awakened savage; "none are too vile for Him. His blood avails for all. It washes away the darkest stains on the darkest heart, it cleanseth from all sin. 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.'"

Kuani sprang to his feet in the excitement of a new found joy. "What can I do for Him?" he cried; "what can I do for Him? He does not want me to win shields—but I must do something!"

"Go and tell others that you have found Him," said the missionary, restraining with difficulty an outburst of grateful tears; "remember He died for all the world."

"Yes—yes," said Kuani, passionately; "I will do that—I will do that! Lena will be glad to hear of Him. She will be glad that my heart has been made white as milk. But tell me more about Him first—I want to hear all you can tell me of Him—I want to know Him better! Can I pray to Him?"

"Oh, yes," said the missionary, "He has told you, 'pray without ceasing.'"

Kuani sank down upon His knees, and as the missionary looked from the kneeling figure of the happy savage to the sun, which had just climbed above the wild olive trees on the distant hills, he could not but thank God for the beams of another Sun that morning—the Sun of Righteousness which had arisen with healing in His wings.

(To be continued.)

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, Co. ANTRIM.

"AND sure, now, yer honour, just look there in the sea beyant, that black stone is called the 'Highlander's Bonnet,' the true account is that when the giant lived here, one of his officers from Staffa offended him, the giant in a mad passion pursued him, the poor fellow dropped his bonnet into the sea, and it became petrified into stone."

"I hope he succeeded in escaping the giant."

"Well! as to that we are not told, but it is supposed he walked across under the sea to 'Fingal's Cave' on the other side."

We had now reached the Giant's Well, which was composed of three hexagon columns raised several feet above the water. The water, I was informed, had been analysed by Professor Buckland, and pronounced the best in all Ireland. A glass of it was

then presented to me by the old man who was stationed at the well; it was clear and fresh. "Perhaps ye would like a drop of the mountain dew in it, to make it just to your taste?"

A small phial bottle was here produced, but finding that the "mountain dew" was what is sometimes known by the appellation of "whisky," I declined, and giving the old man sixpence for his courtesy, I wished him good day.

On a slight elevation, at a little distance, I perceived a stone figure, to all appearance a woman slightly bent.

"That," said my companion, "is the giant's grandmother, petrified into stone for her bad behaviour. She married three times, all her husbands being alive."

We had now reached the middle Causeway. Here the same regular columns, mostly of a pentagon or sexagon shape, still prevailed. Each column consisted of several parts, the upper portion of the greater number being a socket, which receives a similar one on the under or bottom surface. The stones or columns are of basalt, and consist of several thousands. The whole is supposed to be the result of some gigantic volcanic eruption, but the superstition of the common people attribute it to the work of some powerful giant, who, they say, formed the place for his abode.

My guide pointed out to us several large columns protruding out from a cliff; these, he informed me, were the giant's candles, only used in time of disturbance. "The noise was so terrific and loud that it was heard on Staffa's Island, across the water."

A little further on we came to the "wishing chair," being a seat, or rather chair, formed of the same three and four-sided stones, the upright ones forming the back and arm supports. Here sat an old woman with photographs of the "chair" to sell. She rose at my approach. "Now, yer honour," said my guide, "ye must sit in the chair and wish, but be sure you don't tell it, or it won't come true." The wish being made and duly registered in my heart, I rose to go, being beset constantly with men and girls asking me to purchase photographs, stones, &c. I merely gave the old woman a passing salutation and was going on, when the guide said, in a low voice, "That old woman has been here many years. Her four sons were all drowned together; they were fishermen, and the day turning rough, the boiling surf went over the boat, and they were all upset. No help could be rendered, the sea being too rough, so they and another man were drowned before my eyes."

"Had she no other sons?" I asked.

"No, only these four; they were fine young men. Her husband went out of his mind at the time, but she still bears up. She has two daughters, one with a large family; their father has

deserted and left his family, and the old woman is very good to them, she gives them all she gets."

This touching history moved me deeply, and made me turn and speak to her once more. Traces of deep grief and hardship were engraved on her aged face. She was neatly dressed, with a handkerchief over her shoulders and a clean linen cap on her head.

"I should like to take some photographs," I said; and she put me up some of the best: one containing her portrait sitting on the wishing-chair, which by common consent seems to be her prerogative.

"God's blessing be with you," she said, on parting. "The good Lord protect you wherever you may go."

Further on we came to a curious convex stone, hollowed out by nature.

"This," said Mr. McLaughlin, "is worth noticing. There was another much the same purchased by Mr. Brooks, a banker in London; he uses it for a washing-basin in his room."

"Are the stones, then, sold?" I asked.

"Some are, but Lord Antrim wishes to keep the Causeway complete; we take them from nearer the sea. They are often purchased for seats and pillars for porches, from £2 to £10. Those upright pipes there compose the Giant's Organ; it plays every seven years, and then all the stones dance to the tune of 'Patrick's Day' and 'Garry Owen.'"

A little way on were three stones, pentagon shape; together they formed a fan, and they bore the name of "The Ladies' Fan."

We had now gone over the Causeway, and passed out under a naturally-formed large gateway, of large upright columns, beautifully arched. This was called "The Giant's Gateway."

"That rock there in the sea is called 'Seagull Island,' from a pair of seagulls building their nest on the top every season."

We now went across two fields, and descended a steep, rocky precipice, in order to enter one of the famous caves, the surf being too high to attempt it by boat.

It was upwards of 300 feet in length; I am not sure of the exact height, but think between 40 and 50 feet, and at high tide the water is 18 feet in depth. Altogether it was very wonderful.

My guide was anxious I should jump over the rocky boundary and get into the cave; but as the waves were rushing in with terrible rapidity and velocity, one moment's delay would have been fatal; the jump would have to be between the waves. So, seeing the risk, I deemed it more prudent to decline. The other cave could only be entered by boat, so that is reserved for another visit.

In conclusion, I can only inform my readers that "The Giant's Causeway" is well worth visiting, and that no description can give any adequate idea of it, although I cannot guarantee that all the anecdotes told by the guides are strictly reliable.

Ballygawley]

E. M.

THINK !

As we sit and muse in the evening hour,
Thinking of life and heaven,
Amid the silence that dwells around,
May thoughts to our souls be given :
Thoughts that are wafted from far and from near ;
Thoughts that awaken our love and our fear.

Think of the years that ceaseless roll,
Leaving us woe or bliss ;
Of the years that pass, that from us go,
Lost in a dark abyss ;
Lost 'till the trump of the great judgment day ;
Lost in eternity wafted away.

Think of the life that in them is spent,
Hourly day by day ;
The uses made of that which is given,
Time swiftly passing away :
Time that is precious as diamond bright,
Time that no soul ever values aright.

Think of the deeds we daily commit,
Deeds that are good or ill ;
Words that are spoken and influence wrought,
Acts of our own free will ;
Acts that are written in letters of fire,
Acts that the angels or devils admire.

Think of the feelings so often brought,
Longings that fill the soul,
A knowledge deep of that saving grace,
Given to make us whole.
Given to lead us from death unto life,
Given to guard us from danger and strife.

Think of the joys that ever come,
Peace that softens all ills,
Rest from our toils and labour,
Bliss that our being fills ;
Bliss that makes earth seem the portals of heaven,
Bliss not for time, but eternity given.

Think of the mercies daily bestowed,
 Blessings so rich and free;
 Of the guardian care which spares our lives,
 For future use to be;
 For work in the vineyard of God's dear Son,
 For work that by us alone may be done.

Think of the help so readily given,
 In times of direst need;
 Of strength that comes in our weakness,
 Comfort in fullest mead;
 Comfort bestowed by the full hand of love,
 Comfort our Father has sent from above.

And thinking thus, let us raise anew
 Our praise to the King of Heaven,
 For all the mercies and blessings vouchsafed,
 Grace He so freely has given;
 Grace that hath wrought us so great a salvation,
 Grace that shall conquer our every temptation.

And thinking thus let us send afresh
 Our prayers to the Throne of Grace,
 That truth and virtue may ever abound,
 Our lives no sin deface:
 Our walk be the walk of the sons of God;
 Our path, the path He Himself hath trod.

W. R. WAY.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

BY R. JAY.

THUS they talked on till they were interrupted by Fay: "Oh, now they see the boat. One boy is waving a handkerchief. Oh, I do hope they will get down all right!"

"It was more difficult to get down than up, I remember," remarked Mr. Bonarde.

So Robin appeared to find it. Poor little Eddy with his sprained ankle was quite unable to walk, Robin had to scramble down as best he could, and then reach up for Eddy, at each step putting himself in danger of falling backwards. How comfortable it felt to be received into the strong arms below; There was such a sweet sense of rest to Robin, even while having to give in and let others take care of him and Eddy.

I wonder if any of my boys know what it is to fight against God? We *will* go on in our own ways, trusting in our own strength, pushing aside the Hand held lovingly down to us. But when trouble comes upon us, or some great danger threatens

us, and we are at last made to see that we *can* do nothing of ourselves, ah, then we are willing enough to grasp that Hand, and to rest within the Everlasting Arms. Do you think that Robin would have motioned away the boat coming to save them? or, once in the boat, would he have thrown himself into the waves? Oh, if *we* have "given in" to our Strong Friend, let us take heed that we leave not His tender care! Think, little ones, *He loves us more than we love ourselves*. Let us not hurt our kind Father's heart by turning away from Him. We will not be so cruel.

You do not yet know much of Fay. Suppose we go back to the little group on the beach; and, while they are anxiously awaiting the return of the boat, we will look well into their faces and try to discover what their characters may be. We must be polite, must we not, and begin with the lady?

Hers is a very sweet countenance; if you were ill or in trouble, you would like just such an one to bend over you. She has the very kindest blue eyes, and the mouth is seldom without a smile. If you were a few years older, you might know that it is God's own peace in the heart which makes that face such a happy one, and gives to the low voice such gentle, tender accents.

I have spoken of Mr. Bonarde as an old gentleman; perhaps, though, I ought scarcely to call him old. Certainly his hair is very grey, almost white; but then, it has been so for years. Well, never mind his age, but take note of this: *he is very fond of all little people*; even the naughty ones come in for a full share of his love; to do them good is one great aim of his life. Ask Fay if grand-papa is not one of her very best play-fellows. Oh, they have such delightfully long talks, and pleasant rambles together too. When I tell you that every one loves him, I need not add that he himself is one of God's own loved ones.

And now, little Fay, dear, good little Fay. I shall let you find out about her as we go on. Of course, though, you wish to know what colour her eyes are? Blue, just like her mother's, only sometimes they are very saucy. And her hair? Fair and glossy, and falling in rippling waves almost to her waist. It is very beautiful, and Fay knows it; but she is not proud of it.

Oh, children, what a horrid—don't you call things horrid that you dislike very much?—what a perfectly horrid thing pride is! Have nothing whatever to do with it, check every beginning of it; and, if you live to be grandfathers and grandmothers, teach the little ones to hate it; and remember—I am very serious now—don't forget to *pray* against it.

Now, can you imagine what they are like, these three friends of mine? Do you think you yourselves would bear so close a scrutiny? Let us see. Here is a small boy with a pair of such beaming brown eyes, I cannot doubt that he has a warm, loving

heart. Is that heart full of love to Jesus? I think it is, or why that hasty speech checked when scarcely begun? I noticed the quick flush and the trembling lips, when that bigger boy's taunting words were uttered.

And that same big boy? He has a beautiful voice. I happened to be present when his rich uncle asked him to sing. He did his very best, and we all thought he deserved the half-crown with which he was rewarded. On the following Sunday, there was a Children's Service at Church. The hymns were easy and simple; but this boy made no attempt to sing them. Why? He had cared to please his uncle, *he did not care to please God*. Oh, I could but contrast the bright, hearty manner, with which he had obeyed his earthly friend, with the weary, *cross* expression of face worn in the House of God.

Now, little friends, you will say I am preaching you a long sermon. But before I continue my story you are to notice one thing more. Are you quite ready to think well about it? If you remembered that the thoughts of the heart sometimes show themselves in the face for others to read, would you not often feel, to say the least, *rather* uncomfortable? Oh, then, let God Himself come and dwell with you; then will your face "shine" with the light of His glory.

By the time they landed, Robin and Eddy had recovered somewhat from their fright. One of the men, finding how much it pained Eddy to put his foot to the ground, picked him up and carried him to Mr. Bonarde, who was at that moment coming forward to meet them.

"This little chap's hurt hisself; can't walk sir."

"It's his foot," said Robin.

"We'll soon mend that," said Mr. Bonarde, cheerfully.

"Where do you live, my little man?"

Robin explained, in rather an odd way, certainly; but one of the men understood where it was.

"That's a goodish step, Sir."

"Could you get me a cab?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I'll have one in a minute."

Mrs. Lawrence, having already spoken to Robin, now turned to address Eddy. To her astonishment, she found the child's big brown eyes looking eagerly into the blue one's opposite, which were as wide open as the boy's own, while the colour was rising in each little face. Then, for the first time noticing Mrs. Lawrence, Eddy cried out:

"Robin—Robin, it's my lady!"

"Mamma, don't you remember?" said Fay.

"I seem to recollect the little boy's face," returned the lady.

"Where have we seen him?"

"Don't you remember, mamma," again asked the little girl, in

a low voice, "when we were staying at uncle's, in London, we had to go to the other side of the road to wait for an omnibus, and you stopped to speak to a dear little crossing-sweeper?"

"Do you think this is the same, Fay?"

"Yes, mamma, I am quite sure."

"He seems to remember me, at all events," said the mother, smiling. "Where have you seen me, little boy?" she asked, again turning to Eddy.

"In London," answered the child, "a long while ago. You looked kind at me, and said such kind words, and I was only a poor little crossing-sweeper. I was a very little boy then, you see. I didn't know I was Edgar Forrest."

He spoke gravely—so very gravely, and went on so steadily, till he had finished all there was to say, that the man in whose arms he still lay began to laugh.

The other man here returned, after an absence of at least ten minutes.

"I can't find a cab nowheres, sir," he said.

"We'll carry the little gentleman, sir, he ain't no weight," said the man who had been holding him all this time.

"Well, friends, if you will be so good," said Mr. Bonarde, "I will come with you."

"So will we, won't we, mamma?" said Fay.

"Yes, dear, but not all the way; you will be tired. I believe it is quite a long walk."

Mrs. Lawrence left her little daughter to make friends with Robin, and walked beside Eddy, talking so pleasantly the while, that he forgot about his ankle.

(To be continued.)

AN ALLEGORY.

By P. T.

THIS autobiography and destiny of an influential member of the Commonwealth, is dedicated (without permission) to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, by Papyrus, Sen., a Fellow of the Smallhand Society, as follows:—"To her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India—May it please your Majesty—I approach your Majesty with great humility, whilst I also claim to be of some importance, as I shall briefly show, and that very distinctly, what a true, valuable, and necessary subject of your realm I am, and have been for a long period, even before your Majesty's ancestors were known. The use your Majesty and the Royal Family have made of me, is patent all over the civilised world, and, without the least boasting, I may affirm that the world is under obligation to

me to a remarkable extent. I may add, indeed, to more than half its present prosperity and civilization. Your justly beloved Consort, were he living, would cheerfully endorse all I state. He knew somewhat of my worth, when, under varied circumstances, I rendered him and others most valuable service at the Exhibition of 1851. Of course I received a prize medal. Since that period I have had special marks of honour thrust upon me, arising out of help I have given to other exhibitions abroad, and in the Fisheries and Health Exhibits at home. I trust your Majesty will take a *note* of this, and should you favour your subjects with any further *leaves* from your journal, or add any more *letters*, such as your Majesty has very graciously permitted to be published, of the lamented Princess Alice, aware as I am that I shall be called into requisition, I flatter myself that I shall not be overlooked, but come in for at least an 8vo of commendation. I have thought it desirable now to give my autobiography, before I get too feeble, worn out with old age and pass into oblivion.

"My history will explain why I display such apparent egotism; but were it not that I am of a very bashful nature, I could inform your Majesty how greatly I am valued by the Fourth Estate (I am indispensable to it), and how, to please editors and proprietors of the newspaper press, I have permitted myself to be lengthened out (strange as it may seem) to nearly four miles, but, I am happy to add, without breaking any of my bones. In consulting my guardians on this matter, they were afraid that I should suffer injury, and for a time I was unwilling to consent to such an ordeal, as I was told that, to secure me in a certain position, something like a spit would be run through my body, so that I might have continued to resist had I not considered how great a benefactor I should prove to the public, and how it would evince my patriotism by yielding. My loyalty to your Majesty, and my invariable desire to be a blessing to others, at last overcame all my scruples. I have no doubt but that your Majesty will appreciate my motives. That I may maintain a place in your esteem, and ever receive your patronage, is my earnest prayer, whilst I subscribe myself with becoming modesty, your Majesty's most useful, and very loyal subject,

"PAPYRUS, Sen."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born in a mill, in what town I am unable to inform you; but the county of Kent, from which the father of our beloved Queen took his title, may probably boast of my birthplace. My parents names were *Flax* and *Cotton*, but strange changes passed over them ere I was ushered into the world. I am informed that, from the field and the farm, by some wonderful metamorphose, they were seen in every London street, and in cities, towns, and

villages throughout the known world—they adorned alike maids, wives, and widows, the young and the old, the rich and the poor.

When they were advancing in years (like others whose age and infirmities render them comparatively useless) they were cast off just prior to my birth. I am sorry to say that in their last days they presented a sad spectacle, and being *worn* out through old age, their poverty had brought them into a very *ragged* plight. After this they received such severe cutting and mangling, such beating and crushing, that it is no marvel that I assumed a most singular appearance before making my *debüt*. For many days (after dust and dirt arising from travelling had been removed) I was subjected to several bathings and washings, and the greatest attention was paid to me in order that I might be presented to my guardians in such a condition as to reflect credit on them for all the care and expense incurred in these early days of my experience. Through being thrown into a large vat, I was brought into so weak a state, that a stranger would have thought me only fit for use to sickly persons, and mistake me for *gruel*.

But I was born for higher purposes than to be swallowed by invalids, or devoured by the hungry, as you will presently see.

From the vat, other trials awaited me, for escaping from thence I was almost crushed between heavy steel rollers, and in a second a *dandy* trod on my face, leaving an *impression* that I shall show all through my existence. After this I was better used, handled delicately, and for a considerable time lodged in dry quarters, in a spacious, well-ventilated room, but even here (and now I relate events that happened in my earliest days) I was not permitted to breathe the fresh air until my guardians paid for my liberty to an officious person, who would not grant me a release until he had placed a badge on my outer coat, numbered me, and had the impertinence to take my weight. In later years this busy official received notice to quit. My liberty was thus secured, and my guardians could take me out whenever they pleased.

(To be continued.)

SHORT NOTICES.

WAKING DREAMS; Talks with the things around us. By F. Jewell. (4 London House Yard, E.C.)—This is a book of bright, racy and practical chapters about every day life. Trees, Rivers, Castles, Clocks, the Sanctuary, Time etc.—are so many voices speaking lessons of wisdom and guidance. Each reader should order a copy.

RUIN AND RESCUE, a Temperance Story. By Mrs. Charles Fisher. (Stoneman.) This little book is a re-issue of a story which appeared in this magazine. It is a capital story for reading at Bands of Hope and Temperance Meetings, and in its bright binding is a good book for prizes to the young people in School and Home.

MAY CAMERON; or, Charity true and false. By E.H.B. (Stoneman.) A thrilling story full of practical teaching.



PREACHING.

No one can over estimate the value of Open Air Preaching, but all who preach are not teachers. Dr. John Mason gives four excellent rules for preparing a Sermon. (1) Go to the bottom of the subject and think of all that should be said about it. (2) Don't torture the subject by saying all that can be said. (3) Don't crowd your thoughts too thick. If you pour water too fast into the funnel it will run over. (4) Don't make your sermon too long. A preacher whose congregation had long deplored the cold and dry style of his preaching, found a slip of paper in his pulpit with the words, "Sir, we would see Jesus," (John xii. 21.) His own conscience supplied the application of the text, and after prayer and self-examination he resolved to preach Christ more clearly, and the next time he preached from John xx. 20: "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

[No. 22.]

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER VIII.—DIVIDED AFFECTIONS.

KUANI remained with the missionary a good while after sunrise, and drank in with all the appetite of a newly converted soul the precious words of exhortation and promise which the missionary repeated to him from the inspired page. The more he heard, the more he wished to hear; and it was with the greatest reluctance that he had at last to bid the missionary farewell, and to return to his hut.

The princess was anxiously watching his return, and wondering in her mind what the result of his visit to the white teacher would be. Would it increase his misery or would it lighten it? Would it lead him to think less of the glories of war, or would it explain away the fears which had begun to gather in his mind on that subject? Would he come away possessed with any further knowledge of the One who holds the keys, or would he be as much in the dark as ever about Him? All these questions and countless others passed and repassed in the princess's mind whilst Kuani was away; and it is not surprising that, when he at last returned, she should have looked into his face with unusual interest and attention. The flush of joy on his cheeks, and the sparkling light of his eye, very quickly set her at rest; and the warm embrace which he gave her on entering was sufficient to banish every fear that might still have lingered in his mind.

Yet, contrary to expectation, the conversation was not quite so happy in its results; and events that followed proved far less agreeable than either had anticipated. Kuani had been confident that the princess would not only receive the news of his blessing with gladness, but would embrace the truth herself; for her suggestion about a resurrection had been the first to agitate his own mind, and he supposed that she would be as anxious as he had been to escape the tormenting fears which attended so solemn a thought. Moreover, the suggestion referred to was no longer a matter for speculation to him, but a fact—it was no longer a theory, formulated and advanced by human intellects, but a divine truth; and the assurance which his own faith gave him made it difficult to understand how others could pass it by with levity or indifference.

"The white teacher has put laughter into your heart, dear Kuani," said the princess, as she held his arm to prolong his embrace.

"He has, dearest Lena," said Kuani, looking fondly into her eyes; "he has spoken to me about the great God, and his words have done me good. He has told me that the One who holds the keys has a tender heart, and His name is Jesus. I have much to tell you of that One. He is the Son of the great God, and He has made my heart white as milk. Lena must know Him, for He is full of love, and wants her to trust His love."

"Lena is satisfied with Kuani's love," returned the princess; "she has proved his love, for he has risked his life for her."

"And Jesus has done more, dearest Lena," said Kuani; "He has given His life for you, and that is why He was in the grave. His heart grew sorrowful when He thought that all the dead would have to rise up one day and stand before the throne of the great God, His Father, for He knew that they had all come short of His glory, and would have to bear His wrath; so He came into the world, and laid down His own life for them, and the wrath of the great God went over Him instead."

"Then the dead will rise again?" said the princess, with a complacency of manner which roused Kuani's wonder, and grieved him not a little.

"Yes," he said, "they would all rise."

"Will the thousands who have died on the field of battle rise?" she then asked; and Kuani again told her "Yes!"

"And will King Manasis rise? the man Vinaka poisoned with the nut of the tangena tree?"

"Yes," said Kuani sadly, "and his son, King Mothibi will also rise, and all Kuani's victims—not one will be left behind."

"And you do not fear now?" pursued the princess.

"I love—not fear," was the reply, "I love the One who took away the fear. When the slain of my hand rise up and cry against me, He will say, 'Touch him not—I have borne his punishment—I have died for him—he is one of Mine;' so I have no fear."

"Where is your spear, Kuani?" said the princess, turning the conversation into another groove, "you took it with you; have you given it to the white teacher?"

"No," said Kuani, "he is a man of peace; I have left it on the plain. Kuani is a man of peace too, and will want it no more; his fighting days are over."

The princess looked at him anxiously, but knew not what to say. She had a natural horror of war, and yet she admired her chief for his exploits on the field of battle; she would gladly have spared his victims, and yet would not do anything to dim his glory. To hear him talk of becoming a man of peace was startling in the extreme, for none but the old and infirm among the king's subjects ever took that step, and such were always looked down upon by the rest.

"No, no, Kuani," she said at last, "this must not be. When you threw away your spear, you were throwing away your glory. The white teacher is a man of peace because he is afraid, but Kuani is a brave man, and must keep his spear. The balalas may follow the white teacher because they are poor, but not the chief of warriors. Kuani will not shrink away from the field of glory and be called a dog; no, no!"

"Dearest Lena, you do not understand," said Kuani patiently. "The One who holds the keys does not like war. He came to preach peace on the earth, not war. He came to save life, not to kill; and His servants must follow in His steps. We were all His enemies by our own wicked works, dear Lena, and He might have consumed us by the breath of His mouth, but He loved us too well, and so He died for us instead."

"This is only a fable-story of the white teacher," returned the princess petulantly, "you must not believe all his words. The rocks and valleys never heard them, and they are older than you. What wicked works has the Princess Lena ever done, you do not know. And how can the white teacher accuse her, who has only seen her once?"

"It is the white teacher's Master who accuses you, dearest Lena," returned Kuani, "and He knows all about you, for He made you, and can read your heart. Do you worship Him, and pray to Him, and thank Him for the rain?"

"We have had no rain," said the princess evasively, "our men and cattle are dying, and the ground is like hot ashes under our feet. Besides, Vinaka sends the rain."

"Now I can show you your sin, dearest Lena," returned Kuani earnestly, "but you must not be angry. Kuani loves you, and wants you to be happy for ever. You must listen with your heart, and clothe your lips with midnight silence; you will promise that?"

The princess promised, and Kuani went on:

"You said that Vinaka, my father, sends the rain; that is sin. The great God alone can send the rain, and you rob Him of His glory. Vinaka is only a man, and you have put him upon God's throne. You have changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator—is not that sin?"

"You have turned against me, Kuani," the princess broke out petulantly. "The white teacher has poisoned your heart, and you have given your love to him. You have taken it away from me, and my heart is empty—oh, Kuani!"

At that word a great wave of sorrow rolled over the heart of the chief. Such a blow as that he had just received was unexpected; it seemed that the very cord that bound their hearts together had been snapped asunder, and that henceforth

they would have to be divided in heart and mind. She had doubted his love which was as strong as ever, and had altogether misunderstood his motives in speaking to her; and what is more hard than to be misunderstood by one you love? For awhile a dreadful struggle was passing in his mind, and he stood irresolute. Should he renounce the new faith, and return to his former manner of life? After all he had only the word of the white teacher to go by, and he might have deceived him. But no; he could not have been deceived: he had the witness in his own heart now; and there could be no mistake about that. The work which had been going on with him had been one of transformation rather than of reformation; and new desires, new joys, new hopes, had become the conscious possessors of his heart. But then, what of the princess? She had questioned his love, and would doubtless go on questioning it as long as he remained of his present way of thinking; nay, her own heart might even change in time towards him, and her affections might become embittered. Was he prepared for that? Ah! this was the difficulty. Was he prepared to suffer the loss of *her* love, to retain possession of *His*? Was he prepared to surrender all his joys and pleasures down here which were present to his hand and eye, for the joys and pleasures up there which were future and unseen? It was a searching test, and Kuani was only human after all—no wonder that he hesitated. At last a fact was recalled to his mind which the white teacher had told him concerning his own wife, and this settled him. He had told him how he had left her in a distant country, separated by many hundreds of miles from Kataloo, on purpose that he might carry the good news of the Saviour's love to the Bechuanas, and how that he had given up every earthly comfort and pleasure to accomplish that end. This was true devotion and love, and would Kuani, the first convert of the white teacher requite that devotion and love by renouncing the faith, and denying his Master? Impossible. So much for the power of example.

"Lena," he said at last, "tempt me no more. I love you; love you dearer than I love myself; but I love my Saviour more. You do not understand this because you do not know Him. You *cannot* understand it until you do know Him. When you have learnt His love, you will love Kuani more, and you will love the Lord Jesus better than you love Kuani, though Kuani will not be jealous. I must now go to the Balalas, and tell them about His love. They are dying for water; but if they believe His love, they will be able to trust His power to send rain, and, beside that, will find everlasting watersprings of joy gushing out of their hearts. Farewell, dearest Lena, think kindly of my words. Take hold of Jesus' love. I shall be back soon; farewell!"

(*To be continued.*)

CONVENTS IN ENGLAND.

SIR,—The following quotation is from an address that was given at Mildmay Conference Hall, by R. Brown, Esq.

“At the close of last year there were in England, Wales, and Scotland, four hundred and three religious houses for women or convents, where poor young creatures are inured for life, and where there is *no government inspection, nor any registration of deaths*. Who can tell what transpires within those gloomy walls? The Rev. Pierce Connelly (once a pervert to Rome, but afterwards converted to the truth) told us so long ago as 1845, in his letter to the then Earl of Shrewsbury—to whom he had been domestic chaplain—some fearful things that he had himself witnessed, and he added, “my great oppressor, the Church of Rome, is able to suppress legal evidence of facts so damning that if they were made public such a thing as a Roman Catholic seminary would be impossible in England for fifty years to come at least.””

Can it be that we, a nation of professedly just and free people, thus neglect our sisters who are shut up in these places! Surely the same watchful care should be manifestly over these women as is over all other subjects of this highly-favoured country.

True, they at first voluntarily go into their cloisters, but still our law does not allow anyone to injure himself or be injured by another because of some error of judgment. Even a father in his own house is not allowed to do a wrong to his own child. We free the slaves, and we care for those who are confined in houses for the insane, and shall we be less careful of these innocent women of tender consciences?

If such houses are rightly conducted, those who own them will not object to their being regularly visited by persons properly appointed by the State, and if any objection should be made by them it will show at once the necessity for doing this work thoroughly, in order to see that our sisters are properly cared for, and that no one is kept there against her own free will, and in the event of death that the cause be investigated and registered, and the body be suitably buried.

The civil power cannot have control over the spirit—the conscience of any man, but it has to do with the conduct, the words and deeds of all men independent of any profession of religion, for there is much pride and wrong-doing under this name. Any man of common sense can decide what is offensive and evil that should be punished by the civil power.

We profess to be guided by the Scriptures, and they plainly show that the civil power should care for each person, guard the innocent everywhere, and punish all wrong doers.

Those who fear God, and have learned of Christ to be meek, submit to the civil power, and those who do not fear God (even though they may profess to be religious and obey the Scriptures) must be made to submit to all that is just and right.

Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and His true disciples do not seek for place and power in the nation because they are Christians, nor do they ask for any advantage from the State merely on religious grounds.

And in the Church of Christ no true believer will take any position of lordship over other Christians (Luke xxii. 24—27, and 1 Peter v. 3), nor allow anyone to bow down to him because of any honour God may have placed on him more than on another (Acts x. 25, 26).

Those who have influence with the men who are chosen to make our laws should at once exert that influence with them on this important subject.

We should give Parliament no rest till justice be done to our imprisoned sisters, that we be not criminally indifferent to their welfare.—I am, sir, yours respectfully, JUSTICE TO ALL.

AN ALLEGORY.

By P. T.

I MAY perhaps be accused of self-adulation, but having gained strength, and becoming a person of *substance*, my qualities were soon recognised by the good, the great, and the noble in every direction. This will be no matter of surprise when I give you the names of my relatives, which well describe their various characters. My great grandfather was an *Antiquarian*, he had a son who was a *Double Elephant*, another carried the *Atlas*. My first cousins were raised to *Royal* and *Imperial* dignity, and others have worn the *Double Crown*. No danger can arise from using my *Cartridges*, as they hold no explosive material, but greatly benefit mercers and haberdashers who make free with them every day. I do not deny that some of my kin have had the *Foolscap* placed on their heads, but this seeming degradation has not prevented them from being of essential service, especially to the legal profession, who very wisely forget by what name they pass with the vulgar, in consideration of their intrinsic merits.

My superior qualities were appreciated many years ago at *Bath*, from which place numerous *letters* were sent through the *post*. Here I was often flattered by the attention shown me by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

Still higher in rank, the *Queen* with her beloved *Albert* have been vastly indebted to my brothers, who were constant visitors at *Court*, and when the good Prince died none were in deeper mourning than they. In my *Oxford* frame I have placed the portrait of the lamented Prince.

It will not be an astonishment to any to hear that after this I held a prominent place in her Majesty's *Cabinet*, where I continue to assist the whole of the Ministry in their deliberations.

No house is complete without me dwelling in it, and in that respect I am ubiquitous, for my services are in requisition in every quarter of the globe. Should there be any doubt of the truth of this assertion, I would produce a most credible witness, the Postmaster General, who gives me a hearty welcome, and in whose establishment I am a regular visitor. My usefulness here, as elsewhere, is a source of employment to thousands who would otherwise be a burden upon the country and a tax upon the revenue.

My capabilities are not yet sufficiently understood; but I wish it to be known by all that, without me, you would never have read of the naval exploits of Nelson; the heroic deeds of Wellington or Havelock; the forensic eloquence of Brougham, Bright, or Gladstone; the Christian zeal of Moffat, Williams, or Knibb; the perseverance of Livingstone or Stanley; the patient endurance of General Gordon, and his tragic death; the poetry of Shakespere, Milton, Cowper, or Byron; the fascinating novels of Scott or Dickens; the idylls of Tennyson; the marvellous production of John Bunyan the dreamer; or the philanthropic efforts of Shaftesbury, &c., &c.

My invaluable services have often pushed authors to the front, and much latent talent would have been buried had I not come to the rescue. The discoveries they made, succeeded through my being the channel of conveying to the world their productions, which led on to fortune and to fame.

Longfellow, who has left us, wrote thus:—

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.”

But I should have liked to have just whispered in his ear, how could men be reminded if I were not engaged as the principal means of acquainting the world with this truism? Besides, if their footsteps had been left on the “sands of time,” all know that the tide coming in would soon obliterate every impression made by their feet; and here my worth is at once put in contrast with the sands. Is it not a fact that some of my aged progenitors, from Caxton onward, still remain, and are to be seen in the

British Museum and other large libraries? No more "sands of time." Don't attempt to write me down. If you do, I may on some future day rise up, phoenix-like, and assert my superiority once more. But Longfellow has gone. Still we have a Poet Laureate who has patronised me, and with whom I am on most friendly terms.

Petitions to Parliament could never have seen daylight had I not come forward to aid the scribe, and much of the success of the petitioners may be placed to my account.

The changes in the Ministry, the rise and fall in the funds, the schemes to get rich, and the various ways to become poor; the births, marriages, and deaths are known to the world by my agency.

All the books that are written or printed, owe more than half their celebrity to me. Indeed there is not a class from the humblest to the most exalted, I am bold to affirm, that can achieve any object of importance without my assistance. I help the tradesman in his accounts, the stockbroker in his jobbing, the quack in his nostrums, the physician and the surgeon in their practice, the student in his studies, the lawyer, the barrister, and the judges in their respective duties. I claim more than half of the encomiums which have been bestowed on many of these eminent men, and fearlessly assert that no public institution could stand its ground or maintain its position if I were entirely abandoned.

If I am necessary to the man of business, of science, or the learned professions, I am not less prized by the ladies, who are constantly sending through me their billets-doux, their tender epistles to their lovers, their affectionate remembrances to their friends, or some kind greeting, or mournful intelligence to their swains. I am in great request at particular seasons of the year, as many are aware that on Valentine's-day, and at Christmas time, there is no end to my employment. I bear all this cheerfully, well knowing what a favourite I am with the gentle sex, who rarely accomplish their object without applying to me.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. XII.—LITTLE FAY'S SERMON.

"How is your foot, Eddy?"

"Oh, ever so much better. The doctor said yesterday I might go out to-morrow."

It was the Sunday morning after Eddy's accident, and Fay had come to enquire after him.

"Arn't you sorry you can't go to church?"

"Yes, very," replied Eddy. "Don't you mean to go?"

"Oh, I'll go this evening. Grandpapa said it would be kind to come and have church with you. But we'll have a little talk first, till the bells stop. Don't you get tired of lying still sometimes?"

"I'm tired of this old sofa, but it'll be jolly out on the sands. John'll carry me, you know."

"Yes, I'll tell mamma you will be there, and then we can come and see you when I've done my lessons."

"We're going to do lessons when we go back home," said Eddy. "Father said we wouldn't go to school, but a gentleman would come to live with us, and teach us. Do you think he'll be very cross?"

"That depends upon how you behave," said Fay, laughing. "But I shouldn't think he'd be cross, exactly."

"Not if we were bad boys?"

"Oh, but you won't ever be."

"I do feel bad, though, often," said Eddy; "but it seems as if I can't help it. You know lots, Fay, can't you tell me why?"

Eddy's brown eyes were looking gravely at the little girl. She answered very humbly: "I don't know much, Eddy. Grandpapa and mamma teach me everything. But I think this is why. There's always a naughty spirit trying to get into our hearts, and it's only when we get Jesus to help us that we can keep it out. If we let Jesus go, and the naughty spirit comes in, then mamma says, unless we pray very much, sometimes God lets it stay there a little while; and when we find how very, very bad it is, we pray as hard as we can, and Jesus comes again, and the bad spirit is afraid and goes right away."

Eddy lay still, thinking of what Fay had said.

"Now it's time for church," remarked Fay, presently. "I'll sing to you, Eddy, and you finish up all the verses with me."

And then Fay began the little hymn, "Jesus, I am coming," Eddy joining in the chorus. That over, they read carefully through part of the service, Fay helping Eddy over the long words. Fay next sang, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Eddy did not know it, but he liked to listen.

"Oh, I'm so glad Robin, and I had to climb up that cliff!"

Church was by no means over, but Fay wanted to know what Eddy meant.

"Why, don't you see, Fay, if you hadn't seen us perched up there, we should never have got to be friends; and I *do* love you so."

Presently the others came home from church with grandpapa

and Mrs. Lawrence to fetch away Fay, and say a few kind words to the little invalid.

"What sort of sermon did Fay preach?" asked Mr. Bonarde.

"About a naughty spirit," said Eddy, smiling at Fay.

"Oh, Eddy, I didn't mean to preach when I said that."

"There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill,"

said Mrs. Lawrence, softly, putting back the curls from Eddy's forehead.

"But what did you say to me this morning, Fay, about the Holy Spirit giving us the victory at the last?"

"You mean the last verse of my new hymn, grandpapa,"

"Still the Spirit stronger groweth
In the hearts that hold it fast;
He will help us, teach us, crown us,
More than conquerors at the last."

"Ah," said Mr. Bonarde, "that's pleasanter to think of; only, hold it fast, little boy."

CHAP. XIII.—HARRY.

FAY had a brother who was not one bit like herself. I do not mean in appearance, because there was sufficient family likeness between them to show that they were brother and sister—but in disposition. Perhaps this was owing to the fact of Harry's having spent the greater part of the last two years at his grandfather Lawrence's. The training he had there received was not calculated to make him remember his mother's teaching. Mrs. Lawrence had feared something of this during the boy's visits home; yet she scarcely thought it right to recall him from his grandfather's. Just before Harry went to live with him, old Mr. Lawrence had lost his youngest daughter, to whom he had been most fondly attached. He had begged that Harry should be sent to him—Captain Lawrence, Fay's father, himself wished it; so Mrs. Lawrence had consented, but with many misgivings, to part with her boy. On the death of his grandfather, Harry had returned to his home where he had now been several months. He was three years older than Fay, quick and clever, and able to do almost anything that he gave his mind to. But I am sorry to say that he was very selfish, and often treated his little sister so unkindly that Mrs. Lawrence had to interfere. Captain Lawrence was expected home very soon; and then he would find some good school in which to place the wayward boy. Till then, the mother would try to lead her son to better things;

striving very hard, hoping much and praying most of all. But how often did she feel discouraged! If my boys only knew how it *hurts* the mother's loving heart to see her words carelessly unheeded, her wishes wilfully disregarded! And how that heart is made glad by the least sign that the seeds sown have taken root, and are beginning to grow. We wait so long, sometimes, for these little seeds to send up their green blades. We have watched them so carefully, we have watered them so freely with our prayers, but we forget that it is God that giveth the increase.

Just as our garden seeds will not thrive without the bright sun shining down on them, so these seeds in the heart will not grow unless the Holy Spirit shed His rays upon them. But sometimes we forget all this, and then we are discouraged, and we even cease to pray. But, mothers, if any of you read this, must I remind you that our Father *always answers prayer*? Only, His time is the right one—not ours.

Little Eddy's ankle was not long in recovering; but, even before he was able to run about, he had very merry times out there on the sands.

Harry joined in the little ones' pursuits when he did not consider them too babyish. He knew a good deal about sea-weed and shells, and would often wander away from the others, taking Robin with him, to search for treasures. They would come back laden, and then Harry would give the other children the benefit of his superior knowledge; but he had often to appeal to his mother. Fay's little fingers were seldom idle. With a little help from mamma, she had tastefully arranged borders of sea-weed on nice bits of cardboard, placing in the centre short, easy texts. Grandpapa had promised to take them to the Children's Hospital.

There are so many things we might do to give pleasure to all those poor little sick ones. Don't you think you might save some of those pretty pictures, so carelessly thrown aside, colour them nicely, and paste them into your old copy-books? Now, boys, this is the sort of thing for you to do. No needles and thread wanted; and you know what fun you always have over any pasting business. Wouldn't the fun be changed into real pleasure if you knew that you were working for some of the little ones whom Jesus loves?

When Eddy's ankle was fairly well, they all paid a visit to the cave. John was called in to examine the opening into the inner cave, and gave it as his opinion that it might be enlarged. Fay was just as eager about it as was either of the boys, and immediately proposed a beautiful plan that, if John were able to "open the door into the bed-room, might they not one day come and have tea there, in honour of the event?"

Do you suppose that the grown-up folks could refuse, with eight sparkling eyes around them? Mrs. Lawrence smilingly agreed, so did Mrs. Forrest, so did grandpapa.

"Only," said Robin, "we must have tea early, so as not to be caught by the sea."

John said he would "borrow some tools right away," and went off accompanied by the two elder boys. Mrs. Lawrence gave herself up to the two little ones for half-an-hour's play, and the two gentlemen walked leisurely on, arm in arm.

CHAP. XIV.—PICNIC IN THE SEA-SIDE CAVE.

JOHN was very successful in opening the door; he formed with his tools a kind of archway, not very high certainly, but sufficiently so to admit of a tolerably tall person getting through without having to bend quite double. However, all sorts of inconveniences only add to the fun in sea-side caves.

Not many days passed before our friends found themselves seated, on camp-stools bought for the occasion, all about Robin and Eddy's drawing-room. The inner cave had been duly admired, and now tea was ready.

John was there to wait upon every one, which he did with most praiseworthy gravity. Eddy bubbled over with fun as he danced about, occasionally knocking down a knife or spoon. Little Fay sent a smile with every cup of tea she poured out. Mamma sat by her to superintend sugaring and creaming.

Harry was upon his best behaviour, as he always was in grandpapa's presence; he made himself very pleasant, and helped to keep them all merry by his droll sayings. Robin was the useful lad; he did not at all approve of John's doing all the waiting, and proved a most efficient assistant.

"Fay, my dear, you don't make your tea sweet enough." This from grandpapa. It must be confessed that grandpapa was *very* fond of sugar.

Robin darted forward for the cup, and Fay proceeded to refill it. She hesitated a moment with the tea-pot in her hand. First turning round to be sure that Mr. Bonarde was not looking, she spoke in low tones to her mamma and Robin.

"I know what I'll do. Robin, give me the sugar-basin."

Robin handed it. Fay filled grandpapa's cup with as many lumps as it would hold, then poured in tea. When the sugar was dissolved, Mrs. Lawrence added a little cream, and Robin was despatched with orders not to laugh and upset the cup.

Mr. Bonarde tasted his syrup, appeared perfectly satisfied, and continued his conversation with Mr. Forrest.

"Is your tea quite right this time, grandpapa?" asked little Fay.

"Excellent, my dear, excellent."

"Hee—hee—" burst out Robin, with his hand over his mouth.

Fay and her mamma and the others, who were by this time in the secret, joined in merrily. Then Mrs. Lawrence explained her little girl's trick, and grandpapa shook his head fiercely and enjoyed the fun as much as any. It was now time to pack up, and all hands went to work. The children pronounced this picnic tea first rate, and one of the greatest treats they could possibly have had.

But the days were slipping fast away; here was June already well advanced. Mr. Forrest no longer considered himself an invalid. He expected never quite to recover from his lameness, but he was thankful to be again able to walk comfortably without assistance. He felt that it was high time the boys should begin regular lessons. He had engaged a tutor to come to them early in July, and he thought it would be well for Robin and Eddy first to have a few days for running wild, and becoming acquainted with their new home. But what am I about? I must not let you into the secret just yet.

CHAP. XV.—EDDY'S VICTORY.

ON the last day of their stay at Farley, Robin and Eddy stopped at Mrs. Lawrence's on their way to the sands to fetch Harry and his sister. John was too busy preparing for their departure to be able to accompany them; besides, Mr. Forrest never felt anxious when he knew Fay was with them. He had great faith in the little girl's steadiness.

Our boys found Harry on the point of coming to meet them. He took them into their school-room where Fay was seated at the table, painting one of her texts.

"Here, Fay, stop that bosh, and come out with us."

"Oh, Harry, don't speak so!" cried his sister, indignantly.

"Why shouldn't I? Don't you see Robin and Eddy?"

Fay got up to speak to them.

"Be quick, Fay, and don't be an hour dressing."

"Mamma said we had better not go out this afternoon, she thinks there's a storm coming."

"Oh, bother the storm. I tell you what it is, Fay. You're just a cranky thing, and want to finish what you're about. Come, Robin, we'll go without her. Mamma did not tell *me* not to go, so I can say I didn't know."

"Indeed," began poor little Fay; but Eddy rushed up to Harry and said passionately, "You're a naughty, bad boy to talk like that to Fay, and you tell lies, I won't speak to you again!"

"What's that to you," sneered Harry, "did you learn to be so very good in the workhouse?"

"Nurse Manning told me to speak the truth, and we hadn't any bad boys like you there."

Before Robin could interfere, Harry had dealt the little fellow a blow which knocked him to the ground. That was enough for Robin. He flew at Harry, doubling up his fists for a fight.

A minute later Mrs. Lawrence appeared in the doorway; she paused in amazement at the scene before her: Eddy sobbing on the floor, with Fay comforting him, and Robin and Harry in a pitched battle! No one saw her till she was quite close; then there was a cry of "Oh, Mamma!" from Fay; and the boys turned round to see the grieved, kind face looking down on them.

Harry slunk away to a chair, while Robin, with flashing eyes, began an eager explanation.

"Sit down, Robin," said Mrs. Lawrence gravely, "and get quiet; then I shall understand better."

"Fay, tell me how all this began." And Fay told her mother the cause of the quarrel, leaving out as much as she could of Harry's unkindness to herself. Robin was several times on the point of interrupting her, but Mrs. Lawrence held up a finger to prevent him.

"Now, Robin," she said, when Fay had finished.

Robin related all Harry's unkind speeches almost word for word, not sparing him in the least. He spoke just as truthfully about himself.

"I oughn't to have got in such a passion," he added, his face becoming scarlet; "and I'm sorry, but I ain't going to let anybody hurt Eddy if I can help it."

"What have you got to say for yourself, Harry?"

"Nothing," muttered the boy sulkily.

Mrs. Lawrence gave a little sigh, but she did not think it wise to talk to Harry then, so she only sent him to his room. Drawing Eddy to her and kissing the tear-stained face, she said, "I am sorry Harry should have spoilt your last day here. What can Fay and I do to make up for it? Do you think you and Robin may stay and have tea with us? Harry must take his alone in his own room."

Neither of the boys answered; Mrs. Lawrence looked from one to the other.

"*Must* Harry be punished?" asked Robin. "Hasn't he had enough? I hit him more than he hit me, you know."

"What do *you* say, Eddy? I am afraid he hurt you."

"I think he'll be good," replied the little fellow, "if I go and ask him to. May I? I don't want no one to come with me."

"Please let him," said Robin. "Harry won't dare touch him again."

"Very well, dear; you may go. You know the way."

"I will write a note to your uncle, Robin, to say I am going to keep you, if I may."

Eddy ran upstairs and knocked at Harry's door. No one answered him, so he opened it and peeped in.

"Go away, I don't want you."

"But I want *you*," said Eddy.

"I don't believe it; go away."

"It's quite true," said Eddy, "'cause I say so."

Harry looked up in surprise, as Eddy advanced boldly into the room and came close to him.

"Is the naughty spirit gone a long way off, Harry?"

"What do you mean?"

"The naughty spirit that made you knock me down. I asked Jesus to send it a long way off."

"Oh, bother," returned Harry; but he did not speak quite so crossly as before.

"It's very funny," said little Eddy slowly, as if considering.

"I asked Him all the way upstairs; perhaps He's waiting for you to ask, Harry?"

"I'm not going to," muttered the boy.

"I'm going to ask again," said Eddy, "and if you're ashamed to say it aloud, you just *think* it."

The child knelt down and, folding his small hands, began:

"Jesus, please do make Harry sorry he's got this wicked spirit, and take it right away, and not let it come back again, *please* do."

Eddy returned to Harry's side.

"Do you begin to feel sorry now, Harry? Won't you kiss me; then perhaps you will?"

Harry turned away his head for a minute; then, jumping up with a very red face:

"Here, Eddy, give us your hand. You're a good little chap, and I'm sorry I hurt you."

"Won't you kiss me, Harry?"

"Big boys don't kiss, you know."

"But I'm only a little boy."

"All right;" and Harry finally gave in.

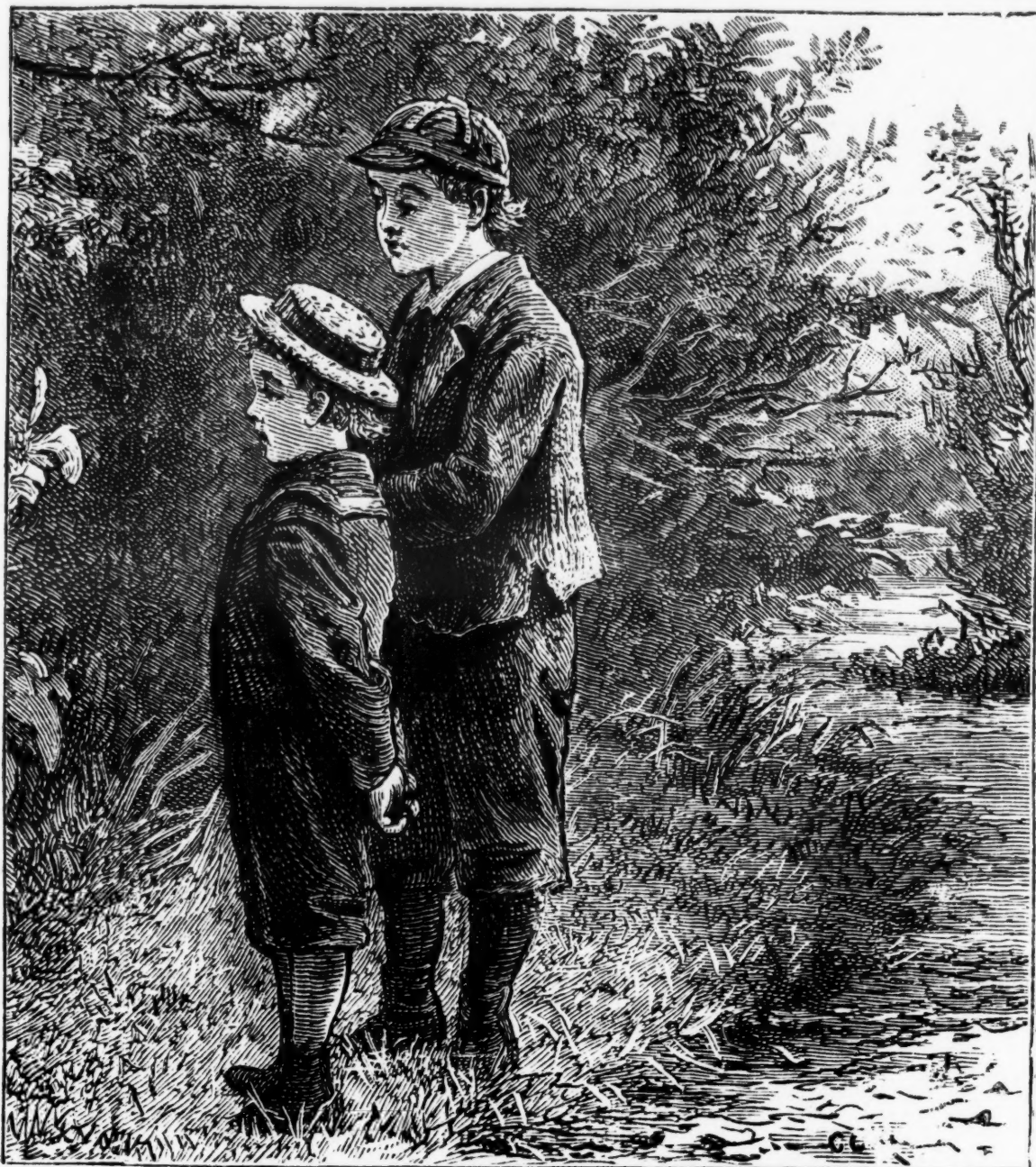
"You may come down now," said Eddy; "Mrs. Lawrence said so."

Eddy ran gaily down the stairs, followed more slowly by Harry.

"I've got him!" shouted the little fellow, as he opened the schoolroom door; "and we're all going to be happy."

Robin was ready enough to shake hands with Harry, and the mother kissed her boy's forehead, when she noticed the changed expression on his face.

(To be continued.)



"THE BOY FRIENDS." (See page 70.)

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

By ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.—THE END OF A STATE TRIAL.

DAYS went by, and still no rain descended on the plain of Kataloo. Vinaka was at his wit's end, and knew not what to do; for the people had got impatient, and were breathing out threatenings and slaughters against him. The king had lost confidence in his once favoured rain-maker, and seemed to be only waiting for the people's voice before he committed him to his headsman for execution. Every plea for delay, and every excuse for the non-appearance of the rain had been exhausted; and the unhappy rain-maker looked around him in vain for assistance or relief. The green grass smell which had so often cheered him in the past, and forewarned him of coming storms,

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was not to be detected now, for the air was hot and motionless, and the broad leaves of palm and pandams tree could not be seen to quiver. Once a few black clouds did appear, and passed over the kraal with loud thunder claps, but they disappeared again on the distant horizon without discharging a drop of water. The sufferings of the people had become great, and many had already perished with thirst; whilst the weary, worn out oxen who had taken possession of all the available shadow-land, might be seen moving their lean bodies from place to place as the shadows shifted.

But more than this. As Vinaka was losing prestige with king and people, the missionary was gaining it. True, the king did not like all the white man said or did; for he did not fall in with his peace principles, or relish his teaching on the subject of a resurrection; but he valued his beads and tobacco, and liked to hear him talk of the sea-girt isle from which he came, with its statesmen and judges who administered the laws, and its warriors who fought by sea and land.

"Your king must be terrible in battle," he remarked on one occasion; "you must tell him I wish to live at peace."

The balalas liked the missionary because of his unvarying kindness to them, and for the fact that he had made Kuani's heart white as milk—a fact which had been conveyed to them through Kuani's own lips, when he had been round the kraal speaking to them of "one Jesus." Whether their chief's heart was white or black mattered little to them, however, save that they linked his statement with the change which they had noticed in his conduct towards them. An uniform gentleness had come over him, and instead of the contempt and even cruelty which had been their portion in the past, they now received nothing but good words and kindness; a change of treatment which made them wish that the other chiefs also would get milk-white hearts without delay. They looked upon the missionary as a great medicine man and teacher, and often asked him why he could not make rain, when he would always direct them to the Governor of the Universe, whose heart and ear were accessible to all. Very few of them, however, caught the spirit of his teaching, and some were so ignorant and degraded that when he spoke to them of sin they failed to comprehend his meaning. A spear with ill-shaped head was a sinful spear, or a roof with a hole in it was a sinful roof; but to speak of sin in a person arising from responsibility was to speak of something entirely beyond their ken.

But what was Vinaka to do? His own teaching was being undermined, and his influence was weakening more and more every day. The people were clamouring for him to put forth his power to produce rain, and he was powerless. What was to be done?

One day a secret council was held among the chiefs, at which the king was present, but from which the rain-maker was by royal command excluded. Vinaka knew what that meant. It was his case they had before them—the combined dearth and his failures to remove it—and he knew, too, that secret councils almost invariably spoke of death. What was to be done?

The moment was perilous, and Vinaka grew desperate. Yes—he would accuse Kuani of being the cause of all his failures. He would go straight to the king and tell him that the clouds were offended, and kept away because the king's son-in-law had become a man of peace. He knew well enough that Kuani would never take to his shield and spear again; and thus there would be an excuse always to hand, even though no rain should fall for several months. This was better, too, than making a direct attack upon the missionary, who could buy himself back into favour if the king's displeasure were aroused against him for a time; and who might prove more than a match for Vinaka if he entered the lists against him. Besides, he was away at the time on a visit to some neighbouring tribes, and it was therefore impossible to fix a charge against him.

No sooner had the rain-maker come to this resolution, than he made his way to the king's hut, where the secret council was being held, and breaking unceremoniously into the circle of whispering chiefs, exclaimed:

“King Arongo and chiefs of the Bechuanas—listen! I have made a discovery! The mind of Vinaka is searching as a hawk's eye, and nothing can escape it. Have I not been communing with the clouds for many days, and yet you have had no rain? Why is that? Do you think the clouds will bare their bosoms to any but warriors? Do you think they will open their teats to lazy talkers who do nothing? If you say ‘yes,’ you are wrong. Do you ask me what I mean? Has not Kuani, the son of my own house, who was once brave in battle—has he not thrown away his spear and become a man of peace? You know it, and yet you sit like lame oxen and do nothing.”

“He has spoken wisely,” said the king, rising hastily. “Let Kuani be brought at once. He is a brave warrior, and must keep his spear—there is no other chief like him.”

Kuani was sitting in his hut with the princess when this command was given; and, looking towards the king's palace a moment later, was surprised to see two of the younger chiefs running at the top of their speed towards him. He drew the princess's attention to the fact, at which she seemed not a little startled, especially when she noticed that both the men were fully armed. There was not much time to speculate, however, for in a little while they had reached the hut, and their message had been delivered.

"You will stay here till I return," was Kuani's parting word. "I shall not be long—farewell."

Little did the princess think, as she gazed after the retreating figure of her chief, what a scene was to be enacted before her eyes, ere she folded him to her bosom again! It was better—much better—that she did not know.

On the way to the palace, Kuani enquired of his brother chiefs as to the king's purpose in sending for him; and asked whether he had been the subject of the secret council then sitting. The chiefs, however, were very reticent, and declined to give information, so Kuani turned the conversation into higher themes, and indulged in a monologue on the Divine goodness; which, however, seemed to give more interest to himself than his hearers.

Directly the party entered the council room, the king, with his usual abruptness and brevity, turned to Kuani and said:

"Has Kuani, the bravest of warriors, become a man of peace? That must not be. When the brave throw down their spears the clouds keep away. Kuani must re-adorn his head with feathers of the blue crane, and must carry his shield upon his arm again: then the clouds will be satisfied and come back to us."

"That is a lie, taught you by Vinaka my father," returned Kuani, boldly. "He says it to gain time. He knows no more about the motions of the clouds than a dead ox. The great God, whose power he mimics, alone knows that."

"You can prove that by your actions," returned the king with a frown; "let Kuani become the great warrior again, and if the clouds still hide their faces, then Vinaka has taught a lie."

"That I cannot do," was the firm reply. "When I threw away my spear, I threw it away for ever. Kuani is now a servant of the Prince of Peace, and every night he asks the Prince to send rain, knowing that He carries the water-bags of heaven."

"And does He hear you?" asked Vinaka with a cunning smile. "I have seen you pray. You bow down your face and talk to something in the ground."

"He always hears prayer," said Kuani quietly, "but when one of His creatures pretends to make rain, He will sometimes restrain the clouds, and so let the people see that their rain-maker is no better than a dried stick."

"But you will wear your plumes and spear for one day," urged the king; and while he spoke there was a tremor of impatience noticeable in his tone.

Kuani, however, remained obdurate and unyielding.

The king's suasive manner now suddenly changed, and in a tone of imperious command, he exclaimed:

“The men of peace are like granite stones—they will not hear! Judge you, oh chiefs. Is this base son of Vinaka fit to live? Is he not fit only to die?”

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

‘TELL you the story?’ Why yes, sir, although ’tis a tale of woe,
And her mother and me feel sadly that God should have dealt with
us so;

But the parson who read the service—he told us that God in love
Had taken our darling to heaven, and that we should meet her above.

’Tis hard tho’ to bear this trial; to know that she died away;
But we’ve done what we could for poor Ellen, who lies ’neath yon
churchyard clay,

For she said—so the nurses wrote us—that it was her last request,
In the place of her happy childhood, her body should lie at rest.

But of course, as you see yourself, sir, I’m only a labouring man,
And feeble and ill besides, sir, yet I’ve done for her all that I can;
I could not buy her a coffin, but I meant she should have her way,
So I borrowed some boards to make one—and I made it myself that
day.

Then we travelled to London town, sir, with a hand-cart, my Dobbie
and me,

And we gazed on the form of poor Ellen, whose face it was lovely
to see,

For a happy smile beamed o’er it, as though she were but asleep—
’Twas hard to believe she was dead, sir, and I felt I could scarcely
weep.

Back towards our village we started, with sober and heavy hearts,
But none can tell who’ve not suffered how sorely the sorrow smarts;
We had fifty miles to travel, but nothing we thought of the road,
We were bringing her home, our darling! and our love for her
lightened the load.

The boy, he felt tired, poor laddie! for you see he is only a child,
And often at night he would tremble—for the winds were so piercing
and wild;

Oft I gave him a lift by the coffin, till we came to a bit of a hill,
Then the lad would jump down and assist me to push—and he push’d
with a will.

Each night—for you know that our journey lasted for three clear
days—

We rested ourselves by the roadway, but were off ere the sun’s early
rays

Arose in the sky in the morning; for I tell you I could not sleep—
I could only look at the coffin, and think of her there—and weep.

As we passed on our homeward journey through each of the towns
 by day,
 The people oft stared at our load, sir, but none of them stood in our
 way,
 Till we neared the end of our journey, when one who seemed stranger
 to shame
 Came forward and asked what we carried, and roughly demanded my
 name.

He ventured to touch the coffin, but I clutched at his arm in a trice,
 And though I'm as weak as a child, yet I held him as if in a vice;
 I felt that our darling's coffin was holy, and would be defiled
 By hands such as his—and I tell you, the thought of it drove me
 wild.

He said he belonged to "the force," sir, but I would not allow him
 near,
 And the villagers crowded around us and wanted our story to hear;
 When I told them the story weeping, I marked how their faces
 frowned
 On the man who had offered us insult, and a murmur went threat'ning
 around.

Then the coward hurried away, sir, he could see what the people
 meant,
 And I started once more on my journey, and I felt that my strength
 was near spent;
 But I toiled, and I rested often, till our village at last we hied,
 And our own little house in the distance, standing out on the green
 hillside.

Next day we buried our darling, and the neighbours gathered near,
 And they list'd to the solemn service, and their sobbings reached my
 ear;
 For they all so well knew Ellen, who had spent her childhood's hours
 'Mongst them, so they loved her dearly, and they covered her grave
 with flowers.

And with this my tale is ended: you'll say 'tis a tale of woe,
 And her mother and I felt sadly that our darling should have to go;
 But we know—as the parson told us—she was taken by God in love,
 And we're looking to meet our Ellen at the pearly gates above.

WILL H. ROSS.

AN ALLEGORY.

By P. T.

FOR young people I have a strong regard, and in their efforts to
 make a *mark* in life, or in their juvenile productions, I give them
 all the assistance I am able. Nothing yields me greater satisfac-
 tion than to see the rising race, instead of building castles in the
 air, plodding on, determined, with my help, to promote the

public weal. Go on, my young friends; let 'excelsior' be your motto; have me always near, and use me freely as you please.

Mixing in *Society*, I have frequently to go through *Vanity Fair*, and by that means witness a vast deal of *Life in London*, and through means of the *Press* my opinions of men and things are recorded.

How immensely the leading journals are indebted to me can be ascertained by a visit to the neighbourhood of Fleet-street. At present I enjoy my snug quarters here, but have to be awake every night, only getting rest in the day; this is the only way by which I keep time, for every morning some of my large family (and they are numerous) are hurried off very early to various railways, and often unceremoniously thrown down on the platform by porters as if they were of no importance, although going to fulfil a weighty mission in various towns, to enlighten the inhabitants who are eager to embrace them on their arrival. Having left me, they never return, but I am consoled with the thought of the good work they are accomplishing, and that I have yet an increasing progeny around me. These in turn will be called out to benefit the world in a like manner, as will also be my lot before my doom is finally fixed.

Whilst I greatly assist newspaper proprietors, I am no politician myself, but they stamp on my features very curious signs. Sometimes they call me a *Nonconformist*, then an *English Churchman*. I now bear a *Standard* daily, and once had the *British Banner* assigned to me. I remember years gone by being called a *Statesman*, but have only been a *Spectator* in the House. A long time ago an effort was made by a celebrated bookseller to start me as a *Representative*, but after a short time, not succeeding to my patron's expectations, he considered that it would be the most prudent course for to discontinue presenting me to public gaze. I am often employed as an *Examiner*, and am a close *Observer* of the *World*. The productions of the artist and the engraver may be traced to my ability to bring before others notice, their *Graphic* skill, without which they could not *Illustrate News* of passing events, and in like manner I *Dispatch* over the *Globe*, and by means of the *Telegraph* communicate *Daily News* everywhere. My knowledge of *Pall Mall* and *St. James's* enable me to pry into Court circles, and to furnish *Lady's News*. I have no particular taste for *Sporting Life*, but am in request as a *Referee*. The *Field* and the *Garden* are sources of recreation, and occupy a little of my attention. Every week among old and young, I am the occasion of a good deal of *Fun*, and through my means many are enabled to sell *Punch* without a licence. His companion Judy has very particular tastes, and these two do not always agree. Without doubt they are *Funny Folks*, and using me properly, I increase the general

amusement; whether the *Times* be good or bad, passing events, bright or sad, are through me *Daily Chronicled*.

I have been in such demand in recent years, that tradesmen have selected their special trades to *mark* their indebtedness to me, and so you will find that the *Draper*, the *Grocer*, the *Tailor*, the *Builder*, and indeed every *English Mechanic*, engage me for their own purposes. Being a *Freemason*, I give every *Freeman* a cordial grip of hand, and as a *Watchman* and *Guardian* of experience, the *Architect* has to apply to me before he can produce his plans.

The *Army and Navy* and the *Volunteer Service* is a toast regularly observed at public festivals, but the praise bestowed on them would be confined to a very narrow circle, were it not that, through me, the eulogiums passed on these occasions are circulated over the wide, wide world. *Public Opinion* has been always on my side; as a matter of course, this is *Echo'd* everywhere.

There are some circumstances in my chequered life that must not be omitted. The chameleon is said by naturalists to change its colours by coming in contact with different substances, which have the effect of giving a peculiar tinge to its complexion; mine have undergone many changes from similar causes. My patrons consider me much improved in looks by my *rough* manners being *toned* down by some of these transformations. So long as my character stands well with the public, I am quite indifferent to my outward appearance. Let me, however, relate an event that transpired a few years ago. On one occasion when the water was being prepared for my bath, it was sadly disturbed by a mere accident. It was washing day, and a careless woman passing by let fall into the water her blue-bag. This spoilt my former fair looks, and for a time I was placed in disgrace and shelved, until a very kind friend, hearing of my trouble, interceded on my behalf, and was successful with the owner of the bath-house in obtaining my release, and not only so, but was wonderfully taken with what he considered an improvement in my countenance.

Adventurous as my existence has been, and subject to various changes my lot, I feel now that old age is telling upon me, and my grave and grey features give unmistakeable signs of decrepitude. Some think of me as an *antique* individual, and have no sympathy when the blues are upon me; others, more sympathetic, do not despise me when I retain that colour, and I have become a constant inmate in solicitors' offices, and in numerous gentlemen's libraries, where I am not treated with disdain, because of circumstances which occasioned the alteration in my looks.

My journeys to India and other warm climates considerably

reduce me in bulk; although being *thinner*, I maintain my strength tolerably well, and am able to bear differences of climate better than you may imagine.

There is a spot in Hampshire where my ancestors first came into *note*. Here my *finer* relatives have for a long period made their way, and are still in such great demand that the commercial world could not do without them. Probably you will express your wonder when I inform you that the Bank of England, with all its wealth and influence, owe much to these first cousins of mine being so prominent. The truth is that, through them, the Bank issue daily such glowing assurances to the whole nation, that those who believe them, and get plenty of their notes of hand, often get immensely rich, the promises made being always most honourably fulfilled. This result, you will allow, may be indirectly traced to the source I have indicated. Before my relatives reach London (so valuable they are supposed to be), they are carefully watched in their snuggeries, lest they should kidnap them, or themselves take a fancy to break loose. There is very little danger of either happening, and hitherto they have reached their destination in safety.

My own place in the counting-houses of merchants, bankers, stock-brokers, and others, give facilities for circulating a knowledge of passing events, and the information is thus spread all over England and the Continent. By such means the Indian Mutiny, the Russian War, the affairs of Egypt, and a thousand other matters have gained publicity.

It has often occurred to those who have obtained great popularity, and whose success has arisen from benefitting the world, that they had to contend with difficulties and very frequently with opposition. I have not escaped the general calamity of philanthropists, for notwithstanding all that I have done and undone in contributing to much of the light that exists, as also being the instrument of scattering, to a considerable extent, the darkness brooding over the earth in bygone ages, I have been subjected to many indignities, even cruelties. The ignorant and vulgar have often *blackened* my character in writing theirs, disfiguring my features whilst portraying their own. I have been knocked down by the auctioneer, trampled upon by the porter, hung up by the bill-sticker, carried by sandwich men, blued, blacked, and reddened by the printer, dyed, pressed, milled, cut, &c., that it is a perfect marvel that a particle of life remains. My patience and forbearance have been the surprise of all who knew me in my youthful days; but alas! these are fled, and now in the decline of life I am overpowered in reviewing my past history, and anticipating what will, sooner or later, be my condition. I have no reason to expect that better treatment will be awarded to me than others have received, who have

equalled, perhaps excelled me in benefitting the community. Some of these I am aware were of *finer* and more sensitive feelings than myself, but they endured; and so by their heroic example I am considerably animated and consoled, and am endeavouring to brace up my mind to the inevitable, finding no way of escape.

And now having brought my adventurous life nearly to a close, I have to solicit once more the sympathy of a generous public—for, will you credit it, after all that has been accomplished through me in being a blessing to millions by bringing great truths and noble ideas to light (with grief I record it), I am condemned to the cheesemongers' shops, and the marine stores, as being no better than —

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

CHAP. XVI.—MR. FORREST HELPS FAY TO BUILD THE NEW CHURCH.

WHEN it was time for the boys to go home, Mrs. Lawrence and her children walked back with them, in order to wish Mr. Forrest good-bye. Grandpapa arrived soon afterwards.

During the course of the conversation Mr. Bonarde alluded to a sermon that had been preached on the preceding Sunday, asking for contributions for a new church that was to be built at the northern end of the town.

The population had increased so rapidly of late years that the accommodation of the parish church was far from meeting the requirements of the people. Mr. Forrest had not been well enough to attend the service that day, and this was the first he had heard of the new church.

"The rector told me yesterday that the collection was wonderfully good," continued Mr. Bonarde, "far better than he had even hoped it might be, but there is still a considerable sum wanted. I told him I would mention it to you in case you might like to help."

When Fay heard what Mr. Bonarde and Mr. Forrest were talking about, she detached herself from the group of boys and came and stood by her grandpapa's side. Mr. Bonarde smiled as he felt the little arm slipped within his.

"Fay is very much interested in this new church," he said.

"Have they chosen the site?" asked Mr. Forrest.

"Yes, that was given some time back; it is quite at the extremity of the town, just where the fishermen's cottages begin."

Here Eddy discovered that Fay had left them, and he ran up to her with a face full of eager curiosity.

Mr. Bonarde took the boy on his knee: "Well, young man, are you going to help us build the new church?"

"No, Robin will; he knows how to build better'n me."

"But this is to be a real church, where the poor fishermen will learn all about God."

"Oh, I'd like to help build that!"

"Shall I tell you what Fay has done already?" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"What?" asked the child.

"She has written in big letters on a card, 'only a penny for a new church,' and put it over a money-box on the drawing-room table. There are some pennies in it already."

"Yes," said grandpapa, "that is one way of helping to build."

"You didn't ask *me* for a penny," said Eddy, reproachfully.

"Ah, we didn't go into the drawing-room; that was the reason," said Fay.

"How many pennies do you want yet, Fay?" asked Mr. Forrest.

"Heaps and heaps—I couldn't count them."

"Besides what has been already collected, five hundred pounds would cover all expenses," said Mr. Bonarde.

"There, Fay," said Mr. Forrest, "you and Eddy try if you can find out how many pennies we want to make up that sum, and I will see what I can do."

"I have left my cheque-book upstairs," he added to Mr. Bonarde, "please excuse me a few moments."

When in his room, Mr. Forrest drew pen and ink towards him, and wrote an order for fifty pounds; then he hesitated, left his chair, and walked once or twice up and down.

"Why shouldn't I?" he said, half aloud.

"Why *should* you?" whispered another voice. "Fifty pounds is a good round sum, and will sound well."

Mr. Forrest suddenly remembered his friends below. With thought of them he called to mind the poor fishermen. He sent back the tempter, cleared his brow, and snatching up his pen, added another cipher to the fifty pounds.

"One hundred and twenty thousand!" shouted the children, as Mr. Forrest re-entered the room.

(Now, boys and girls, get your pencils and see whether that be right.)

"Oh, father," said Eddy, "that is such a lot! Whenever will they have enough?"

"Uncle's going to give some," remarked Robin, looking wise.

Mr. Forrest smilingly handed the folded cheque to Mr. Bonarde.

"If more should be wanted, you must let me know," said he.

"I confess to a share of the old ladies' quality," said Mr. Bonarde, laughing, and opening the cheque.

But he did not laugh as he read the amount there named.

"Thank you, with all my heart," he said, grasping Mr. Forrest's hand, "in the name of all the poor people who will benefit by this. See, Fay," added he, turning to his little grand-daughter, "this bit of paper is worth the hundred and twenty thousand pennies."

"Oh, grandpapa!" was all Fay could say. Rushing up to Mr. Forrest, she gave him such a hug as her grandpapa often had from her.

"You dear, good man, how I shall always love you!" Then half ashamed of having been betrayed out of her usual shyness, she tried to free herself; but Mr. Forrest held her tight, and did not let her go till he had fully returned her warm embrace. Somehow, this little child was become very dear to him. Perhaps it was because he had opened his heart to God's Holy Spirit of Love; and the heart that has plentifully received, cannot help giving abundantly.

Eddy was showing his delight in his customary manner of dancing about the room, but when Fay was released, he landed on one leg near his father to give him a second hug. Truly, Mr. Forrest was beginning to taste the delights of giving.

"It's so jolly, father," said the little boy. "I'm going to be a clergyman when I'm a man, and preach in the new church. It will be just like your own church, you know, father."

"I could wish nothing better for you, Eddy."

CHAP. XVII.—THE MANOR HOUSE.

"I say, John, this ain't the right address."

"Beg pardon, Master Robin—Oh, there's master calling!"

"Look here, Eddy, what he's been putting on this port-manteau."

Eddy peered over, and the boys read, "Mr. Forrest, The Manor House, Dornington, Berkshire."

"Ain't we going straight home?" asked Eddy, wonderingly.

"I thought father was in such a hurry to get there."

"Let's go and ask," said Robin. But just then John and another man came up to fetch the luggage; and amid the bustle and confusion of really getting off, there was no time for the boys to ask their question.

While on their way to the station, Eddy began:

"Father, didn't you want to go home, to-day?"

"Yes, my boy, certainly?"

"Why don't you then, father?"

"I intend doing so."

"Whatever did John put that on the labels for?"

"I daresay he did it all right," said Mr. Forrest, "he is generally very careful."

"But father, there was nothing about London; and I'm sure 'Manor House' ain't right?"

Mr. Forrest smiled.

"Here we are at the station," said he. "Robin, will you take charge of those rugs? Pick up my umbrella, Eddy?"

Another five minutes of bustle, getting tickets, taking places, a few eager snortings of the engine, and they were being puffed and steamed away in the direction of London.

Mr. Forrest began to read his paper, but his attention was soon caught by the remarks of his boys. Eddy said, in an old-fashioned way, that he really felt quite displeased with John. He, Eddy, had taken such pains to pack up his shells and seaweed, and now they would all be lost! Of course 'Manor House' was where John's other master used to live; he had often told them about it.

"But, Eddy," said Robin, "I heard John tell the porter to put 'London' on all our things."

"Well, I s'pose they'll get right somehow," said Eddy, and he drew such a deep sigh that Mr. Forrest could stand it no longer.

"John has been talking to you about the Manor House, has he?"

"Yes, it must be a jolly place," said Robin.

"But John's master hadn't any little boys, father," said Eddy, "wasn't that sad?"

"I think it was rather, Eddy."

"And John said it was just a capital place for boys," continued the child.

"That is just what I think too, and so John and I are taking some boys to live there."

"What do you mean, father?" exclaimed Eddy, springing from his seat.

"I mean that it is now Eddy's and Robin's home."

"Oh!—" from Eddy.

"Oh!—" from Robin. And it was good to see their dancing eyes.

There was not much room in the railway carriage for Eddy to hop about; but he made the most of what there was, till his father called him to order.

"I think my boys will be happy at the Manor House, if they are good," said Mr. Forrest, looking kindly from one to the other.

"It is a very pretty place from what I remember."

"When did you go there, father?" asked Eddy.

"I was visiting there years ago with your mother and my other dear little boy."

Eddy got quite close to his father and gave him a quiet kiss. He was very still for some time afterwards; then a sudden rush of happiness came over him, and he jumped vigorously up and down on his seat for the space of two whole minutes.

Robin was infected with the younger boy's high spirits, and they talked merrily till their arrival in London, and also during the after journey, of the good times they were going to have.

"I thought we should have found Mr. Browne here," said Mr. Forrest, after they had left the train at Dornington Station.

A porter who had been helping with the luggage, now came up.

"Mr. Forrest, sir?" he asked, touching his hat. "A gentleman was asking for you; he told me to say he had gone on to the Manor House. He waited a good spell, sir."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Forrest. "I suppose our train was rather late, then?"

"Nigh upon three-quarters of an hour, sir."

"You will like Mr. Browne, boys," said Mr. Forrest, as the horses drew them swiftly along. "I need not ask you to be very good with him."

"Do you know him, father?" asked Eddy.

"I have not seen him since he was a boy of Robin's age; but I knew his elder brother intimately, and all Mr. Browne's friends speak so well of him."

"Is this your carriage, father?" again asked Eddy.

"Yes, my boy; do you like it?"

"It's jolly, and I'm fond of horses."

"You shall learn to ride soon, Eddy; but John will help me first to find a steady pony."

"Mayn't Robin learn to ride too?"

"Yes, you may lend your pony to Robin."

"Oh, father, won't we be happy!"

"I shall not tell you anything more now, or you will not know where you are."

On the steps was standing no other than nurse Manning, who had promised to stay at the Manor till Mr. Forrest could meet with an efficient housekeeper. The boys rushed to greet her.

Then there came out of the hall door a tall, young-looking gentleman, to introduce himself to Mr. Forrest and the boys. So, little friends, I will take the opportunity of introducing Mr. Browne to you. Certainly his name suits him well; for his face is brown indeed, and he looks as if he has been something of a traveller. His hair is brown, too, and "all beautiful curls," as Eddy describes it. But his eyes are not brown, though; they are very dark grey and keen enough to read all your thoughts.

But I don't think he would do so unkindly. Oh no; for ten years ago Mr. Browne was himself a boy, and knows well how to make allowance for young people's failings. What a pity we old folks have such bad memories! We quite forget the pranks we used to be up to in old times; and so, perhaps, we are a little hard upon you young ones, without in the least meaning to be so. But then, don't you think it is good for you to be misunderstood occasionally? Otherwise, how could you have any idea of the pain *we* feel when you little people do not choose to see why we sometimes punish you, and the kind motives that influence us?

But I was telling you about Mr. Browne. You know the colour of his eyes and hair. Oh, but I must not forget to mention that he had a wonderfully sweet smile, which by no means did away with the expression of firmness about his mouth, but which made his face quite handsome—without the smile, one would scarcely have called it so.

CHAPTER XVIII.—DRAWINGS.

ONE morning Mr. Browne thought he would pay his young friends a visit before it was time for lessons. He was a wise man, and wanted to have some idea of how those pupils of his spent their play hours, that he might better understand how to guide their different dispositions. He knew the way to their sanctum, and went straight upstairs, taking them by surprise.

Little Eddy was pausing with one foot in the air, in the act of hopping round the table. He sported a splendid pair of very green moustaches, and his hair was rumped up to the highest pitch of excitement. On the floor lay half the contents of a paint box. It caused Eddy no sort of uneasiness that his tumbler had been knocked over, and that the water was trickling in a little stream over the tablecloth, falling in large drops on to the carpet.

Robin was perched on the back of a chair in about the most dangerous position he could have thought of, if he had troubled to think at all about it. He was drawing pictures on his fingernails with pen and ink; the bottle having been placed for convenience between his knees. Robin was turning his back to Eddy, or he might perhaps have called that young gentleman to order.

The boys were by no means dismayed when they saw their tutor enter. On the contrary, Robin called out "Hooray!" and Eddy clapped his hands. Mr. Browne was very much amused by what he saw. He had not met the boys before that morning, so he came forward and shook hands, thereby getting a dash of green paint from Eddy's little paw. The child saw it, and immediately snatched up his paint cloth to rub it off. Of course that made matters worse. Joining heartily in his pupils' laughter,

Mr. Browne pointed to the little pool on the floor. The paint-cloth was next applied to that, but it being much too small for the purpose, out came Eddy's pocket handkerchief, and the water was soon cleverly mopped up.

"I think I would run for a duster next time," said Mr. Browne.

"Oh, Mary would want to wipe it up herself," said Robin; "she'd be sure to say it 'ud go through to the ceiling."

"And you would not like to give her the trouble?" asked Mr. Browne.

"That ain't the reason," said honest Robin, shaking his head. "I'm afraid we give her lots of trouble, she says we do. But, you see, we never allow her in this room."

"We do it all ourselves," put in Eddy.

"*What* do you do all yourselves?" asked the gentleman, slightly puzzled.

"Oh, we sweep it and dust it and 'range it."

Robin opened a cupboard: "See, here's our broom; there used to be shelves here, but we soon turned 'em out. They're going to give us some dusters."

"We know how to sweep properly," said Eddy. "Robin and I used to have a crossing. We kept it beautifully clean, didn't we, Robin?"

Robin nodded. "Ay, that we did. Did you know, Mr. Browne?"

"Yes, my boy, I have heard all about it; but I am glad you have told me."

Robin looked up as if he did not understand why Mr. Browne should be glad, but Mr. Browne did not enlighten him. He sent the boys off into peals of laughter by adding in his quiet way that he knew they had each lived upon a broom.

"Fay's brother Harry said we oughtn't to talk about it," went on Robin; "but it ain't nothing to be ashamed of, is it?" he asked, looking up into his friend's face.

"No, dear boy, certainly not."

"Then," continued Robin, gravely, "Harry asked what my father was. They told me he died soon after I was born, and mother didn't live much longer. It's just as if I never had any father or mother."

"Don't you remember what Fay told us?" asked Eddy.

Mr. Browne had sat down and drawn Robin to him when they began their conversation. When Eddy came up to them the child's face looked so comical that Mr. Browne could scarcely keep his countenance; but it was such a sweet, grave little mouth below the green moustaches that Mr. Browne only said quietly, "What was it, Eddy?" and prepared to listen.

(*To be continued.*)



HOME HAPPINESS.

HOME HAPPINESS.

By G. S.

HAPPINESS has been called by some, "the pearl of life," by others "the soul's sunshine." Home happiness is made up of gleams of sunshine—little rays of light. If your heart drinks in the sunshine, you will throw out brightness and warmth around you. The joy of life is made up of little kindnesses, pleasant words, cheerful smiles; these are as welcome in the home as the sun is to the flowers, giving forth its warmth and brightness. The more happiness we shed around us, the more will come into our own hearts. God is always seeking the happiness of His creatures, He delights in that which ennobles them. The secret of all true happiness is having peace in the heart; this blessing comes from God Himself, for He has promised to "bless his people with peace."

Peace is a ruler over contending passions, it brings calmness and tranquility where there has been turmoil and strife.

We ask, is your home a place of peace, of rest and refreshment, a refuge from the worries of out-door life? If not, what are you doing to make your home happy? Each member of a household must do his part:—

COMMENCE EACH DAY WITH PRAYER AND RESOLUTION.

Commit the day unto the Lord, for you will need guidance, grace and strength.

Your will is likely to be crossed, and your temper ruffled; you will find out that every-one at home has an evil nature like your own, this may disturb the harmony of home, and you will need wisdom to judge between what is right and what is wrong; what you should yield, and what you should hold. Family prayer is a mighty influence for good, and God directs us to ask for what we want. Seek, then, daily grace for daily need, for "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee," and "as thy day so shall thy strength be."

CULTIVATE A GOOD TEMPER!

Home can never be made happy without it. Good temper is like the flower that grows up in our pathway, to revive and cheer us.

A soothing influence is felt by the whole family where there is a good disposition, and the temper is not easily ruffled. When the working man returns home at night, wearied by the toils of the day, and is inclined to be fretful, if he is met by the kind word, and the wife is not easily provoked, how soothing and quieting it is to his spirit. It is like sunshine falling on his heart, and he learns to say, "There's no place like home."

BE INTERESTED IN THE HAPPINESS OF EACH ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Study each one's disposition and character, and seek to influence them for good. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing them, and show that you are anxious for their spiritual and temporal welfare. Pray for each one, and sympathise in their sorrows, and rejoice in their joys. You must give an account to God for your influence, either for good or evil. Let it be done all for God, so that in the great day of account, it may appear that you have not lived in vain, but acted up to your responsibilities.

" Each has its own due share
Of suffering and sorrow here to bear;
Yet each may lighten somewhat of the load
Of those who travel near him on the road."

GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF EACH CHILD.

You cannot as a parent exert an influence for good without this. Avoid coldness and apparent neglect, for by so doing you will drive your child to make confidants of those who will influence them wrongly. You will help to shut out the home peace and happiness from your child's life. A Sunday school teacher was trying to impress upon the mind of an interesting little girl, between six and seven years old, the debt of gratitude due from her to her Heavenly Father, for bestowing upon her so good and kind a parent, whom everybody loved; the teacher was astounded with the child's answer, looking her full in the face, with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "Father never speaks kindly to me."

Is it so, reader, that you are so harassed with the cares of life that you unconsciously check the fond attentions of those you so dearly love? Be patient and gentle with the little ones, they are entrusted to your care, to mould their minds for eternity.

BE THOUGHTFUL IN YOUR ACTIONS.

"Evil is wrought for want of thought, as well as want of heart."

A kind word spoken, or a kindness done at the right time, in an unselfish spirit, will produce much happiness, whereas a thoughtless action may cause much misery.

EXERCISE PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

A family is a little empire where order should be maintained and submission rendered. There can be no home happiness where parental authority is despised. By submitting to all the whims of your children, and allowing them to have their own way, you foster unloving passions, which must make them unhappy here, and ruin their future peace; if disobedience is allowed, evil seeds are sown, and parents only reap reproaches.

Remember then, that affection, obedience and happiness reign together, and this cannot exist without firmness and decision. Firmness and decision are like silken cords around the children, and they will foster sweet memories of other years,

And now, if you would have the happiness we have been speaking of, ask your Heavenly Father to be the Head of your family. Seek His guidance and counsel at the family altar, and in private ask God to breathe His own peace into your souls.

“If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
You may be poor, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.”

KUANI:

A STORY OF BECHUANA LIFE.

BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

KUANI stood firm. Vinaka looked uneasy and frightened, for he had not expected that things would take so serious a turn. The chiefs who had been appealed to seemed all of the king's opinion, and with little wonder: Kuani had never been much liked by them for many reasons. Some were envious of him because of his bravery, and some because of his wisdom; some were jealous of him because he had married the king's daughter, and some disliked him because he told them too plainly of their sins.

The king, however, having now got an universal consent to his death, assumed the royal prerogative of naming the method of execution; and a thrill of horror went through Kuani's heart when he heard the sentence.

“Kuani,” said the king, “you were once a brave warrior—a chief among warriors—but you have disgraced your name. You have thrown away your spear and become a man of peace; that was not wise. When the cattle and balalas were lean for want of water, and Vinaka shook his spear for the rain, the clouds refused to obey him because you were a man of peace. Then you were asked to wear your plumes again, that the clouds might be appeased; but you said ‘No.’ Thus you are the enemy of my people; you are against their good harvests and fat cattle; you are the cause of all this drought, and leanness, and death. Ask your own heart if you are fit to live. You know that you are not. Your own chiefs have said that you must die. If we only kill you with our spears, you will still be lying on the ground,

and the clouds will not be satisfied ; if we kill you and cover you with earth, the One you talk to in the earth will raise you up again, and the clouds will only be more angry. No. You must be burned—that is the only way. You must be bound in the fire, and consumed to ashes, and your ashes must be scattered over the great plain. That is enough. Let the words of King Arongo be carried out. He has finished.”

The thrill which had passed through Kuani’s heart was only momentary ; and long before the king had finished his sentence, the chief was as tranquil in heart and mind as though nothing had happened. He took the opportunity of assuring the king that he cherished no feeling of ill-will towards him, and that though he was soon to die, he was quite happy ; adding, like Paul of old, that he wished the king were as he was, with the exception of the death that awaited him. Turning to Vinaka, he said :—

“ You, my father, have brought this upon my head, but I will not reproach you. Your heart is full of darkness, and you are eaten up with sorrow. The accuser is more miserable than the accused. I trust that you are now being troubled to a good end. I am grieved for your deceit, but I rejoice that it has saved your life. I can afford to die—you cannot. When the thought steals across your mind, as it sometimes will, that Kuani’s death was Vinaka’s life, think, my father, of One whose death was Kuani’s life, and remember that he died for Vinaka too. I will say no more on this matter. I have told you a great deal about this One in the past, and you have closed your heart to him. You will now follow me with the rest, and see how a Christian chief of the Bechuanas can die. Take me—I am ready to be offered up.”

* * * * *

“ He said he would not be long,” said the princess to herself, as she sat in her hut and listened in vain for the footfall of her beloved chief. “ The sun has travelled more than a spear’s length since he said that word. Why does he not come back ? I did not like the dark looks of the chiefs who summoned him, and the king has been sitting in secret council since noon—why is that ? What makes my heart leap ? Oh, Kuani, come back, my heart is torn in pieces with suspense ! ”

At that moment a hum of voices from the direction of the king’s palace reached her ears, and she pushed back the *ròfia* curtain to look. Yes—the council had broken up, and the chiefs were crowding out of the chamber ; she could just see their faces, but could not recognise Kuani amongst them. Where was he ? If the chiefs would disperse, she would be able to see more clearly ; but they lingered together in the courtyard, and seemed to act as though another meeting was to be held. Why did they

not disperse? Second meetings of this kind were only convened when a warrior was to be executed—was there any warrior to be executed now? *Where was Kuani?* It was a natural question, but what was the meaning of the sick feeling which had come over her? Why did she tremble so? See! There are people hurrying towards the palace from all quarters! What are they hurrying for? Gongs are sounding, and sticks are being beaten together, to gather the tribes—why is that? Look again! In the middle of the courtyard a pole is being erected—what is it being erected for? Ah! the mystery is cleared away at last—someone is to be burned!

Yes—someone was to be burned. The princess saw the preparations; and the awful thought that someone was to be burned, sank like a dead weight upon her heart. But who was to be burned? Who was to be the victim? It was a chief, for they had hoisted a plume of blue crane feathers on the top of the pole—but what chief? *WHERE WAS KUANI?*

At that question the princess caught up a sheathed-knife belonging to her lord, and rushed out of the hut! When she reached the courtyard the balalas and others, who had gathered round the palisade, made way for her to pass; and soon enough she was standing with the chief in the inner circle. Oh! where was Kuani? There was no need for her to ask that question now, for in another moment they were folded in each other's arms.

Just then a clap of thunder startled all ears, and the people gave a shout of delight.

“The clouds approve our act,” said the king in a low voice, “Vinaka has spoken truly. Build up the dry sticks speedily—the rain is waiting to descend.”

“Dearest Lena,” whispered Kuani, “you must keep a brave heart. The pain will soon be over, and I do not fear death. Kuani has only one sorrow now—shall he whisper it?”

The princess pressed him more closely to her heart; it was her only answer, and he knew that it meant “Yes.”

“Kuani is going into the presence of the Lord Jesus, who loved him, and gave Himself for him, and if He should ask Kuani, ‘Does the Princess Lena love Me, Kuani?’ shall I have to answer, ‘No’? The thought of that is my only grief, dearest Lena.”

The princess made no response; and at that moment another thunder-clap shook the air. Kuani was going to repeat the question, but they were torn asunder, and he was led to the stake.

In an incredibly short space of time, the clouds had gathered above; and by the time the victim had been secured to the pole, the heavens were as black as midnight.

“Kindle the wood!” exclaimed the king, whose voice could

scarcely be heard because of the thunder, "has not the wise Vinaka spoken truly?"

By the king's command, lights were now put to the faggots in several places; but, simultaneously with his command, the water spouts of heaven were opened, and the rain burst forth. The flames leapt up for a moment, and in a moment they were all extinguished! The king was startled, and with an enquiring look on his face, turned to where Vinaka had been standing: but the rainmaker had disappeared.

"Look at your feet!" exclaimed Kuani, addressing the king from the midst of the smouldering faggots, "do you not see your rainmaker there?"

The king looked down, and there, sure enough, at his feet lay the boastful and impious Vinaka—insensible—dead! A blue line across his brow marked out the lightning's track, and told the facts of his death in language too plain to be mistaken; and as the king, with frightened face, gave hasty orders for Kuani's release, the assembled multitude broke forth into a great shout, and gave glory to Kuani's God.

The princess was already at his side, and hung upon his neck in an ecstasy of joy. A change had taken place in her heart now, and she wanted to know and serve Kuani's God. The language of her thoughts was the language of Ruth of old: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;" and before many hours she was indeed one of the family of the great God.

The rest is soon told. A great work for God speedily sprang up in the kraal, to which the king allowed no opposition, and over which Kuani ruled as teacher; and before many months had passed away, and the missionary returned to the kraal, he found that the seed sown on the occasion of his first visit had sprung up, and brought forth fruit an hundredfold.

So his labour was not in vain; the blessing for which he had looked had not been withheld; and the missionary learnt afresh the meaning of those words: "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen."

THE END.

SHORT NOTICES.

THE BOY FRIENDS; OR, MORE THAN CONQUERORS. (*Stoneman.*) 1s.—

A very prettily bound reward book for little children; it is written in a simple and thrilling manner, and is full of interest.

SUNSHINE (for elder children) and LITTLE STAR (for the little ones).

Both of these Annuals are edited by W. M. Whittemore, D.D., and no home should be without them.

THE BOY FRIENDS, or, MORE THAN BROTHERS.

By R. JAY.

"She said we needn't have been unhappy all that time when we used to be so cold and hungry, because we had a Father up in heaven who loved us all the more because we hadn't any other father. I love *Him* very much. Do you think He loves *me* quite as much now I've got my own father?"

"I'm quite sure of it."

"But then Fay told us a verse—I forget it now—but it means if little children haven't got a father they may have God for one."

"He is a Father of the fatherless," said Mr. Browne, reverently.

"Yes, that was it. Is there another verse which says He loves other boys too?"

"There are many, many verses in the Bible which tell us how very much God cares, not only for little people, but for the grown-up ones too," replied Mr. Browne with a ring of gladness in his voice.

There was a little pause, and then Mr. Browne continued—

"I am like you, Robin, in never having known my earthly father." Robin rubbed his head against his friend's arm; here was another bond of sympathy. "But I cannot tell you how God has made it up to me. You will never again feel quite fatherless, will you, my boy?"

Robin looked up comforted.

The little clock on the chimney-piece pointed to a few minutes to ten, and Mr. Browne dispatched Eddy to make himself presentable.

"Before we go down, Robin, I want to remind you that you must not forget that you will always have a kind friend in Mr. Forrest. I know it is not possible that he can take quite the place of a father to you, but he will help you all he can. He told me that he not only loved you for your goodness to little Edgar, but for your own sake."

"Did he say *that*?" cried the boy, his face flushing all over.

"Yes, and you will try to deserve his love, Robin?"

"That I will," replied the other, firmly; and Mr. Browne felt that the lad would keep his promise.

CHAP. XIX.—AFTER THREE YEARS.

THREE years later—what bright, happy years they have been!

Robin will soon be fifteen. He is grown a strong, hearty-looking lad, tall for his age, and very manly. Eddy is doing all

he can to follow in his friend's steps. They are as fond of each other as ever they were, and are seldom seen apart.

Just now, they are spending a pleasant hour out on the lawn, under the old spreading cedar. It is the evening of Eddy's twelfth birthday, and both boys are just a little bit tired with the exertion of keeping it up properly.

Presently the father joins them. He is little altered since we last saw him, except that he appears a trifle older; the expression of the face is happier, more peaceful than it was; the smile is more frequent, and has something of benevolence in it which we did not notice formerly. Ah, three years spent in doing good to others, in forgetting self in God's service, will not fail to leave their impression upon the countenance.

Dear little Fay is the next to appear. It will always be "little Fay," I think. Perhaps this is why she slips so easily into the hearts of all her friends. She is nearly as old as Eddy, but he has long out-grown her, and looks down upon her with all the dignity of his extra inches.

I could say a great deal to you of Fay, but I am afraid of tiring you, or of making my little favourite seem to be perfect, which is not at all the case. Fay has her faults, but she knows where to find just the right sort of help to keep them in check. She is one of those little women who cannot be glad when another is sorrowful, who will not be satisfied till she has found some comfort for the aching heart; and so, in her own gentle way, she is working with a right good will, not despising "the day of small things," working for Jesus Who will one day say unto her, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Fay and her mother have come to spend the summer in a pretty cottage not far from the Manor House. Fay had been ailing for a long time, and the doctor had insisted upon a thorough change of air, so just as other people were flocking to Farley to get the sea-breezes, Captain and Mrs. Lawrence and their children had left it. Captain Lawrence could only remain a few weeks with them before starting on another voyage, this time taking Harry. Mr. Bonarde was unable to come at all, as he is at present the officiating clergyman in the new church of St. Saviour's at Farley.

This is not by any means Fay's first visit to Dornington. Regularly, during every vacation but one, she has passed some of her holiday-time at the Manor House. One summer, Mr. Forrest, with Robin and Eddy, spent eight long weeks at Farley, and then the children had all the old-time fun over again.

But we will return to the old cedar.

That evening, Fay had been helping John arrange the flowers and moss they had collected during their afternoon

rambles in the grounds, and was then bringing a tasty little button-hole for each of her friends.

"Where are Mr. Browne and Fanny?" she asked.

"They are very happy somewhere," returned Mr. Forrest, smiling.

"This is the last birthday he will spend with me," said Eddy, dolefully.

"He'll be off before my birthday comes," said Robin, mimicking his cousin.

Eddy gave him a poke, and Robin laughed and rolled over on the soft grass. He was just as sorry as Eddy that their dear tutor was soon to leave them; but he did not approve of Eddy's getting 'down in the dumps' on his birthday.

"Is mamma coming presently," enquired Mr. Forrest of Fay.

"She said she would try to fetch me home; she couldn't come before, because she had a long letter to write to papa."

"It must be rather jolly living on the sea," said Eddy.

"Mr. Browne will have enough of it, though."

"What's that about Mr. Browne?" asked a voice near him.

"We were wondering what had become of you," was all the answer Mr. Browne got from Mr. Forrest, as he appeared from behind a screen of low boughs.

Mr. Browne was accompanied by Fanny, a slight grave-looking girl, with a lovely pair of dark eyes.

Fanny was the eldest daughter of Squire Norton. In holiday time she was surrounded by a whole heap of brothers and sisters whom I shall not attempt to describe; except that they had all done their best to spoil the family pet, but had long ago found that she was not to be spoiled. However, the schools were not yet broken up, and Fanny was the only one to spend the day at the Manor.

"What were you saying about me?" again asked Mr. Browne. "I'm very curious."

"Only that you'll have more than enough of the sea. Oh, you mustn't go!"

"Don't be miserable about it, Eddy," said Mr. Browne, cheerily, "I'm not."

"So I suppose," said Mr. Forrest, silyly.

Eddy wondered why Fanny's cheeks were so rosy; but Mr. Browne did not give him time to say anything.

"My work is waiting for me out there, Eddy; it is quite time I went to it!"

"How I should like to see you teaching the little blackies," said Robin.

"Poor little blackies," said Mr. Browne, softly, as if he already loved them.

Silence fell upon the little group for a while.

By-and-bye Mrs. Lawrence joined them. She had come to fetch away Fay; but the evening was so warm and pleasant that she was easily persuaded to rest a short time before carrying off her little daughter.

When the shadows lengthened, and she rose to take leave, Fanny, too, said she must go, and Mr. Browne and the boys jumped up to escort them home. Eddy was always ready to take care of his "Daisy," as he often called Fay. Her real name was Margaret, you know. Did I ever tell you how Fay got her wee name?

A long while ago, when Fay was quite a small child, there had also been a tiny boy; he loved his little sister-nurse dearly, and "Fay"—his way of saying "Fairy"—as grandpapa generally called his pet, was the first word he learnt to utter. Frankie died when only three years old; but Fay always kept the dear baby name that the little fellow had given her.

Robin and Eddy never forgot the quiet return walk with their kind friend. He confided to them the secret which had made him so happy, and which Robin had already guessed—that Fanny had promised to go with him to Africa to share his labours there.

When the cousins had given him their good wishes, in their hearty boyish way, Mr. Browne talked to them of many things, listening in his turn to all they had to tell him, seeming fully to understand the feelings they scarcely knew how to put into words.

Somehow they all felt as they came under the shadow of the old Manor that the last half-hour's conversation had drawn them more closely together. When, just before entering the house, Mr. Browne laid a hand on each boy's shoulder, and said solemnly, "God bless you and keep you, dear boys—always," Eddy's manliness could not prevent his giving one big sob.

CHAP. XX.—THE END.

Now, children, if you are like me, you will wish to know whether your hero or heroine gets married, or lives to be an old bachelor or old maid, as you naughty young people are so fond of calling us; so I am going to tell you.

We will pass over five, ten, fifteen years, and then take a parting glance at our friends.

Ah, how easy it is to skip days and months and years in a story book, to know nothing whatever about them. Would we ever like to do so in real life? Can we not, nearly all of us, recall a day here or there which we would willingly forget—a day, perhaps, upon which some false step has been taken, some fatal mistake made? If nothing more than a mistake, the whole after life may suffer in consequence.

Little friends, you may not understand all I am saying to you; but you are not too young to begin to be careful. Remember the little word that Jesus has said to us all, "Watch." May you always be ready for the battle that you be not taken at unawares.

It is a fine Sunday morning, and the people are flocking to St. Saviour's Church at Farley, to hear the new clergyman. There are many fishermen amongst them, and one of them must be an old friend, for he is telling a companion how he was once sent to fetch away Mr. Forrest, when he was quite a little chap, and another boy from a cliff which they had scrambled up to be out of reach of the waves. "I did hear as how the father nigh upon built this church himself," added the man.

Within the church all is hushed and calm, only the quiet movements of many people taking their seats. It is good to look down on the lines of earnest, expectant faces. So, at least, thinks Mr. Bonarde before beginning to read the service for the day.

With his hair and beard of snowy whiteness, Mr. Bonarde's appearance is truly venerable; but his voice sounds clear and strong as he fulfils one of his best-loved duties—that of ministering before the Lord in His holy temple.

It is several years since Edgar Forrest became a clergyman, but he is preaching for the first time in his father's church.

Now, in earnest and powerful words he addresses his people, and speaks to the hearts of those with whom, if it please God, he will spend many years of useful labour.

And what of Edgar's father? Ah, he has long since passed to his rest.

And kind, gentle Mrs. Lawrence? Also fallen asleep.

Captain Lawrence and Harry are away on the broad ocean.

Faithful Robin is in church, listening to the voice of Him whom he loves with more than a brother's love. He is only lately returned from Africa, whither he was sent by Government, in company with others bent on scientific discoveries. Robin was able to pay a visit to his old friend Mr. Browne, of whom he brings flourishing accounts.

And last, but not least, our little Fay.

Of course she is in church, and in the vicarage pew; but she is now Mrs. Edgar Fontenoy Forrest, and has been for some time. Do you think Eddy would have married any other than Fay.

Now, shall we bid them good-bye, just as Edgar is calling down God's blessing upon all His dear ones and upon every faithful heart in His church? And God *will* bless both him and them and us also, dear children, so long as we strive earnestly to follow in the steps of the lowly Jesus.

THE END.



